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REMAINS OF THE
**Early Popular Poetry of
England ;**

COLLECTED AND EDITED,
WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY W. CAREW HAZLITT,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

VOLUME THE THIRD.



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The New Notbroune Mayd upon the Passion of Cryste.

THIS moralization of the preceding poem will read curiously side by side with the original, to which it is by no means equal in merit or interest. The production consists of a dialogue between Christ and the Virgin Mary, in which the latter intercedes with our Saviour for mankind, and contrives by considerable importunacy to win pardon for the world upon its repentance.

The New Notbroune Mayd appears to have been a translation from the French. The only known copy of the tract was formerly in the library of Thomas Caldecott, Esq.

It has been previously republished for the Percy Society, under the care of Dr. Rimbault, with four other pieces of equal rarity and bibliographical value.

The punctuation in the old impression, and in the Percy Society's reprint, is so corrupt as to destroy the sense frequently, and it was considered necessary to amend it throughout.

Here we have a remarkable illustration of the way in which productions, condemned by the Saints as profane, and subversive of religious sentiments, were travestied, so as to satisfy the scruples and answer the purposes of the godliest reader. One of the most popular ballads ever produced in this country, *The Hunt is Up*, underwent this treatment; and in Scotland the practice obtained at an early date of writing new words to the

old secular tunes, as may be seen at large in the *Compendious Buik of Godlie Psalmes and Spiritual Sangis*, 1578, 1590, and 1621. See also Talvi's *Volkslieder*, 1840, p. 576. Not only in England and Scotland, but also in Germany, the system of moralization prevailed; and it is a singular circumstance that just as our *Hunt is Up* was burlesqued, so to speak, by some devout person unknown for the nonce, so in German literature, as his friend Herr Carl Engel points out to the editor, the song of *The Hunter* is presented to us in Puritan attire, highly proper, but, as is usual in such cases, smacking strongly of dulness.

¶ Were begynneth the New Notborune Mayd
vpon the Passion of Cryste.



RIGHT and no wrong,

It is amonge

Y^t I of man complayne,

Affyrmynge this,

Howe that it is

A laboure spent in vayne,

To loue hym well,

For neuer a dell

He wyll me loue agayne :

For though that I

10

Me sore applye

His fauer to attayne,

Yet yf that shrewe

To hym pursue

That clepyd is Sathan,

Hym to conuerte,

Sone from his herte

I am a banysshed man.



Maria the Mayde.

I SAYE not naye,
 Bothe nyght and daye, 20
 Swete sonne, as ye haue sayde,
 Man is vnkynde,
 Hys faythfull mynde
 In maner is halfe decayed ;
 But neuer the lesse,
 Through ryght wysenes
 Theyrwith be not apayed ;
 Yet mercy trewe
 Muste contynewe,
 And not aparte be layed ; 30
 Syth ye for loue
 Came frome aboue,
 Frome your father in trone,
 Of louynge mynde
 To warde mankynde,
 To dye for hym alone.



Jesus.

THAN ye and I,
 Mother Marye,
 Let vs dispute in fere ;
 Ryght hertely I you supply, 40
 Your reason lette me here.
 With man vnkynde,
 Hath neuer mynde,
 Of me that bought hym dere ;

If his folye
 Shulde haue mercy,
 Ayenste all ryght it were.
 I am by ryght
 The kyng of lyght,
 For man my blode out ranne ;
 Ye knowe a parte,
 Yet from his herte
 I am a banysshed man.

50



Maria.

HERE in your wyll
 For to fulfyll,
 I wyll not sone refuse ;
 To say the truthe
 More is it ruthe,
 I cannot man excuse ;
 To his owne shame
 He is to blame,
 His lyfe soo to measure.
 Yet though rygoure
 Without fauour,
 Wolde hym theyrfore accuse,
 Mercy I pleate
 That is more greate,
 Than rygoure ten to one ;
 Syth of good mynde
 Towarde mankynde,
 Ye dyed for hym alone.

60

70



Jesus.

THE cause stode so,
 Suche dedes were do,
 Wherefore moche harme dyde growe
 To man, and I
 Came for to dye
 A shamefull dethe, ye knowe,
 Vpon a tree,
 To make hym free,
 This loue I dyde hym showe ; 80
 Yet to my lawe
 For loue nor awe,
 He wyll not bende nor bowe.
 Thus, my dere mother,
 For man my brother,
 Let me do what I canne,
 Hym to conuerte,
 Yet from his herte
 I am a banysshed man.



Maria.

ORDE of blysse, 90
 Remembre this,
 Howe mannes mynde is like the mone :
 Is varyable,
 Frayle, and vnstable,
 At morowe, nyght,¹ and noone.
 Though he vnkynde
 Haue not in mynde,

¹ Orig. reads *nyhgt*.

What ye for hym haue doone ;
 Yet haue compassyon
 Of our saluaeyon,

100

Forsake not man sô soone.
 A whyle hym spare,
 He shall prepare

Hym selfe to you anone ;
 With harte and mynde,
 Louynge and kynde,
 To serue but you alone.



Jesus.

I CAN beleue,
 He shall remeue
 His synne a daye or twayne ;
 But lytell space
 That God of grace

110

Wyll in his herte remayne ;
 It shall aslake,
 And he wyll take

His olde vsage agayne :
 So from his thought
 I, that hym bought,
 Shall be expoulshed playne.

Thus wyll he do,
 Swete mother, loo,

120

Holde ye all that ye canne ;
 Vpon his parte,
 Yet frome his herte,
 I am a banysshed man.



Maria.

SWETE sonne, syth ye,
 To make hym fre,
 Wold dye of your good mynde ;
 Your herte souerayne
 Clouen in twayne, 130
 By longes the blynde.
 And all was done,
 That man alone
 Shulde not be lefte behynde ;
 Your goodnes euer
 Dothe styll perseuer,
 Though he haue ben vnkynde ;
 What is offendyd,
 Shall be amended,
 Ye shall persayue anone ; 140
 He shall be kynde,
 Yeldyng his mynde
 And loue to you alone.



Jesus.

MATTER in dede,
 My sydes dyde blede
 For man, ryght as ye saye,
 Yet, yonge and olde,
 He neuer wolde
 Vnto my lawes obaye.
 But to fulfyll 150
 His wanton wyll,

Wrenchynge from me alway.
 Frome his delyght,
 By day or nyght,
 He wyll make no delay :
 Lo ! mother, he
 Refuseth me,
 And tourneth hym to Sathan ;
 Thus from his thought
 I, that hym bought,
 Am made the banysshed man.

160



Maria.

BOTHE olde and yonge,
 He hathe done wronge,
 I graunt, sone, to the same ;
 Knowynge at large
 In Sathans barge,
 Emparynge his good name.
 Syth ye hym loue,
 A greate reproue
 It is to hym, and shame ;
 I do confesse
 By ryght wysenes
 He is greatly to blame :
 But I commence,
 Afore clemence,
 For man myne accyon ;
 Let rygour reste,
 Mercy can beste
 Determyn this alone.

170



Jesus.

CONSYDRE nowe, 180
 Swete mother, howe
 Man is a wylde outlawe :
 Renneth a boughte
 In euery route,
 Workynge ayenst my lawe ;
 And yf the deuyll
 Tempte hym to euyll,
 Theyrto sone wyll he drawe,
 And all myschefe
 Ys to hym lefe, 190
 Withouten loue or awe.
 To me or you,
 Though for his prowē
 Ye do to all ye can,
 Whan all is sought,
 Quyet frome his thought
 I am a banysshed man.



Maria.

THOUGH, as ye say,
 He disobaye
 Your commaundement and lore, 200
 Yet, yf loue make
 Hym to forsake
 His synne, and wepe therfore ;
 With full contrycyon
 For his transgressyon,
 His herte oppressynge sore :

Contryte and meke,
 As Dauid speke,
 What aske ye of hym more?
 My sonne, my lorde,
 Your prophytes worde
 I pray you thynke vpon,
 And ye shall fynde
 Man meke and kynde
 To serue but you alone.

210

*Jesus.*

MY herte and mawe
 To rent and drawe,
 And me with othes to bynde,
 Cheseth not he?
 Grace or pytye
 In hym can I none fynde.
 The crewell Jewes
 Were to me shrewes,
 But he is more vnkynde;
 Syth for his prowē
 He knoweth well howe
 I dyde of louynge mynde.
 Of me eche membre
 He dothe remembre
 With othes all that he can;
 Thus ofte I fynde
 Me in his mynde,
 But elles a banysshed man.

220

330



Maria.

FULL well knowe ye,
 Ayenst thyes thre
 Man feble is to fyght,
 The deuyll, his flesshe,
 The worlde all fresshe,
 Prouoke hym day and nyght
 To sue theyr trace 240
 Whyche, in eche case,
 Is wronge and neuer ryght ;
 That thyne stabylete,
 Of his fragylyte,
 Ayenst them hath no myght.¹
 Though man that frayle is,
 Swere armes and nales,
 Brane, blode, sydes, passyon ;
 Swete sonne, regarde
 Your paynes harde, 250
 Ye dyded for hym alone.



Jesus.

NOW, for mannes nede
 Sith I wolde blede,
 And great anguysshe sustayne,
 In stony wayes,
 Both nyghtes and dayes,
 Walkynge in frost and rayne,
 In clode and hete,
 In drye and wete,

¹ Orig. reads *myght*.

My fete were bare both twayne ; 260
 Though I for loue
 To mannes behoue
 Endured all this payne ;
 That I therfore
 Sholde spare the more,
 No reason fynde ye can ;
 Rather I sholde
 More strayte hym holde,
 And as a banysshed man.

*Maria.*

YET, my sonne dere, 270
 I pray you here,
 What tyme poure reason is ;
 Mannes soule to cure,
 Ye dyde endure
 Moche payne, I knowe well this.
 To man all vayne
 Shulde be your payne,
 If he were put to blys ;
 For playne remysson
 Is my petycyon, 280
 Where man hathe wrought amys.
 Ye be his leche ;
 I you beseche
 To saulue his sores echone,
 That he vnkynde
 May chaunge his mynde,
 And serue but you alone.



Jesus.

HY THER or theder,
 He careth not whyther,
 He go hym to encline 290
 To wyckydnesse ;
 From all goodnesse
 He dayly dothe declyne.
 In cardes and dyce,
 He compteth no vyce,
 Nor syttyng at the wyne ;
 To fyght and swere,
 To rent and tere
 Asondre me and myne.
 Lo, thus he dothe, 300
 To make me wrothe,
 The worst he may or can ;
 And I am twynde
 Out of his mynde,
 Ryght as a banysshed man.



Maria.

MY dere sonne dere,
 Syth ye the clere
 Fountayne of mercy be,
 Though man be frayle,
 He may not fayle 310
 To fynde in you pytye.
 He wyll, I truste,
 Frome worldely lust
 Turne his swete soule to me

And in shorte space
 So stande in grace,
 That I his soule shall se
 To blysse assende
 That hathe none ende,
 There to remayne as one
 That hathe ben kynde,
 And set his mynde
 To serue but you alone.

320



Jesus.

MEN greueth me sore :
 For lasse nor more

Wyll he wons doo for me ;
 Ones in a yere
 A good prayer

He sayeth not on his kne.
 The poure may stande
 With empty hande,

330

For almes theyr wyll none be ;
 Bothe day and nyght,
 He flyeth the ryght,
 But folye he wyll not fle.
 His proper wyll
 For to fulfyll

He doeth all that he can ;
 But from his thought
 I, that hym bought,
 Am euer a banysshed man.

340



Maria.

IF man for you
 Nor his owne prow
 Wyll to no grace procede,
 Mercy or grace
 A fore your face
 He none deserueth in dede.
 But I, your mother,
 For man your brother
 Make instaunce in his nede ; 350
 Though he deserue
 To brynne and sterue
 In the infernall glede ;
 Spare hym for me,
 And ye shal se,
 That he shall tourne anone
 Frome his folye
 Incessantly
 To serue but you alone.



Jesus.

WHY shulde I soo, 360
 Nay, let hym go,
 My dere mother Mary,
 Syth his delyght
 Is to be lyght,
 And deale so vnkyndly ?
 For you nor me
 He wyll not flee
 From vyce ; nor hym applye

My wordes to here,
 That bought hym dere, 370
 On crosse anguyously.
 Bothe yonge and olde,
 He hathe ben bolde
 To greue me that he can :
 But my precept
 Was euer vukept,
 And I a banysshed man.



Maria.

FOR ruthe and drede
 Myne herte doth blede,
 Man in no wyse wyl be 380
 By reason sayd,
 Nor yet apayed,
 From his offence to flee.
 For though that I
 For remedye
 Do all that lyeth in me,
 To haue hym cured,
 Yet so endured
 With synne and vyce is he,
 That, to be shorte, 390
 What I exhorte
 Not herde is, yet anone
 I trust he shall
 Make well his thrall,
 And serue but you alone.



Jesus.

SO rude and wylde,
 And so defyled
 Is he, past shame and drede,
 That to what lawe
 He shulde hym drawe, 400
 He scarsely knoweth in dede.
 Yet better were
 For hym to lere
 Some vertu, and procede
 To grace, than saye
 Another daye :
 Alas, my wycked dede
 Hathe me betrayed !
 Lo thus, good mayde,
 The daughter of saynte Anne, 410
 Man hath exylede
 Frome hym your chylde,
 Ryght as a banysshed man.



Maria.

WHAN all to all
 Shall come, he shall
 I trust from vyce abrayed,
 And flee theyrfroo,
 Whiche hathe hym so
 Encombered and arayed.
 He shall repell 420
 Sathans counsell,
 That ofte hathe hym betrayed ;

With full compounctyon
 To take thy iniunction,
 That shal be to hym layed.
 Of harde penaunce,
 And hym auaunce
 To seche remysson,
 Full reconsyled
 To you, my chylde,
 Te serue but you alone.

430



Jesus.

M^Y comaundement
 Neuer tontente
 His hyghnes for to alowe,
 His irous brayde
 Wyll not be layed
 For me nor yet for you.
 Myne yerte to teare
 He hathe no feare,
 But dare it well avowe ;
 Pryde with hym goeth
 In herte and cloth,
 How say ye, mother, nowe ?
 He thynketh great ease
 Me to dysplease
 By all the meanes he can ;
 But whan my wyll
 He shulde fulfyll,
 I am a banysshed man.

440

Maria.

SONNE, though mannes blode 450
 Be wylde and wode,
 Frayle as a fadyng floure,
 Regardynge nought
 How ye hym bought,
 Out of the fendes powre :
 With hertely mynde
 Euer enclyned
 To be a transgressoure
 Ayenst your lawe ;
 And though he drawe 460
 Hymselfe to synne eche houre ;
 Ye may not soo
 His soule forgo,
 Syth ye syttynge in throne
 Wolde for his loue
 Come frome aboue
 To dye for hym alone.



Jesus.

MOTHER, your loue,
 I se the proue,
 To man is kynde and true 470
 To haue his lyfe
 Brought out of stryfe,
 Kyndely for hym ye sue.
 And yf he wold
 His vyces olde
 Forsake, and take vertue ;

I wolde for ruthe,
 Seynge the truthe
 And loue that ye hym shewe,
 Graunt hym remysson,
 Vpon condycyon
 That he forsake Sathan,
 That I may fynde
 Me in his mynde,
 And as no banysshed man.

480



Maria.

SONNE, your petye
 And charytye
 Was well perceyued and sene ;
 Whan your pleasure
 Was to endure
 To lye my sydes betwene
 Nyne monethes, and than
 Be borne as man.
 And, to brynge hym from tene,
 In graue be layed,
 And me your mayd
 To make of heuen quene ;
 And condescende¹
 Thus at the ende
 To graunte man your pardon
 At my requeste,
 Wherfore shulde reste
 Greate laude to you alone.

490

500

¹ Old ed. has *condestende*.

Jesus.

THE poore at nede
To clothe and fede,
Parte of his rent and wage
He muste bestowe,
Rememberynge howe
All came of one lynage.
Forsakyng synne 510
He may me wynne ;
And to myne herytage
I shall hym take,
His soule to make
My spouse in mariage.
For to perseuer
With me for euer ;
With ioye she may say than,
That she hathe wonne
A kynges sonne, 520
And not a banysshed man.



The Translator.

REGARDE and se,
O man to the
God is moche fauorable ;
Eschewe thou than
Represe no man,
Beware by dedes dampnable ;
In any wyse

Euer despyse

Sathan the deceyuable ;

530

Thy soule beware,

Out of his snare

Neuer be founde vnstable.

Perseuerauntly

Reason applye,

Justely let all be done ;

Endlesse solace

Shall he purchase,¹

That serueth but God alone.

¶ Thus endeth the boke of the newe Not=
browne Mayd vpon the Passyon of
Cryste. ¶ Imprinted at London
by John Skot, dwellynge in
Foster Lane within
Saynt Leonardes
perpsshe.



¹ Reward.





Stans Puer ad Mensam.

OF this tract by John Lydgate, monk of Bury, there has been an edition from the press of Caxton, but the only copy known is imperfect. It was printed two or three times by Wynkyn de Worde. Lowndes mentions two, 1518, 4to. and 1524, 4to; and in the public library at Cambridge there is said by Hartshorne (*Book Rarities*, 156) to be a third without date. It is also appended to the various impressions of the *Boke of Nurture*, by Hugh Rhodes, which appears to have originally come from the press of Thomas Petyt, about 1545, and not, as has been erroneously stated, from that of Thomas East, in 1568. Petyt was an older printer than East, and had retired from business, if he was not dead, before East commenced.

The MSS. copies of the poem, if it can be so designated, are tolerably numerous. There is one in the library of Jesus College, Cambridge, and this has been printed in the first volume of the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*. The British Museum owns three MSS. of it, namely: Harl. MS. 4011, fol. 1, *et seqq*; Lansd. MS. 699; and Add. MS. 5467.

There seems to be no foundation for the claim put forward on behalf of Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, to the authorship of this production. It is in all probability by Lydgate, though Mr. Halliwell has not included it in the edition of his *Minor Poems*, published by the Percy Society.

Two similar works in our early literature may be here pointed out: *The Boke of Curtasye*, of which the Percy Society issued an edition, and *La Contenance de la Table*, printed for the Roxburghe Club, 1816, 4to.

It is more likely than otherwise that Lydgate was indebted to a foreign source for the hint of his *Stans Puer ad Mensam*, and

it is suggested that he borrowed the idea from the *Castoiment d'un Père à son fils*, which is itself a mere translation; or from Sulpitius Verulanus *De Moribus puerorum ad mensam servandis*. What is strictly original in early English literature, not to say in early European, might be compressed into a very small compass.

The following text is based upon that in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*.

Caxton's edition of *Stans Puer ad Mensam* is bound up with several other pieces in a quarto volume, formerly the property of Dr. Moore, Bishop of Ely. His lordship procured it from the well known John Bagford.

It will be perceived that some of the rules of good breeding, which Lydgate inculcates, are of rather a rudimentary and obvious description. The same is the case in the *Boke of Curtasye*, where the instructions laid down for guidance are more remarkable for their soundness than their profundity.

The simplicity of these little manuals constitutes, however, their great charm and value; had they been more subtle and transcendent, we should have found them less attractive and less edifying.

The MSS. copies of old poems are usually more pure than the printed copies, and such is the case here. It was at first the editor's intention to have reprinted Caxton's text, supplying what was deficient from one of W. de Worde's editions; but in deference to a recommendation to the contrary, he relinquished the idea in favour of the Jesus College MS, which has now been collated with the three MSS. in the British Museum; but it would occupy too much space and time to note all the various readings.



Y dere childe, first thiself enable
 With all thin herte to vertuous disciplyne
 Afor thi soverayne standing at the¹ table,
 Dispose thy youth aftir my doctryne;
 To all norture thi corage to enclyne.

¹ *Atte table*—Lansd. MS, fol. 83, verso.

First when thu spekist be not rekles,
Kepe feete and fingeris and handes still in pese.

BE symple of chere, cast not thi looke aside,
Gase not aboute turnyng over all;
Ageyne the post lat not thi bake abide, 10
Make not thi myrroure also of the wall;
Pike not thi nose, and in especial
Be right well ware, and set hereon thi thought,
To-for thy soverain cracche ne rube nought.

WHO spekis to the in any maner place,
Lumpishly¹ cast not thi hede a-down,
Bot with sad chere looke hym in the face;
Walke demurly by stretis in the towne,
And advertise of wisdom and reson.
With dissolute laughers thou doo noon offence 20
To-fore thi sovereyne, whill he is in presence.²

PARE clene thi nailes, thi handis wassh also
To-for mete³ and when thu doost arise;
Sit in that place thu arte assigned to;
Prese not to high in no manner wise;
And till thu see afore the thi service,⁴
Be not to hasty on brede for to bite,
Of gredynes lest men the wolde attwite.⁵

¹ Lumbishly—*Rel. Ant.*

² *Ne in his psence*—Harl. MS.

³ *The mete*—Harl. MS.

⁴ In the Harl. MS. this and the two next lines do not occur,
and there are other variations.

⁵ a-wite—*Rel. Ant.*

GRENNYNG and mowes at table eschewe ;
 Crye not to loude ; kepe honestly silence ;
 T'enboce thi jowes with brede it is not due ; 31
 With full mouth speke not, lest thu do offence ;
 Drinke not briddid for hast nor necligence ;
 Kepe clene thi lippes fro fatt of flessch or fysshe ;
 Wype fayre thi spoon, leve it not in thi dische.

OFF brede y-bite no soppis that thu make ;
 Loude for to suppe it is ageyn gentilnes ;
 With mouth embrewed thi cuppe that ¹ thou not take ;
 In ale ne wyne with honde leve no fatnes ;
 Foul not thi naprie for no reklesnes ; 40
 Nevyr at met be gynne warre no stryff ; ²
 Thy teth also ne pike not with thi knyff.

OFF honest myrthe lat be thi daliaunce ;
 Swere noon othes, spek no rebaudry ;
 The best morsell, have this in remembraunce,
 Hole to thiself alway do not applye ;
 Part with thi felawe, for that is curtasie :
 Lade not thi trenchoure with many remissailles ;
 And fro blaknes alway kepe thi nailes.

OFF curtasie hit is agayne ³ the lawe, 50
 With sowne ⁴ dishonest for to doon offence ;

¹ Supplied from Lansd. MS.

² So Lansd. MS. *Rel. Ant.* has *stryve*. MSS. read *be warre gynne*.

³ *Rel. Ant.* has *also geyn*. I follow Add. MS. *Also a gayne*—Lansd. MS. ; *also a zeynst*—Harl. MS.

⁴ *Rel. Ant.* has *which sou*. Harl. MS. reads *of noyse dishoneste*. That adopted is the Lansdowne text.

Of olde furffatis¹ abraid not thi felawe ;
 Toward thi soverain alway thin advertence ;
 Play with no knyff, take hede to my sentence ;
 At mete and soper kepe the still and soft ;
 Eke to and fro meve not thi foote to oft.²

DROPE not thi brest with sauce ne with potage ;
 Bring no knyves unskoured to the table ;
 Fyll not thi spoone, leest in the carriage
 It wente beside, which were not comendable ; 60 .
 Be quyke and redye, meke and servisable,³
 Well a-waytyng to fulfyll anoon
 What thi soverain commandith the to doon.⁴

AND whare so be thu dyne or supe,
 Of gentillnes take salt with thi knyff;⁵
 And be well ware thu blowe not in the cupe ;
 Reverence thi felawis, begynne wyth tham no stryff ;
 To thi power kepe pees in⁶ all thi life ;
 Interrupt not, wherre so that thu wende,
 No manny⁷ tale, till he have made an ende. 70

WITH thi fyngere marke not thi tale ;
 Be well avysed, namly in tender age,
 To drynke by mesure both wyn⁸ and ale ;⁹

¹ All the MSS. except Add. MS. 5467, fol. 67, *verso*, have *surfettes*.

² Harl. MS. ends abruptly here.

³ *Servyable—Rel. Ant.*

⁴ Lansd. MS; *done—Rel. Ant.*

⁵ *Knyfe—Rel. Ant.*

⁶ Supplied from Lansd. MS. Not in *Rel. Ant.* or in Add. MS.

⁷ Lansd. MS.

⁸ Ditto.

⁹ Ditto.

Be not copious also of thi language ;
 As tyme requireth, shewe out thi¹ visage,
 To glad ne sory, bot kepe the atwene tweyne,
 For losse or lucre or any case sodeyne.

BE meke in mesure, not hasty bot tretable ;
 Over mych is not worth in no thing ;
 To childre longith not to be vengeable, 80
 Soone mevid and sone foryeving,
 And as² it is remembred by olde writyng,
 Wrath of childre is sone over-gone,
 With an appill parties be maade at one.

IN childre nowe myrth and nowe debate,
 In theire querell is no grete violence ;
 Nowe play, nowe wepyng, selde in oon estate ;
 To there pleyntes gyff no gret credence.
 A rodd reformyth all theire insolence ;
 In theire corage no rancoure doth abide ; 90
 Who sparith the rodde,³ all vertue setteth⁴ aside.

GOO, litill bill, bareyne of eloquence,
 Pray yong childre that the shall see or rede,
 Thof that thu be compendious of sentence,
 Of thi clausis for to take hede,
 Which to all vertue shall thare youth lede ;
 Of the writyng thof thaire be no date,
 If ought be mysse in worde, sillable, or dede,
 Put all defaute upon John Lidgate.

¹ *Of thi—Rel. Ant.*² *As—Rel. Ant.*³ *Add. MS.*⁴ *Set aside—Rel. Ant. Set a syde—Lansd. MS.*



The Debate and Stryfe Betwene Somer and Wynter.

¶ THE Debate and Stryfe between Somer and Wynter. With the estate present of Man. [Col.] Finis. Cum Priuilegio. Imprynted by me laurens andrew. These bokes be for to sell at the sygne of seynt John Evangelyst in saynt Martyns parysshe besyde Charynge crosse. Black letter, 4to, four leaves, with the printer's device on the last page.

The above title is over a large woodcut representing in the centre a tree, in the branches of which sits a dove of hybrid aspect and of dimensions slightly out of proportion to the tree itself, and on either side a figure; one of an old man closely wrapped up to typify *Winter*, and the other of a young spark, who might have sat for *the Knave of Clubs*, habited in light costume, with a hawk on his fist, and a sword at his side. This gallant is of course intended to symbolize *Summer*, the remaining interlocutor; but it must be avowed that the personification is not remarkably happy in its solution, or of very obvious significance. A facsimile of the whole title-page is here given.

The copy from which the present reprint was made is preserved in the British Museum, and was formerly in the Maskell Collection, having on the fly-leaf the autograph, "W. Maskell, March, 1859." A few copies of the tract were privately issued by Mr. Halliwell in 1860. The editor believes that the *Debate and Stryfe*, &c. was previously unknown to bibliographers.

The dialogue in this production, though sprightly, and curious from its allusions, exhibits the usual want of argumentative skill and real humour; but it is, perhaps, the earliest specimen

of a class of composition which afterwards enjoyed considerable popularity, and is on that account entitled to attention. It may be remarked that the contest for superiority, in this and similar cases, between the two or more disputants, generally terminates in an amicable compromise.

Laurence Andrewe, the printer of the *Debate*, was a Hollander by birth, and preceded Robert Wyer, it seems, in the publishing business at the sign of St. John Evangelist, near Charing Cross.



The debate and stryfe betwene Somer and wynter
with the estate present of Man.



¶ Somer spekyth first.



VERY thyng of my comynge is desirous :
For I cause the trew louers hartis to be
 amorous

All birdes by me renew their songes glorious
In the shadow vnder my bowes grene & copious.

Wynter.

FRENDE, what be ye, that maketh so great boste
Saynge that you haue all at wyll on your coste ?
Be you so valiant as ye say, & of so greate bowntè,
That so great ioye demeaneth. Of what contrè be ye ?

Somer.

FRENDE, why demaunde you of my hye estate ?
Of God and his mother, I am very puyfant create,
In so moche that all the worlde dothe me great honoure,
I am tyme of somer to all creatures great plesure. 12

Wynter.

SOMER, thou doest greate wronge to boste so, as I
 trow

If thou canst no answer make to that that I wolde know,
Wherfore sholde the worlde to the do such honour here,
Fro deth to life canst not thou reise the ded leyd on bere.

Somer.

FRENDE, & what art thou, to whome I shulde
 answere ?

Thou art very olde, as thynketh me; go, shaue thy here.
 I trow thou art very colde: for frosen is thy cote;
 As great a fyer nedfull is for the as wolde make an yron
 hote. 20

Wynter.

SOMER, I am named wynter, that in to many contrès
 Sende forth of my goodes, rayne, frost, & snowes;
 Where so euer that I am, is founde often great colde;
 I make riche men were furred gownes, & spend som of
 their golde.

Somer.

WYNTER, loued as I am, canst thou in no wyse
 be;
 Thorow me cometh good wyne, & corne & good fruites
 gret plentè;
 But thorow the all theis goodis be wasted & destroyed,
 Thou causeth the people suffer moche wo, it can not be
 denied.

Wynter.

SOMER, yf that I were not, thou sholdest be made
 full lene,
 By many a beste venymus, of the which I make the
 clene. 30
 Of snakes, adders, & styntyng worms & of many a
 flie,
 From the I make clere delyuerance by my great cur-
 tesye.

Somer.

WYNTER, this that thou sayest, is not worth a
 drope of rayne,

Euery thyng reioyseth my comynge,¹ and therof is
 right fayne ;
 Thou causest all thynges to be kepte in mewe,
 Bestis, birdis, & floures by the lese all their Joy and
 hewe.

Wynter.

SOMER, thou art not beloued but of the pore and
 nedy,
 That with great payne get their lyuyng, & therto be
 not spedy ;
 They haue no wyll to labour, in felde nor in garysone,
 But only to spoyll of their clothes, & lowse them at thy
 sōue. 40

Somer.

WYNTER, all thy saynge is not worth a here of
 wull,

¹ The reader may here call to mind the very ancient song,
 "Sumer is icumen in," printed in Chappell's *Popular Music of
 the Olden Time*, 24-5.

"Sumer is icumen in,
 Lhude sing Cuccu,
 Groweth sed, and bloweth med
 And springeth the wde nu
 Sing Cuccu !
 Awe bleteth after lomb,
 Lhouth after calve cu ;
 Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth ;
 Murie sing Cuccu,
 Cuccu, cuccu.
 Wel singes thu Cuccu,
 Ne swik thu naver nu."

Some other songs on this subject are quoted by Mr. Chappell.

I haue theswetenyghtyngale, that syngeth with notes full,
 Praying euery louer, that he to loue do his payne :
 Who can than holde hym selfe fro loue, nother fre nor
 vilayne ?

Wynter.

SOMER, theis plesures thou spekest of be not profitable ;
 I loue better the good wyne & good swete metes vpon
 my table ;
 That is to me more plesaunt agreable & more Joyous
 delight,
 Than songes of byrdes, & these louers Joye, that often
 be lyght.

Somer.

WYNTER, I haue yonge damselfs that haue theyrbrestes whyte
 That go to gader the fayr flowres with their louers
 bryghte, 50
 The whiche swetely kyseth them, laughynge merely,
 And than go they thens glad & gay, syngynge
 Joyfully.

Wynter.

I HAUE more of my ease than thou hast of delighthes ;
 I haue my chambres made plesaunte and paynted for
 all syghthes.
 There is no people in the worlde, greate nor small,

BETWENE SOMER AND WYNTER. 37

Bestys and byrdes wythout nombre, but be paynted on
the wall.

Somer.

WYNTER, all thy desyre is the belly to fyll :
Bett^r were to be in a grene herber, where one
may haue his wyll,

His trew loue to enbrace & to kysse swete,
Than to be at the fyre in chafynge of his fete. 60

Wynter.

SOMER, in this good tyme I haue great assembles ;
I haue burgeses & marchantes with well furred
robes,

Furred hose & good mantles, & good cheynes of golde :
For me they make a great fyer to chere my bonys olde.

Somer.

WYNTER, thow sayest trew of god by thow
accursed,

Thou sellyst in to exyle my goodes & monè ymburssed :
All that thow lystest by cometh fro me ; wherfor I am
sory

And of thyne haue I nothyng, it maketh my hart heuy.

Wynter.

SOMER, thow vnderstondest not my dede & my
reason ;

Thou haste good potage made with fleshe of my season ;

As the hogges that I slee that maketh the good bakon, 71
The good brawne of my tyme is etyn afore thy venyson.

Somer.

WYNTER, god send the an euyll desteny:
For all that cōmeth in thy tyme is not worth
a peny;

No more than a man scholde sayle ouer the salte flode,
And ware sholde bryng ouer with hym nouthen holsom
nor gode.

Wynter.

SOMER, men make greate Joy what tyme I com in,
For companyes gadareth togyther on the eue of
seynt martyn;

Ther is nother greate nor small but than they will
drinke wyne,
If they sholde lay theyr cote to gage to drynke it or it
fine. 80

Somer.

WYNTER, in the moneth of may, whan thou
lurkyst in bowre,

I haue prymeroses & dayeses & the wyolet flowre,
The whych be for the trew loue and his swete leman,
That go home syngyng & make good chere, as merely
as they can.

Wynter.

SOMER, entend what I say, it is of verytè,
The hiest day in the yere is the Natiuytè;

Than be capons on the table, bred, wyn, & clare,
Many a bore is slayn agaynst that tyme; moch Joy is
made & gle.

Somer.

WYNTER, in this tyme be that hath nought hym
self for to clouth,

When it rayneth & bloweth, colde freseth, and sore
snouth; 90

All the pore comyns they lyue in great displeser,
The pore membres of god that haue so great payne to
suffre.

Wynter.

SOMER, thou sayest trouthe, abyde we the aduen-
ture,

Praynge that kynge, sone of the virgyn pure,
That he wyll geue vs suche hete after this great colde,
That the pore comonaltè may lyue in ease euer hym to
beholde.

Somer.

WYNTER, by one assent our great stryfe let vs
ceas,

And togeder agre we, and make a fynall peas;
God that create this worlde, and made bothe the
& me,

Let vs pray to hym to send vs a good ende. Amen
for charitè. 100

¶ The tyme presente of man.

The more helth he hath, the more he compleyneth :
 The more hardy he is, the more he feyneth :
 The more he loueth, the more he payneth :
 The more he is beleuyd, the more he lyeth :
 The more he hath wherwith, the lesse he contenteth :
 The more he is reproued, the more he murmureth.
 The more hye of pryce, the lesse tyme abydeth :
 The more mony he hath, the lesse hym sufyseth.
 The more vnderstonyng, the lesse he well sheweth :
 The more he hath done amisse, the lesse he feryth : 110
 The more he contynueth, the worsse he lyueth.
 What shall god say to hym that this doeth ?

¶ In a prynce loyaletè,
 In a clarke humylitè,
 In a prelate sapience,
 In an aduocate eloquence,
 In a cloth good coloure,
 In wyne good sauoure,
 In a marchante to kepe his fayth,
 In a subiecte whan he obeith,
 In a woman good countenans,
 This is a very good ordynans.

120

¶ Larges of the frenche men,
 Loyalte of the scotish men,
 Clenlynes of the alman,
 Swerynge of the norman,
 Cursynge of the pickarde,

Hardynes of the lombarde,
Sapyence of the brytton,
Consyens of the burgonyon, 130
Greate boste of the begger,
All is not worthe a poynte of lether.

¶ To ryse betymes hym selfe to recreate,
To loke well to his owne, & to kepe a sobre estate,
Longe or he ete, & not to soupe late,
To ley hye with his hede, & to slepe moderate,
Maketh man ryche, longe lyfe, & fortunate.

Finis.

Cum Priuilegio.

¶ Imprynted by me laurens andrew.

¶ These bookes be for to sell at the sygne of seynt Iohn
Evangelyst/ in saynt Martyns parysshe besyde Cha-
rynge crosse.



The Tale of the Basyn.

THIS story is here reprinted from the edition published by T. Wright, Esq. in 1836, 12mo. It was included by Mr. Hartshorne in his *Ancient Metrical Tales*, 1829;¹ but the text is disfigured by the inaccuracies common to the entire contents of that book.

This piece is remarkable as, perhaps, the earliest specimen which our literature affords of burlesques on the monkish stories of enchantment. It seems that, at a comparatively early period, the story, which was certainly not ill calculated, from its coarse humour and keen vein of satire against the Roman Catholic priesthood, to tickle the popular fancy, spread itself in a variety of forms over the country. The ballad of "The Lancashire Cuckold, or the Country Parish Clark betray'd by a Conjuror's enchanted Chamber Pot," of which there is an edition "Printed for J. Blare on London Bridge,"² is nothing more than an adaptation of the *Tale of the Basyn*; and the comic adventure of Sir John and the Goodwife is also introduced into the early chapmen's editions of *The History of Jack Horner*, of which the sixth chapter, in its unabridged shape, describes "Jack's kindness to the innkeeper, whom he puts in a way to pay his debts." Here, however, a wealthy Quaker takes the place of the priest; but the remainder of the story is the same, and the lover is

¹ It is also given by Jamieson in the first volume of his *Popular Ballads and Songs*, 1806.

² Catalogue of an Unique Collection of Ancient English Broad-side Ballads, 1856, No. 200.

condemned, under precisely similar circumstances, to the payment of two hundred pounds.

Mr. Halliwell has furnished an account of a chapman's edition of the *History of Jack Horner* printed at Newcastle, circa 1760, in his *Notices of Popular English Histories*, edited for the Percy Society in 1848, p. 52.

It is perhaps necessary to explain that the MS. from which the tale is here taken is supposed to be written in the dialect of Shropshire; and this circumstance may account for the peculiarities of language which occur throughout the poem.

In the story of "Emperor Lucius," in the English *Gesta Romanorum*, a toad plants itself on the breast of a knight, and sucks his blood during a whole year, under some supernatural influence, so that no one "might pluck it away with no craft," and the reptile remains till some counteractive power removes it.

It should also be pointed out that the enchanted horse of brass, which figures in the *Squyers Tale* (the "Story of Canace,") is pictured by Chaucer as *i-glewed* to the ground, till some one who had the power chose to remove him, just as in the *Tale of the Basyn*, the hands of the priest, wife, &c. are hopelessly fixed to the bewitched vessel, until the parson chooses to dissolve the spell, and release the prisoners:—

"But sikerly, withouten eny fable,
The hors of bras, that may nat be remewed,
It staut, as it were to the ground i-glewed;
Ther may no man out of the place it dryve
For noon engyn of wyndas or polyve;
And cause why, for they can nought the craft,
And therfor in the place thei have it laft,
Til that the knight hath taught hem the manere
To voyden him"—

It seems not unlikely that the compiler of *A C Mery Talys*, first published about 1525, had the incident so drolly narrated in the following pages in his recollection, when he wrote the story which forms the twenty-fourth of that collection.¹

The reader will not forget the tale of the *Golden Goose* (a very

¹ *Old English Jest Books*, vol. i. p. 44.

old German legend), which Grimm has included in his collection, and the story of the *Three Wishes*, where a sausage attaches itself to the woman's nose, and cannot be removed without preternatural agency. Instead of a sausage, we have a black-pudding in the English version.

I.



FF talys and trifulles many man tellys;
 Summe byn trew and sum byn ellis.
 A man may dryfe forth the day, that long
 tyme dwellis

With harpyng and pipyng and other mery spellis,
 With gle and with gamme.

Off a parson ȝe mowe here,
 In case that hit soth were,
 And of his brother that was hym dere,
 And louyd well samme.

II.

THE ton was his fadirs eyre of hows and of lande;
 The tother was a parson, as I understande: 11
 A riche man wer he and a gode husbande
 And knowen for a gode clerke thoro goddis sande,
 And wyse was holde.

The tother hade litull thoȝt
 Off husbandry cowth he noȝt
 But alle his wyves will he wroȝt
 [As I haue bene tolde.]

III.

A FEBULL husbande was he on, as many a ron lyve;
 Alle his wyves biddyng he did it full ryve. 20
 Hit is an olde seid saw, I swere he seynt Tyve;
 Hit shal be at the wyves will if the husbonde thryue,
 Bothe within and with[o]wte:
 A wyfe that has an yvell tach,
 Ther of the husbond shalle haue a smache,
 But ȝif he loke well abowte.

IV.

OFF that ȝong gentil man was a gret disese;
 After a ȝere or two his wyfe he myȝt not pleese;
 Mycul of his lande lay to the preests ese
 Eche tauȝt hym euer among,¹ how the katte did snese,
 Riȝt at his owne wille. 31
 He that hade bene a lorde,
 Was nouthur at bedde ne at borde;
 He durst onys speke a worde,
 When she bade be stille.

V.

LITULL of husbondry the gode man con thynke,
 And his wyfe louyd well gode mete and gode
 drynke:
 She wolde nouthur ther-fore swete ne swynke;
 But when the baly was full, lye downe and wynke,
 And rest his neder ende. 40
 Soo long this life thei ladde,

¹ From time to time, occasionally, or, at intervals.

That spende was that thei hadde :
 The wife hir husbonde badde
 Bylyfe forth to wende.

VI.

TO the parson thi broder, that is so rich a wrech,
 And pray hym of thi sorow sum del he wold slech ;
 Ffourty pound or¹ fyfty loke of hym thu fech,
 So that thu hit bryng, litull will I rech,
 Neuer for to white. 50

To his brother forth he went,
 And mycull money to hym he lent ;
 And also sone hit was spent,
 Therof they hade but lyte.

VII.

MICULL money of his brother he fette ;
 Ffor alle that he broȝt he ferd neuer the bette ;
 The parson wer wery, and thouȝt he wolde hym lette ;
 And he fare long thus, he fallis in my dette,
 And ȝet he may not the :
 Betwene hym and his wife, I wysse, 60
 A drawȝt ther is drawn amysse :
 I will wete, soo haue I blisse,
 How that hit myȝt be.

VIII.

ȜET on a day afterwarde to the parson he ȝede,
 To borow mone, and he ne myȝt spede.

¹ The scribe has, in the MS, inadvertently written *of or*.

Brother, quod the parson, thu takis litull hede,
 How thu fallis in my dett; ther-of is all my drede,
 And ȝet thu may not the.
 Perdy, thu was my faders eyre
 Off howse and londe, that was so feyre, 70
 And euer thou lyves in dispayre;
 What deuoll, how may this be?

IX.

INE wot how it faris: but euer I am be-hynde:
 Ffor to liffe manly hit come me be kynde:
 I shall truly sey, what I thynke in my mynde.
 The parson seyde: thu me telle.
 Brother. he seid, be seynt Albon.
 Hit is a preest, men callis sir John.
 Sich a felow know I non:
 Off felawes he berys the bell. 80

X.

HYM gode and curtesse I fynde euer moo:
 He harpys and gytryns and syngs well ther-too
 He wrestels and lepis, and casts the ston also.
 Brother, quod the parson, belife hame thu goo.
 So as I the say;
 ȝif thu myȝ with any gynne
 The vessell owt of the chaumber wyne,
 The same that thei make water in.
 And bryng it me, I the pray.

XI.

BROTHER, he seid, blithly thi wil shal be wrozt :
 It is a rownde basyn, I have hit in my thozt. 91
 As priuely as thu may, that hit be hider brouzt ;
 Hye the fast on thi way, loke thu tary nozt ;

And come agayne anone.
 Hamwards con he ride ;
 Ther no longer wolde he byde,
 And then his wife began to chyde,
 Because he come so sone.

XII.

HE hent up the basyn, and forth can he fare, 99
 Till he came to his brother wolde he not spare.
 The parson toke the basyn, and to his chaumber it bare ;
 And a priue experiment sone he wroght thare.

And to his brother he seyde ful blithe :
 Loke thu, where the basyn fette,
 And in that place thu hit sett ;
 And then he seid, with-owtyn lette :
 Come agayne right swythe.

XIII.

HE toke the basyn, and forth [he] went.
 When his wife hym saw, hir browes she up hent :
 Why hase thi brother so sone the home sent ? 110
 Hit myzt neuer be for gode, I know it verament,
 That thu comes home so swythe.
 Nay, he seid, my swetyng,

I moste take a litull thyng,
And to my brother I mot hit bryng :
Ffor sum it shall make blithe.

XIV.

IN to his chaumbre priuely went he that tyde,
And sett downe the basyn be the bedde side.
He toke his leve at his wyfe, and forth can he ride ;
She was glad that he wente, and bade hym not abyde :
Hir hert began to glade. 121
She anone rizt thoo
Slew a capon or twoo,
And other gode mete ther-too .
Hastely she made.

XV.

WHEN alle thyng was redy, she sent after sir John
Priuely, at a posterne gate, as still as any ston.
They eton and dronken, as thei were wonte to done,
Till that thaym list to bedde for to gon,
Softly and stille. 130
Within a litull while, sir John con wake,
And nedis water he most make ;
He wist wher he shulde the basyn take,
Rizt at his owne wille.

XVI.

HE toke the basyn to make water in
He myzt not get his hondis away, all this worde¹
to wyn ;

¹ i. e. world. *Word* is frequently found in early English for *world*.

His handis fro the basyn myȝt he not twyn.
 Alas, seid sir John, how shall I now begynne,

Here is sum wycherafte ?

Ffaste the basyn con he holde, 140

And all his body tremeld for colde ;

Leuer then a c pounde he wolde,

That hit were him rafte.¹

XVII.

RYȝT as a chapman shulde sell his ware,
 The basyn in the chaumber betwix his hondis he
 bare :

The wyfe was agrevyd he stode so long thare,
 And askid why so hit was a nyce fare,

So stille ther to stonde.

What, woman, he seid, in gode fay,

Thu must helpe, gif thu may, 150

That this basyn were away,

Hit will not fro my honde.

XVIII.

UPSTERT the godewyfe ; for no thyng wolde she
 lette,

And bothe hir hondis on the basyn she sette.

Thus sone were thai bothe fast, and he neuer the bette :

Hit was a mysse felisshippe a man to haue i-mette,

Be day or be nyȝt.

They began clepe and crye

To a wenche, that lay thame bye,

That she shulde come on hye 160

To helpe, ȝif she myȝt.

¹ i. e. reft.

XIX.

UPSTERT the wench, er she was halfe waked,
 And ran to hir maistrys all baly naked.
 Alas, seid her maistrys, who hase this sorow maked?
 Helpe this basyn were away, that oure sorow were
 stayked :

Here is a sory chaunce.
 To the basyn the wenche she raste,
 Ffor to helpe had she caste ;
 Thus were they sone alle thre faste : 170
 Hit was a nyce daunee.

XX.

THER thei daunsyd all the nyzt, till the son con
 ryse ;

The clerke rang the day-bell, as hit was his gise ;
 He knew his maisters councell and his tre . . ise ;
 He thozt he was to long to sey his seruyse,
 His matyns be the morow.

Softly and stille thider he zede ;
 When he come thider, he toke gode hede,
 How that his master was in grett drede,
 And brought in gret sorow.

XXI.

ANON as sir John can se, he began to call ; 180
 Be that worde thei come down in-to the hall.
 Why goo ze soo ? quod the clerke ; hit is shame for
 you alle ;

Why goo ze so nakyd ? foule mot yow falle :

The basyn shalle yow froo.
 To the basyn he made a brayde,
 And bothe his hondis theron he leyde;
 The furst worde that the clerke seyde,
 Alas, what shall I doo?

XXII.

THE carter fro the halle-dure erth can he throw,
 With a sheuell in his hande, to make it clene, I
 trowe.

When he saw thaym go rounde opon a row, 191
 He wende hit had bene folis of the fayr he told it in
 his saw.

He seide he wolde assay, I wysse;
 Unneth he durst go in for fere;
 Alle saue the clerke nakyd were;
 When he saw the wench go there,
 Hym thoẏt hit went amysse.

XXIII.

THE wenche was his speciall, that hoppid on the
 rowte:

Lette go the basyn, [he sayd,] or thu shalle haue a
 clowte:

He hit the wenche with a shevell aboue on the rowte;
 The shevyll sticked there fast, withowte any dowte, 200
 And he hengett on the ende.

The carter, with a sory chaunce,
 Among thaim all he led the dawnee;
 In Englonde, Scotlond, ne in Fraunce,
 A man shulde non sich fynde.

XXIV.

THE godeman and the parson came in that stounde ;
Alle that fayre feliship dawnsyng thei founde.
The gode man seid to sir John : be cocks swete wounde,
Thu shalle lese thine harnesse or a c ponde,

Truly thu shalle not chese. 210

Sir John seid : in good fay,
Helpe this basyn were away,
And that mone will I pay,
Er I this harnes lese.

XXV.

THE parson charmyd the basyn, that it fell thaim
fro ;

Euery man then hastely on thaire wey can goo :
The preest went out of contre for shame he hade thoo :
And then thai leuyd thair lewtnesse, and did no more soo,

But wer wyse and ware.

Thus the godeman and his wyfe 220

Leuyd togeder with-owt stryfe.

Mary, for her joyes fyfe,
Shelde us all fro care !





A Mery Geste of the Frere and the Boye.

HERE begynneth a mery Geste of the Frere and the Boye.
[Woodcut of a Friar in a wood, and a boy playing on a flute under a tree].

N. d. 4to. black letter, 7 leaves.

There is no imprint to this edition, and the colophon will be found at the end.

HEER BEGINNETH A MERY IEST OF THE FRIER AND THE BOY. *Imprinted at London*, at the long shop adioyning vnto Saint Mildred's Church in the Pultrie by Edward Alde [circa 1585], 4to.

The Fryer and the Boy. London, Printed by E[dward] A[lde] dwelling neere Christ Church. 1617. 12mo, black letter, three woodcuts.

The Frier and the Boy. London, Printed by Jane Bell, at the east end of Christ-church [1655, 8vo].¹

The Frier and the Boy. Printed in the year 1698, 18mo.

Printed in the beautiful series of Early English Poems, edited by T. Wright, Esq. London, 1836. 12mo, from an early MS. at Cambridge.

Besides the editions here enumerated, there were others, both before and after the date of that printed by E. Alde; and the tale, which was deservedly one of extreme popularity, circulated in print during the 17th and 18th centuries, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, as Mr. Wright has pointed out in the preface to

¹ Ritson's *Robin Hood*, I. lxxvi.

the edition of 1836, and as is, indeed, otherwise sufficiently familiar to bibliographers.

Mr. Collier, in his *Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company* (i. 200), has printed the following items:—

"[1557-8] To Mr. John Wally these bokes, called Welthe and helthe; the treatise of the Frere and the boye, stans puer ad mensam, a nother, youghte, charytè and humylytè, an a. b. c. for cheldren, in englisshe, w^t syllables; also a boke called an hundreth mery tayles ii^s."

"[1568-9.] R[eeive]d of John Alde, for his lycense for pryntinge of a boke intituled the Freer and the boye iii^d."

"[1586-7, Aug. 16]. Edward White. Alowed unto Edward White for his copies these fyve ballades, so that they be tollerable, viz: xx^d

"A ballad of Willm Clowdisley, never printed before.

"A BALLAD OF THE FRERE AND THE BOIE.

"A ballad of a penyworth of witt.

"A ballad of a cosener at Antwerpe."

The last licence was, it will be observed, conditional, and subject to the reservation of right or interest on the part of any other stationer in the *Frere and the Boye*, and as there can be little doubt that the property resided in Edward Alde, who printed two editions of it, one in 4to, the other in 12mo, at different times, besides others, possibly, which have not survived, it may be surmised that the licence of that particular article to White turned out *not* to be tolerable.

Laneham, in his letter from Kenilworth, 1575, tells us that the tract was at that time in the library of his gossip, Captain Cox, of Coventry.

The preceding extracts from the Stationers' Registers shew that the book had been already printed by John Alde, when his son Edward issued his first edition of it in 4to, and the imprint of the latter satisfies us that the publication was one of the earliest of those which proceeded from this press, since Edward Alde carried on business at his father's shop in the Poultry only for a certain time after the decease of the latter.

The present text is formed from a collation of the editions printed by Wynkyn de Worde and Edward Alde, in 4to, with that of 1836, and some of the *more important* variations have been mentioned in the notes. It is proper to mention that to

the edition of 1836 the editor has been frequently indebted for better and purer readings; but, on the other hand, De Worde's edition very often presents a preferable text, while the edition of 1836 seems to have been executed by somebody who omitted a good deal of the story, and perpetrated many blunders. In stanza xvii. a whole line is left out, the absence of which is fatal to the sense and the metre; and similar gaps occur elsewhere.

The "Frere and the Boye" is one of the earliest and best of those tales of enchantment travestied, which used to possess, perhaps, still greater charms in the eyes of the readers of the popular literature of the country, than the more serious originals. Like the *Cokwolds Daunce* and the *Tale of the Basyn*, its interest depends on the supposed residence of preternatural powers in an inanimate body or thing. It seems not at all unlikely that the origin of the story might be traced to some of the early German legends which, through the medium of translations or rather paraphrastic versions, obtained currency in England, and thence in Scotland; and this supposition derives a certain amount of weight from the circumstance that the present story is still, or was, till lately, a popular favourite in the North, where a Jew is occasionally substituted for the Friar.

In the same manner as *Adam Bel*, *Tom Thumb*, and other productions (either indigenous, or naturalized by an easy and rapid process) which appealed so thoroughly to the tastes of the marvel-loving multitude, the "Frere and the Boye" subsequently received from the authors in the service of Aldermary Church Yard, the addition of a *Second Part*, professing to narrate later adventures of the Boy, through the instrumentality of a second instalment of magical gifts, and ignoring the assertion found in the Cambridge MS. that he renounced, when he grew up, these dark ways, and became a prosperous merchant.¹

¹ The story is not at all improved by these augmentations, which can have, even in the case of the Cambridge MS, little pretention to genuineness; and as De Worde's text has been followed as the basis of the present edition, it has not been thought necessary or desirable to incorporate what purports, in the edition of 1836, to have been the subsequent career of the Boy. As to the additions in the Second Part, they are, in a work of this kind, quite undeserving of attention.

A modern German version of the "Frere and the Boye" is contained in the collection of *Household Stories*, made by the brothers Grimm.

The idea of the enchanted pipe is borrowed by the author of the prose *History of Fryer Bacon*. In that most entertaining publication, a chapter is devoted to a narrative "How Fryer Bacon served the theeves that robbed him, and of the sport that his man Miles had with them." This sport consists in Miles leading the luckless thieves, by means of a tabor, which his master had endued with supernatural properties, over hedges, ditches, &c, "yet had Fryer Bacon," the narrative tells us, "not revenge enough of them, but bid his man Miles leave them some larger measure as hee thought fitting, which Miles did. Miles straight ledde them out of the house into the fields; they followed him, dauncing after a wild anticke manner; then led he them over a broad dike, full of water, and they followed him still, but not so good a way as he went (for he went over the bridge, but they, by reason of their dauncing, could not keepe the bridge, but fell off, and dauncing through the water). Then led hee them through a way where a horse might very well have been up to the belly; they followed him, and were so durtie, as though they had wallowed in the myre like swine; sometime gave hee them rest onely to laugh at them; then were they so sleepee, when hee did not play, that they fell to the ground. Then on the sudden would hee play againe, and make them start up and follow him. Thus kept hee them the better part of the night."

In the introduction to the COKWOLDS DANCE, some reference may be found to the various tales of magic, in our own and other languages, where some preternatural and mysterious attribute is imparted to an object. Mr. Prior, in his *Ancient Danish Ballads*, 1860, has furnished English versions of one or two pieces, in which the interest of the story hangs on a precisely similar incident. And attention may be more particularly drawn to the ballad of "Fair Mettelille, or the Enchanting Horn."

We are also reminded of the magic pipe of the *Ratcatcher of Hanelu*, with which he charmed away the children of the village. It is to be found in some of the collections, and Goethe has founded a poem upon the subject.

Shakespeare introduces into the *Tempest* a very similar scene. It is where Ariel, by Prospero's command, leads Caliban and

his confederates a wild dance by the irresistible fascination of his tabor-music, over hedges, ditches, &c, until they are drenched and torn, just in the same manner as the thieves in the extract quoted above from the *History of Friar Bacon*; but the story of the *Frere and the Boy* may have been also in the recollection of the dramatist, when he composed the passage describing the adventure of Ariel with the conspirators against his master.

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, speaking of the powers of music to subdue depression of spirits, says:—"Timotheus the musician compelled Alexander to skip up and down, and leave his dinner (like the tale of the *frier and the boy*)—"

The *Frier and the boy* was included in the select collection of works of reference collected by Taylor the Water Poet, with a special view to the compilation of *Sir Gregory Nonsense*, 1622.

In the 29th chapter of the 15th Book of Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, treating of the "rules and lawes of popish exorcists," there is this observation:—"Thirdly, whence cometh the force of such words as raise the devil, and command divels? If sounds do it, then may it be done by a tabor and a pipe, or any other instrument that hath not life." And in his *Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600, Kempe bears curious testimony to the attracting power of the pipe and tabor, even in the absence of supernatural influences:—"Hauing rested well at Burntwood" [Brentwood, in Essex], he says, "the Moone shining clearely, and the weather being calme, in the euening I tript it to Ingerstone, stealing away from those numbers of people that followed mee; yet doe I what I could, I had aboue fiftie in the company, some of London, the other of the Country thereabout, that would needs, when they heard my Taber, trudge after me through thicke and thin."

The story of the "Friar and the Boy" seems to have been transplanted into our nursery literature under a slightly different form. It is in fact the same in substance as the modern history of TOM PIPER, which is printed in the *Nursery Rhymes of England*, 6th edit. p. 99. One of the stanzas relates how—

"Tom with his pipe did play with such skill
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard, they began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance."

At line 80, the old man promises the Boy "thyngis thre;"

this is the customary number in the case of supernatural gifts. In the *GESTA ROMANORUM*, Godfridus, "the wise emperoure," when on his death-bed, gives to his second son the ring, the brooch, and the cloth, all endowed with magical properties.

In the same work there is the story of "Andronicus the Emperour," who obliges Temecius to answer *three questions* at the peril of his life; which has been imitated by Gower in the *Confessio Amantis*. To the same source we are probably indebted for the ballad of "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury," inserted in Chappell's *Popular Music*, 351. There the King says.—

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die,
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from off thy body."

A similar idea occurs in the ballad of "How Sir Hylleland wins his bride (Prior's *Ancient Danish Ballads*, iii. 226)." There the ensuing dialogue takes place between the Troid and the Knight:—

"'Stranger,' said then the lothely witch,
'Thou winnest not her for bride,
Until three truths thou hast told to me,
That never can be denied.'"

To which the Knight answers:—

"'There's money lying upon the floor,
The walls are gleaming with gold,
And thou art thyself the lothesomest witch
Mine eyes did ever behold.'"

And so also in the English ballad, "A Noble Riddle wiselie expounded, or the Maid's Answer to the Knight's three Questions."¹ If we go back to the Hindu theology, the mythologies of ancient Greece and Rome, we shall find the number *three*² and its multiple *nine* constantly used; the same theory prevails in our own Christian Trinity. It is the favourite number in Arabian and other Oriental romance, and in many of the ancient English fictions, such as the *Three Weird Sisters*, in the history of Macbeth,

¹ Catalogue of Black Letter Ballads, 1856, No. 253.

² The three Fates, the three Graces, the three Furies, the three Syrens, the three Judges of Hell, the Three-Headed Dog Cerberus, &c.

the *Three Daughters of Leir*, the *Three Ravens*, the *Nine Worthies*, the *Nine Sybilline Books*, and so forth. See also Ward's *Diary*, p. 93, and *Notes and Queries*, Q. S. vi. 190.

The poem of the "Cheylde and his Stepdame," which Mr. Wright has edited from the MS. in the public library at Cambridge, is, as has been said, merely an altered copy of the present piece; and it must be added, that the changes are, almost in every case, for the worse, the scribe having been apparently some illiterate provincial, who has translated the poem into his own local jargon, and, for the sake of novelty, put the Boy's Mother in the title instead of the Friar.

¶ Here Begynneth A Mery Geste of the Frere and the Boye.



OD that deyde ffor vs all,
And dranke eysell and gall,
Brynge vs out of bale,
And gyue them good lyfe and longe
That lysteneth to my songe,
Or tendeth to my tale.
Ther was a man in my countre¹
That had wyues thre,
Be proseys of tyme,
Bey the fyrst wyfe a sone he had,

10

¹ So ed. 1836. De Worde's ed. reads as follows:—

"There dwelled an husbonde in my countrè,"

which bears a close resemblance to the opening of the *Freres Tale* (Chaucer's Works, by Bell, ii. 89):—

"Whilom there was dwellyng in my countrè;"

and also to the commencement of "A Mery Ballet of the Hathorne Tre," printed in the enlarged edition of Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 65:—

"It was a man of my cuntry."

The Cambridge MS. reads *thes* for *my*.

That was a hapey¹ ladde,
 And a partey hyne.²
 His fader loued hym wele,
 So dyde his moder neuer a dele,
 I tell yow as I thinke ;
 Sche thowth lost, be the rode,
 That dyde the boye ony good,
 Other mete or drynke.
 And yet y wys it was but badde,
 Nor halffe ynowh therof he had, 20
 Oft he was afforst :³
 Therfore euyll mote she fare,
 Ofte she dyde the lytell boye care,
 As ferforth⁴ as she dorste.
 The good wyfe to her husbonde gan saye :
 I wolde ye wolde put this boye awaye,
 And that ryght soone in haste ;
 Truly he is a cursed ladde,
 I wolde some other man hym had,
 That wolde⁵ hym better chaste. 30

¹ i.e. cheerful, light-hearted. It appears to bear the same signification in the opening line of the *Steele Glas*, by George Gascoigne (1576), 4to :—

“The Nightingale (whose happy noble hart
 No dole can daunt, nor fearefull force affright).”

Merry is occasionally found in a similar sense. So, for instance, Vallans, in *A Tale of Two Swannes*, 1590 (reprinted in Hearne’s ed. of Leland’s *Itinerary*) speaks of the “merrie Nightingale.”

² Alde’s ed. has *hinde*.

³ So ed. 1836. De Worde’s ed. has :—

“But euermore of the worst.”

Afforst is *a-thirst*.

⁴ Far. It is sometimes found in the sense of *very* or *extremely*.

⁵ Alde’s 4to. ed. has *could*.

Then sayd the good man agayne :
 Dame, I shall to the sayne,
 He is but tender of age ;
 He shall abyde with me this yere,
 Tyll he be more strongere,
 For to wynne better wage.
 We haue a man, a stoute freke,
 That in the felde kepeth our nete,
 He slepys all the daye,
 He shall come home, so god me shelde, 40
 And the boye shall into the felde,
 To kepe our beestes, yf he may.
 Than sayd the wyfe, verament :
 Sere, therto I assent,
 I holde het be the beste.¹
 On the morowe, whan it was daye,
 The lytell boye wente on his waye,
 To the ffelde full prest ;²
 Of no man he had no care,
 But sung, hey howe, awaye the mare,³ 50
 And made ioye ynough.

¹ So ed. 1836. De Worde's ed. reads:—

“For that me thynketh moost nedy.”

² So ed. 1836. De Worde's ed. reads:—

“To the felde full redy.”

³ It is proper to state that the various readings are here, and to the end of the piece, extremely numerous. “Away the Mare” was a very popular tune, and probably there was a ballad upon it, now lost. Query, a fragment of some lost ballad. It is quoted in *Jyl of Breynthfords Testament*, circa 1530, and in a Song which occurs in *Melesmata*, 1611, and it is used in the sense in which it occurs here by several of our old poets and playwrights:—

Fforet he wente, truly to sayne,
 Tyll he came to the playne,
 Hys dyner foret he drough.
 Whan he sawe, it was bad,
 Lytell lust therto he had,
 But put it vp agayne;
 Therfore he was not to wyte,
 He sayd he wolde ete but lyte,
 Tyll nyght that he home came.
 And as the boye sate on a hill,
 An olde man came hym tyll,
 Walkynge by the waye:

60

“ But to make vp my tale,
 She breweth noppie ale,
 And maketh therof port sale
 To trauellars, to tynkers,
 To sweters, to swynkers,
 And all good ale drynkers,
 That wyll nothyng spare,
 But drynke tyll they stare,
 And brynge themselfe bare,
 With, Now away the mare,
 And let vs sley care,
 As wyse as an hare—”

Skelton's *Elynour Rumming*.

But perhaps the passage from *Melesmata*, 1611 (quoted by Mr. Dyce), is a still more apposite example:—

“ Heigh ho, away the Mare,
 Let vs set aside all care,
 If any man be disposed to trie,
 Loe here comes a lustie crew,
 That are enforced to crie,
 A new Master, a new —.”

It is a song supposed to be sung by servants out of place.

Sone, he sayde, god the se.¹
 Syr, welcome mote ye be
 The lytell boye gan saye.
 The olde man sayd: I honger sore,
 Hast thou ony mete in store,
 That thou mayst gyue me?
 The chylde sayd: so god me saue, 70
 To such vytayle as I haue
 Welcome shall ye be.
 Therof the olde man was gladde,
 The boye drewe forth suche as he had,
 And made him ryght merry.¹
 The olde man was easy to please,
 He ete, and made hym well at ease,
 And sayd: sone, gramercy.
 Ffor they mete that thou hast geffe me²
 I shall gyue the thynges thre, 80
 Thou shalt them not forgete.
 The boye seyde: het is best I trowe,³
 Ffor me to haue a bowe,
 At byrdes for to shete.
 A bowe, sone, I shall the gyue,
 That shall last the all thy lyue,
 And euer a lyke mete,

¹ So ed. 1836. De Worde's ed. has:—

“And seyde, do gladly.”

² So ed. 1836. De Worde's ed. has:—

“Sone, thou haste geuen mete to me.”

³ So ed. 1836. De Worde's ed. has:—

“Then sayd the boye, as I trowe.”

Shote therin, whan thou good thynke,
 For yf thou shote, and wynke,¹
 The prycke thow shalte hytte. 90
 Whan he the bowe in honde felte,²
 And the boltes vnder his belte,
 Lowde than he lough;
 He sayd: now had I a pype,
 Though it were neuer so lyte,
 Than were I gladde ynough.
 A pype thou shalte haue also,
 In true musyke it shall go,
 I put thee out of doubt;
 All that may the³ pype here 100
 Shall not themselfe stere,
 But laugh and lepe aboute.
 What shall the thyrde be?
 Gyfftes I schall geve the three.⁴
 As I haue sayd before.
 The lytell boye on hym lough,
 And sayd: syr, I haue ynough.
 I wyll desyre no more.
 The olde man sayd: my trouth I plyght,
 Thou shalte haue that I the hyght; 110

¹ i.e. close one eye in taking aim. Thus Gascoigne, in his *Posies*, 1575, p. 157, says:—

“He *winked* wrong, and so let slippe the string,
 Which cast him wide, for all his queint conceit.”

² “When the bowe in hand he felt.”

Allde's 4to. ed.

³ *Thy*, Allde's 4to. ed.

⁴ *Things*, Allde's 4to. ed.

Say on now, and let me se.
 Than sayd the boye anone :
 I haue a stepdame at home,
 She is a shrewe to me :
 Whan my fader gyueth me awth,
 Be God that me dere bowth,¹
 Sche stareth me in the face ;
 Whan she loketh on me so,
 I wolde she sholde let a rappe go,
 That myght ryngue ouer all the place. 120
 Than sayd the olde man tho :
 Whan she loketh on the so,
 She shall begyn to blowe ;
 All that euer it may here
 Shall not themselfe stere,
 But dans ² on a rowe.
 Farewell, quod the olde man.
 God kepe the, sayd the chylde than,
 I take my leue at the ;
 God, that moost best may, 130
 Kepe the bothe nyght and day.
 Gramercy, sone, sayd he.
 Than drewe it³ towarde the nyght,
 Iacke hym hyed home full ryght,
 It was his ordynaunce ;⁴
 He toke his pype, and began to blowe ;

¹ De Worde's ed. reads *cheke* for *cheat*. In this passage I have followed the ed. of 1836.

² Ed. De Worde has *laugh*, which is erroneous.

³ Ed. 1863 has *he drowe*, which, of course, is not sense.

⁴ His custom.

All his beestes on a rowe
 Aboute hym they can daunce.¹
 Thus wente he pypyng through the towne,
 His beestes hym folowed by the sowne 140
 Into his faders close ;
 He wente, and put them vp echone,
 Homewarde he wente anone ;
 Into the² hall he gose ;
 His fader at his souper sat ;
 Lytell Iacke espyed well that,
 And sayd to hym anone :
 Fader, I haue kepte your nete,
 I praye you gyue me some mete,
 I am an hongred, by Saynt Ihone.³ 150
 I have sytten metelesse
 All this daye kepyng your beestes,
 My dyner feble⁴ it was.
 His fader toke a capons wyng,
 And at the boye he gan it flyng,

¹ i.e. began to dance.

² De Worde's ed. has *his faders hall*.

³ Here the ed. of 1836 is evidently imperfect; several lines are, in fact, wanting.

⁴ i.e. poor. So in *How a Marchande dyd hys wyfe Betray*, we have—

“The mayden seyde: be my fay,
 He ys in a febulle array.”

In the subjoined stanza, from an early naval song, printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, it seems to bear the sense of small or narrow—

“Anone he calleth a carpentere,
 And byddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,
 To make the cabans here and there,
 With many a febyll cell.”

And badde hym ete apace.
 That greued his Dames¹ herte sore,
 As I tolde you before ;
 She stared hym in the face,
 With that she let go a blaste, 160
 That all² in the hall were agaste,
 It range ouer all the place.
 All they laughed, and had good game,
 The wyfe waxed red for shame,
 She wolde that she had ben gone.
 Quod the boye : well I wote,
 That gonne was well shote,
 As it had ben a stone.
 Cursedly she loked on hym tho ;
 Another blaste she let go, 170
 She was almoost rente.
 Quod the boye : wyll³ ye se
 How my dame letteth pellettes fle,
 In fayth or euer she stynte !
 The boye sayde vnto his dame :
 Tempre thy bombe, he sayd, for shame :
 She was full of sorowe.
 Dame, sayd the good man, go thy waye :
 For I swere to the, by my faye,
 Thy gere is not to borowe. 180
 Afterwarde, as ye shall here,
 To the hous ther came a frere,

¹ De Worde's ed. reads *stepmoders*.

² So in ed. 1836.

³ i. e. well.

To lye¹ there all nyght ;
 The wyfe loued him as a saynt,
 And to hym made her complaynt,
 And tolde hym all aryght.
 Wee haue a boye within ywys,
 A shrewe for the nones he is,
 He dooth me moche care ;
 I dare not loke hym vpon : 190
 I am ashamed, by Saynt Iohn,
 To tell yow how I fare.
 I praye you mete the boye tomorowe,
 Bete hym well, and gyue hym sorowe,
 And make the boye lame.²

¹ *That lay*, Alde's ed. What a curse these holy men were to the farmers and peasantry in popish times, early poets and verse-writers abundantly testify. Illustrations may be found in the *Histories of Fryer Bacon and Fryer Rush*, and in the *Merrie Historie of the Thrie Friers of Berwicke*, 1622. Lyndsay, in his *Satyre of the Three Estuitis*, says—

“And thoct the corne war never sa skant,
 The gudewyfis will not let Freiris want.”

Simon Fish, in his *Supplicacyon for the Beggars*, 1524, 8vo, says not less justly than bitterly:—“Who is she that will set her hondes to worke to get iij^d a day and may haue at lest xx^d a day to slepe an houre with a frere, a monk, or a prest? What is he that wolde laboure for a grote a day, and may haue at lest xij^d a day to be a baude to a prest, a monk, or a frere? Whate a sorte are there of theime that mari prestes souereigne ladies but to cloke the prestes yncontinency and that they may haue a liuing of the prest theime silues for theire laboure?”

² *Lame* here signifies *sore from bruises*, and not necessarily “halting in his gait,” as it is ordinarily understood. Chaucer uses it in a somewhat similar manner—

“And who so goth with the the right weye,
 Him schal not drede in soule to ben lame.”

Chaucer's A. B. C.

Quod the frere : I shall hym bete.
 Quod the wyfe : do not forgete,
 He dooth to¹ me moche shame :
 I trowe the boye be some wytche.
 Quod the frere : I shall hym teche, 200
 Haue thou therof² no care ;
 I shall hym teche, yf I may.
 Quod the wyfe : I the praye,
 Do hym not spare.
 On the morowe the boye arose,
 Into the felde soone he gose,
 His beestes for to dryue ;
 The frere ranne out at the gate,
 He was a ferde leest he came to late,
 He ranne fast and blyue. 210
 Whan he came vpon the londe,
 Lytell Iacke there he fonde,
 Dryuyng his beestes all alone ;
 Boye, he sayd, god gyue the shame,
 What hast thou done to thy dame,
 Tell thou me anone ?
 But yf thou canst excuse the well,
 By my trouth bete the I wyll,
 I will no lenger abyde.
 Quod the boye : what cyleth the ? 220
 My dame fareth as well as ye,
 What nedeth ye to chyde ?
 Quod the boye : wyll ye wete
 How I can a byrde shete,
 And other thyng withall ?

¹ Not in De Worde's ed.² Id.

Syr, he sayd, though I be lyte,
 Yonder byrde wyll I smyte,
 And gyue her the I shall.
 There sate a byrde vpon a brere,
 Shote on, boy, quod the frere, 230
 For that me lysteth to se.
 He hytte the byrde on the heed,
 That she fell downe deed,
 No ferder myght she flee.
 The frere to the busshe wente,
 Vp the byrde for to hente,
 He thought it best for to done.
 Iacke toke his pype, and began to blowe,
 Then the frere, as I trowe,
 Began to daunce soone. 240
 As soone as he the pype herd,
 Lyke a wood¹ man he fared,
 He lepte and daunced aboute ;
 The breres scratched hym in the face,
 And in many an other place,
 That the blode brast out ;
 And tare his clothes by and by,
 His cope and his scapelary,
 And all his other wede.
 He daunced amonge the² thornes thyeke,³ 250

¹ i. e. mad.² Not in ed. De Worde.

³ Possibly Edwards had this story in his recollection when he wrote the following passage in *Damon and Pythias* (Dodsley, ed. 1825, i. 244)—

“—— in talke I overthwarted Eubulus,
 When he lamented Pythias' case to Kinge Dionisius,

In many places they dyde hym prycke,
 That fast gan he blede.
 Iacke pyped and laughed amonge,
 The frere amonge the thornes was thronge,
 He hopped wunder[ou]s hye ;
 At the last he held vp his honde,
 And sayd : I haue daunced so longe,
 That I am lyke to dye ;
 Gentyll Iacke, holde thy pype styll,
 And by¹ my trouth I plyght the tyll, 260
 I will do the no woo.
 Iacke sayd in that tide :
 Frere, skyppe out on the ferder syde,
 Lyghtly that thou were goo.
 The frere out of the busshe wente,
 All to ragged and to rente,
 And torne on euery syde ;
 Unnethes on hym he had one cloute,
 His bely for to wrappe aboute ;
 His harneys for to hyde. 270
 The breres had hym scratched in² the face,
 And in³ many an other place,
 He was all to bledde with blode ;
 All that myght the frere se,

Which tomorrow shall die, but for that false knave Damon,
 He hath left his friend *in the briers*, and now is gone."

This incident is also in the common chapbook of the *Lancashire Witches*.

¹ Not in ed. De Worde.

² *hym scratched so*, De Worde's ed.

³ So Alde's 4to ed.

Were fayne awaye¹ to flee,
 They wende he had ben wode.
 Whan he came to his hoost,
 Of his iourney he made no boost,
 His clothes were rente all;
 Moche sorowe in his herte he had, 280
 And euery man hym dradde,
 Whan he came in to the hall.
 The wyfe sayd: where hast thou bene?
 In an euyll place, I wene,
 Me thynketh by thyn araye.
 Dame, I haue ben with thy sone,
 The deuyll of hell hym ouercome:
 For no man elles may.
 With that came in the good man,
 The wife sayd unto² hym than: 290
 Here is a foule araye;
 Thy sone, that is thy³ lefe and dere,
 Hath almoost slayne this holy frere,
 Alas, and welawaye.
 The good man sayd: *benedicite!*
 What hath the boye done, frere, to the,
 Tell me without lette?
 The frere sayd: the deuyll hym spede,
 He hath made me⁴ daunce, maugre my hede,
 Amonge the thornes, hey go bette.⁵ 300

¹ Not in Allde's 4to ed.

² *to*, ed. De Worde.

³ *the*, Allde's 4to ed.

⁴ *caused me to*, Allde's 4to ed.

⁵ Here this phrase is employed, it seems, as an interjection, quasi *goalong!* So in a "Song in praise of Sir Penny" (Ritson's *Anc. Songs and Ballads*, i. 34) we have:—

The good man sayd to hym tho :
 Haddest thou lost thy lyfe so,
 It had ben grete synne.
 The frere sayd : by our lady,
 The pype went so meryly,
 That I coude neuer blynne.
 Whan it drewe toward the nyght,
 The boye came home full ryght,
 As he was wont to do.
 Whan he came into the hall,
 Soone his fader gan hym call,
 And badde hym come¹ hym to.
 Boye, he sayd, tell me here,
 What hast thou done unto² the frere,
 Tell me without lesyng?
 Fader, he sayd, by my faye,
 I dyde nought elles, as I yow saye,
 But pyped him a spryng.³

310

"Go bet, Penny, go bet [go,]
 For thu makyn bothe frynde and fo."

¹ *to come*, ed. De Worde.

² So Allde's 4to. ed.

³ A spring was a dance-tune, as the context of course shews; but its precise character, if it had one, is not ascertained. Dunbar uses the term :—

"I will na Priestis for me sing,
 Dies illa, Dies iræ;
 Na yit na bellis for me ring,
 Sicut semper solet fieri;
 Bot a bag pipe to play a spryng."

Poems, ed. Laing, i. 141.

Lyndsay, in his *Complaynt*, 1529, says :—

That pype, sayd his fader, wolde I here.
 Mary, god forbede, sayd the frere : 320
 His handes he dyde wrynge.
 Yes, sayd the good man, by goddes grace.
 Then, sayd the frere, out alas,
 And made grete mournynge.
 For the loue of god, quod the frere,
 If ye wyll that pype here,
 Bynde me to a post :
 For I knowe none other rede,
 And I daunce, I am but deed,
 Well I wote my lyfe is lost. 330
 Stronge ropes they toke in honde,
 The frere to the poste they bonde,
 In the myddle of the halle.
 All that at the souper sat¹
 Laughed and had good game therat,
 And said, the frere wolde not fall.
 Than sayd the good man :
 Pype, sonne, as thou can,
 Hardely whan thou wylle.
 Fader, he sayd, so mote I the, 340
 Haue ye shall ynough of gle,
 Tyll ye bydde me be styll.

“Than playit I twentie springis perqueir,
 Quhilk was greit plesour for to heir.”

But the writer does not say whether these *springs*, which were played for the amusement of James V. of Scotland when a child, were on the bag-pipe or otherwise.

¹

“All they that at the table sat.”

Alde's 4to. ed.

As soon as Iacke the pype hent,
 All that there were, verament,
 Began to daunce and lepe;
 Whan they gan the pype here,
 They myght not themselfe stere,
 But hurled¹ on an hepe.
 The good man was in no dyspayre,
 But lyghtly lepte out of his chayre, 350
 All with a goodly² chere;
 Some lepte ouer the stocke;
 Some stombled at the blocke:
 And some fell flatte in the fyre.
 The good man had grete³ game,
 How they daunced all in same;⁴
 The good wyfe after gan steppe;
 Euermore she kest her eye at Iacke,
 And fast her tayle began to cracke, 360
 Lowder than they coude speke.
 The frere hymselfe was almoost lost,
 For knockynge his heed ayenst the post,
 He had none other grace;
 The rope rubbed hym vnder the chynne,
 That the blode downe dyde rynne,

¹ *Hurled*, Alde's 4to. ed. *To hurl*=cast or throw themselves.

"*Itha*[more]. I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece,
 Where painted carpets o'er the meads are *hur'd*."

MARLOWE'S *Rich Jew of Malta*.

"Meantime, unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
 And *hurled* everywhere their waters sheen"—

THOMSON'S *Castle of Indolence*, canto i. stanza iii.

² *Good*, ed. De Worde.

³ *Good*, ed. Alde.

⁴ Together, in company.

In many a dyuers place.

Iacke ranne into the strete,

After hym fast dyde they lepe,

Truly they coude not stynte ;

They wente out at the dore so theke, 370

That eche man fell on others necke,

So pretely out they wente.

Neyghbours that were fast by,

Herde the pype go so meryly,

They ranne into the gate ;

Some lepte ouer the hache,

They had no time to drawe the lache,

They wende they had come to late.

Some laye in theyr bedde,

And helde vp theyr hede, 380

Anone they were waked ;

Some sterte in the waye,

Truly as I you saye,

Stark bely naked.

By that they were gradred aboute,

I wys there was a grete route,

Dauncyng in the strete ;

Some were lame, and myght not go,

But yet ywys they daunced allso,

On handes and on fete. 390

The boye sayd : now wyll I rest.

Quod the good man : I holde it best,

With a mery chere ;

Sease, sone, whan thou wylte,

In fayth this is the meryest fyttē

That I herde this seuē yere.

They daunced all in same.
 Some laughed, and had good game,
 And some had many a fall.
 Thou cursed boye, quod the frere, 400
 Here I somon the that thou appere
 Before the offycyall;
 Loke thou be there on Frydaye,
 I wyll the mete and I may,
 For to ordeyne¹ the sorowe.
 The boye sayd: by god auowe,
 Frere, I am as redy as thou,
 And Frydaye were to morowe.
 Frydaye came, as ye may here;
 Lackes stepdame and the frere 410
 Togeder there they mette;
 Folke gadered a grete pase,
 To here euery mannes case,
 The offycyall was sette.
 There was moche to do,
 Maters more than one or two,
 Both with preest and clerke.
 Some had testaments for to preue,
 And fayre women, by your leue,
 That had strokes in the derke.

¹ The context requires to *procure* or *obtain*; and so the word is used by Gower in several passages of the *Confessio Amantis* :—

“ ——— and to you pray,
 My legè lorde, of your office,
 That ye such grace and suche justice
 Ordeigne for my fader here.”

Euery man put forth his case,
Then came forth frere Topyas,
And Iackes stepdame also.
Sir offycyall, sayd he,
I haue brought a boye to thee,
Which hath wrought me moche wo ;
He is a grete nygromancere,
In all Orlyauce is not his pere,
As by my trowth I trowe.
He is a wyteche, quod the wyfe : 430
Than, as I shall tell you blythe,
Lowde coude she blowe.
Some laughed without fayle,
Some sayd : dame, tempre thy tayle,
Ye wreste it all amysse.
Dame, quod the offycyall,
Tel forth on thy tale,
Lette not for all this.
The wyfe was afrayed of an other cracke,
That no worde more she spacke, 440
She durst not for drede.
The frere sayd : so mote I the,
Knaue, this is long of the
That euyl mote thou spede.
The frere sayd : syr offycyall,
The boye wyll combre vs all,
But yf ye may him chaste ;
Syr, he hath a pype truly,
Wyll make you daunce, and lepe on hye,
Tyll your herte braste. 450
The offycyall sayd : so mot I the,

That pype wolde I fayne se,¹
 And knowe what myrth that he can make.
 Mary, god forbede, than sayd the frere,
 That he sholde pype here,
 Afore that I hens the waye take.
 Pype on, Iacke, sayd the offycyall,
 I wyll here now how thou canst playe.
 Iacke blewe vp, the sothe to saye,
 And made them soone to daunce all. 460
 The offycyall lepte ouer the deske,
 And daunced aboute wonder faste,
 Tyll bothe his shynnes he all to brest,
 Hym thought it was not of the best,
 Than cryed he vnto the chylde,
 To pype no more within this place,
 But to holde styll, for goddes grace,
 And for the loue of Mary mylde.
 Than sayd Iacke to them echone :
 If ye wolde me graunte with herte fre, 470
 That they² shall do me no vylany,
 But hens to departe euen as I come.
 Therto they answered all anone,
 And promysed him anone ryght,
 In his quarell for to fyght,
 And defende hym from his fone,
 Thus they departed in that tyde,
 The offycyall and the sompnere,
 His stepdame and the frere,
 With great ioye and moche pryde. 480

¹ From this line to the end there are considerable variations in the copies. ² So Allde's 4to. ed. De Worde's ed. has *he*.

C Thus endeth the Frere and y^e Boye. En-
 prynted at London in Flete strete at the
 sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde.¹

¹ The colophon of Alde's 4to. ed. is as follows :—

The end of the Frier and the Boy.

Imprinted at
 London at the long shop
 adioyning vnto Saint Mil
 dreds Church in the
 Pultrie by Edward
 Alde

*





The Turnament of Totenham.¹

[From the text edited by T. Wright, Esq. 1836, 12mo, collated with the 4to. impression of 1631, and with Harl. MS. The editor regrets having had no opportunity of resorting to Camb. MS.]

I.



Of alle these kene conqueroures to carpe is
oure kynde :

Off fel feghtyng folke ferly we fynde,

The turnament of Totenham haue I in
mynde :

Hit were harme sich hardynesse were holdyn be hynde,
In story as we rede

¹ Several examples of this practice of burlesquing the usages of chivalry occur in the writings of Dunbar, Lyndsay, and Alexander Scot. The extravagant pitch to which the authors of the early English prose romances carried the adventures of their heroes is similarly ridiculed in a book called "The Heroical Adventures of the Knight of the Sea," 1600, 4to. It may be desirable to mention that this poem is printed in Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, 1829, i. 85 *et seqq.* from Harl. MS. 5396, and in Percy's *Reliques*.

Off Hawkyn, of Harry,
Off Tymkyn, of Tyrry,
Off theym that were duȝty
And hardy in dede.

II.

HIT befel in Totenham on a dere day, 10
Ther was made a shurtyng be the hye way :
Thider come alle the men of that contray,
Off Hisselton, of Hygate, and of Hakenay.

And alle the sweete swynkers :
Ther hoppyd Hawkyn,
Ther dawnsid Dawkyn,
Ther trumpyd Tymkyn,
And all¹ were true drynkers.

III.

TILLE the day was gon and cuesong paste,
That thai shulde reckyn thaire skot and thaire
counts caste : 20

Perkyn the potter in to the prees paste,
And seid, Rondill the refe, a dozter thou haste,
Tibbe thi dere :
Therefor fayne wete² wolde I,
Whether these felows or I,
Or which of alle this bachelery,
Were the best worthy to wed her to³ his fere.

¹ Harl. MS.

² So ed. 1631. Mr. Wright's text has *were*. *Wyt*—Harl. MS. The latter varies a good deal here.

³ The ed. of 1631 has *in*.

IV.

UPSTERTE the gadlyngs with thaire lang staues,
 And seid, Rondyll the refe, lo, this lad raues :
 How prudly among vs thy dozter he craues, 30
 And we ar richer men then he, and more gode haues,
 Off catell and of corne :
 Then seid Perkyn, to Tibbe I haue hyzt
 That I will be alle wey redy in my rizt
 With a fleyle for to fyght this day seuen nyzt,
 And thouz¹ hit were to morne.²

V.

THEN seid Rondill the refe, euery³ be he waryd,
 That aboute this carpyng lenger wolde be taryd ;
 I wolde not my dozter that she were myskaryd,
 But at hir moost worship I wolde she were maryd : 40
 Therfor⁴ the turnament shalle begynne
 This day seuen nyzt,
 With a flayle for to fyzt :
 And he that is moste of myzt
 Shalle brok hir with wyne.

VI.

HHE that berys hym best in the turnament,
 He shal be grauntid the gre be the comyn assent,
 Ffor to wyne my dozter with duztynesse of dent,
 And coppull my brode hen that was brozt out of Kent,

¹ Ed. 1631 has *thought*.

² I follow ed. 1631. Mr. Wright's text has *morowe*.

³ So ed. 1631. Mr. Wright's text has *euere*.

⁴ *Ffor*—Camb. MS.

And my donned¹ cow : 50
 Ffor no spence will I spare,
 Ffor no catell wille I care,
 He shalle haue my gray mare,
 And my spottyd sowe.

VII.

THER was mony a bolde lad theire bodys to bede :
 Than thei toke theire leue, and hamwarde thei
 zede :
 And alle the weke afterward thei graythed her wede,²
 Tille hit come to the day that thei shulde do thaire dede.
 Thei armyd theym in mattes ;
 Thei sett on theire nollys 60
 Gode blake bollys,³
 Ffor to kepe theire pollis,
 From⁴ batterying of battes.

VIII.

THEI sewed hem in schepe skynnes, for thei shuld
 not brest :
 And euer ilkon of hem toke⁵ a blac hatte, in stidde of a
 crest :
 A baskett or a panyer be fore on thaire brest,
 And a flayle in theire honde : for to fyzt prest,
 Forth con thei fare :

¹ *Dunned*, ed. 1631.

² i. e. prepared their equipments. Ed. 1631 for *graythed* has *gayed*.

³ *Bolles*—Camb. MS, and in line before, *nolles*.

⁴ So ed. 1631. Ed. 1836 has *Ffor*.

⁵ Harl. MS.

Ther was kid mycull fors,
 Who shulde best fend his cors : 70
 He that hade no gode hors,
 Borowyd hym a mare.

IX.

SICH a nother gadryng¹ haue I not sene ofte
 When alle the gret cumpany come ridand to the
 crofte :

Tibbe on a gray mare was sett upon lofte
 Upon a secke full of fedys² for she shuld sitt softe,
 And ledde tille the gappe :
 Fforther wold she not than
 For the luf of no man,
 Till coppull hir brode hen 80
 Were broȝt in to hir lappe.

X.

A GAY gyrdull Tibbe hade borrowed for the nones,
 And a garland on hir hed full of ruell bones,
 And a broch on hir brest full of saphre stones,
 The holy rode tokynyng was writon for the nones :
 For no spendyng wolde they spare,
 When ioly Jeynkyn wist hir thare,
 He gurde so fast his gray mare,
 That she lete a fowkyn fare
 At the rerewarde. 90

¹ *Clothyng*—Camb. MS.² *Senvyg*—Camb. MS.

XI.

I MAKE a vow, quod Tibbe, coppull is comyn of
kynde.

I shalle falle fyve in the felde, and I my flayle fynde,
I make a vow, quod Hudde, I shalle not leve be hynde,
May I mete with Lyarde or Bayarde the blynde,

I wot I schalle theym greve :
I make a vow, quod Haukyn,
May I mete with Daukyn,
Ffor alle his rich kyn,
His flayle I shalle hym reve.

XII.

I MAKE a vow, quod Gregge, Tib, thu shal se, 100
Which of alle the bachelery grauntid is the gre :

I shalle skomfet hem alle, for the luf of the :
In what place that I come thei shall haue dout of me,
Ffor I am armyd at the sole :

In myn armys I ber well
A doz troz, and a pele,
A sadull with owt panele,
With a flece of wole.

XIII.

NOW go down, quod Dudman, and here me het
abowte,

I make a vow thei shall abyce that I fynde owte, 110
Haue I twyse or thrise riden thruz the rowte,
In what place that I come of me thei shal ha doute,
Myn armys bene so clere,

I bar a ridell and a rake,
 Poudurt with the brenyng drake,
 And thre cantels of a cake
 In ilke cornere.

XIV.

I MAKE a vow, quod Tirry, and swere be my crede,
 Saw thu neuer yong boy forther his body bede,
 Ffor when thei fyzt fastest and most er in drede, 120
 I shalle take Tib be the hond, and away hir lede :

Then byn¹ myn armys best,
 I ber a pilch of ermyn,
 Poudert with a catt skyn,
 The chefe is of pechmyn,
 That stondis on the creste.

XV.

I MAKE a vow, quod Dudman, and swere be the stra,
 Whil I am most mery thu gets hir not swa ;
 For she is wel shapyn, as lizt as a ra,
 There is no capull in this myle before her wil ga : 130

She wil me not begyle :
 I dar sothely say,
 She wil be[re me] a monday
 Ffro Hissiltoun to Haknay,
 Nozt other halfe myle.

XVI.

I MAKE a vow, quod Perkyn, thu carpis of cold rost,
 I wil wyrke wiselier with out any boost :

¹ Ed. 1836 has *hyn*.

Ffyve of the best capuls that ar in this host,
I will hem lede away be another coost:

And then lowzt Tibbe.

140

We loo, boyes, here is he,

That will fyzt and not fle,

Ffor I am in my iolyte:

Ioo forth, Tibbe.

XVII.

WHEN thai had thaire othes made, forth can thei te,
With flayles and harnys and trumpis made of tre:
Ther wer all the bachilers of that contre:

Thei were digt in aray as thaim self wolde be:

Theire baner was ful bryzt

Off an olde raton fell,

150

The chefe was of a ploo mell,

And the schadow of a bell,

Quartered with the mone lizt.

XVIII.

IWOT it was no childer gamme when thei to geder
mett,

When ilke a freke in the felde on his fellow bette,

And leid on stifly, for no thyng wold thei lett,

And fozt ferly fast, til theyre hors swett,

And few wordis were spokyn.

Ther were flayles al to flaterde,

Ther were scheldis al to claterde,

160

Bolles and disshis al to baterde,

And mony hedis ther were brokyn.

XIX.

THER was clenkyng of cart sadils and clateryng of
cannes :

Off fel frekis in the feeld brokyn were thaire fannes :
Off sum were the hedis brokyn, of sum the brayn pannes,¹
And euel were they be sene er they went thannes :

With swippyng of swipylles.

The laddis were so wery for foȝt,
That thai myȝt fyȝt no more on loft,
But ereppid aboute in the crofte,
As thei were crokid crypils.

170

XX.

PERKYN was so wery that he began to lowte :

Helpe, Hudde, I am ded in this ilke rowte :
An hors for xl penys, a gode and a stoute,
That I may liztly cum of myn owe owte,

Ffor no cost wil I spare.

He stert vp as a snayle,
And hent a capull be the tayle,
And rauȝt of Dankyn his flayle,
And wan hym a mare.

180

XXI.

PERKYN wan fyve, and Hudde wan twa :

Glad and blith thai were that thei had don sa :

¹ "He bresyth theyr braynpannys, and makyth them to swell."

SKELTON'S *Dyucrs Ballettys*.

Thai wolde¹ haue thaim to Tibbe, and present hir with
tha :

The capuls were so wery that thei myzt not ga,

But stille can thei stonde.

Alas, quod Hud, my ioie I lese ;

Me had leuer then a ston of chese,

That dere Tibbe had alle these,

And wist hit were my sonde.

XXII.

PERKYN turnyd him aboute in that ilke throng, 190
He fouzt fresshly for he had rest hym long :

He was war of Tirry take Tib be the hond,

And wold haue lad hir away with a luf song :

And Perkyn after ran

And of his capull he hym drowe

And gaf hym of his flayle inowe :

Then te he : quod Tib, and lowe,

3e ar a duztyn man.

XXIII.

THUS thai tuggut and thei ruggut til hit was ny
nyzt :

Alle the wyues of Totenham come to se that sizt, 200

To fech home thaire husbondis, that were thaym

trouthe plizt,

With wispys and kixes,² that was a rich sizt,³

¹ Ed. 1631 has erroneously *would not*.

² So ed. 1631. Ed. 1836 has *keris*.

³ Ed. 1836 has *lizt*. *Sight* is the reading of ed. 1631.

Her husbondis home to fech :
 And sum they had in armys
 That were febull wreches,
 And sum on whelebarowes,
 And sum on criches.

XXIV.

THEY gedurt Perkyn aboute on euery side,
 And graunt hym ther the gre the more was his
 pride :

Tib and he with gret myrth hamward can ride, 210
 And were alnyȝt togedur til the morow tide :

And to chireh they went :
 So wel his nedis he hase spedde,
 That dere Tibbe he shall wedde :
 The chefe men that hir thider ledde
 Were of the Turnament.

XXV.

TO that rich fest come mony for the nonys :
 Sum come hiphalt, and sum trippande thither on
 the stonys :

Sum with a staffe in his honde, and sum too at onys :
 Of sum were the hedis brokyn, of sum the schulder
 bonys : 220

With sorow come they thidur.
 Woo was Hawkyn, wo was Harry,
 Woo was Tomkyn, woo was Terry,
 And so was al the company,
 But ȝet thei come togeder.

XXVI.

AT that fest were thei seruyd in a rich aray,
 Euery fyve and fyve had a cokeney,
 And so they sate in white al the long daye :
 Tibbe at nyzt I trow hade a sympull aray :

Micull myrth was thaym among.

230

In euery corner of the howse

Was melodye deliciouse,

Ffor to here precieuse

Off six mennys song.¹

¶ The feest.²

I.



NOW of this feest telle I can,
 I trow as wel as any man,
 Be est or be west,
 Ffor ouer alle in ilke or schire

I am send for as a sire

To ilke a gret fest.

240

II.

FOR in feith ther was on
 Sich on saw I neuer non
 In Inglond ne in Fraunce :

¹ The Harl. MS. breaks off here.

² The ed. of 1631 also concludes with *the Turnament*, and does not contain what follows, which is taken from Mr. Wright's ed.

Ffor ther hade I the maistry
 Of alle maner of euery,
 Sith then was myschaunce.

III.

THAR was meys wel dizt,
 Wel sesoned to the right,
 Off rost and of sew :
 Ther was meys be henen 250
 That were a maistre al to nenen,
 But sum I con yow.

IV.

THER was pestels in poyra,
 And laduls in rore,¹
 Ffor potage ;²
 And somm saduls sewys,
 And mashefatts in mortrewys,
 Ffor the leese [off] age.

V.

THER was plente of alle
 To theym that were in halle, 260
 To lesse and to more,
 Ther was gryndulstones in gravy,
 And mylstones in mawmany,
 And al this was thore.

¹ So conjecturally; MS. and ed. 1836 have *rorra*. What *poyra* may signify, it defies the editor's ingenuity to guess.

² Mr. Wright suspected some *lacuna* here, but the sense is complete, such sense as it is.

VI.

BUT ȝet let thei for no costs,
 Ffor in cum mylere posts
 iij in a disshe,
 And bell clapurs in blawndisare,
 With a nobull cury,
 Ffor tho that ete no fish.

270

VII.

THER come in iordans in iussall,
 Als red as any russall,
 Come ther among :
 And blobsterdis in white sorre
 Was of a nobull curry,
 With spicery strong.

VIII.

THER come chese crustis in charlett
 As red as any scarlette,
 With ruban in rise :
 Certes of alle the festis
 That euer I saw in gestis,
 This may ber the prise.

80

IX.

THER was castrell in cambys,
 And capulls in cullys,
 With blandamets in dorde ;
 The nedur lippe of a larke
 Was broght in a muk cart
 And set befor the lorde.

X.

THEN come in stedis of Spayn,
 With the brute of Almayne, 290
 With palfrayes in paste :
 And dongesteks in doralle
 Was forsed wele with charcoll,
 But certes that was waste.

XI.

THEN come in the fruture,
 With a nobul sauoure,
 With feterloks fried :
 And alle the cart wheles of Kent,
 With stonys of the payment,
 Fful wel were thei tried. 300

XII.

THEN come in a horse hed
 In the stid of French brede,
 With alle the riche hide :
 Now hade I not this seen,
 Sum of ȝow wold wene
 Fful lowde that I lyed.

XIII.

THER come in the kydde
 Dressyd in a horse syde,
 That aby l was to lese :
 iij yron harows, 310
 And many whele barowes,
 In the stid of new chese.

XIV.

WHEN they had drawen the borde,
 Then seid Perkyn a worde
 Hymself to awawnce :
 Syn we haue made good chere,
 I red ilke man in fere
 Goo dresse hym to a dawnce.

XV.

THER ȝe myght se a mery sight,
 When thei were sammen knytte, 320
 With-out any fayle ;
 Thei did but ran ersward,
 And ilke a man went bakward
 Toppe ouer tȳle.

XVI.

TYBBE were ful tharre of hert,
 As sche dawnsid she late a fart
 Ffor stombylyng at * * *
 Now, sirris, for your curtesy,
 Take this for no vilany,
 But alke man crye ȝow * * * 330

XVII.

OFF this fest can I no more,
 But certes thei made ham mery thore,
 Whil the day wold last,
 ȝet myght thei not alle in fere
 Haue eton the meytis I reckend here,
 But theire bodyd had brast.

¶ Explicit Ffabula.



A Mery Jest of the Mylner of Abyngton.

A Mery Gest how a Sergeaunt wolde lerne to be a Frere.

HERE is a mery Iest of the Mylner of Abyngton with his Wyfe and his Doughter, and the two poore scholers of Cambridge. [London, imprinted by Wynkyn de Worde,] 4to. black letter.

A mery Gest how a Sergeaunt wolde lerne to be a Frere. [By Sir T. More]. Enprynted at London, by me Julyan Notary, dwellyng in Powlys church ye, at the weste dore, at the syng of saynt Marke. N. d. 4to. black letter, 4 leaves.

A ryght pleasaunt and merye Historie of the Mylner of Abyngton, with his wife, and his fayre daughter: and of two poore scholers of Cambridge. Wherevnto is adioyned another merye jest of a Sargeaunt that wolde haue learned to be a fryar. Imprinted at London by Rycharde Ihones. N. d. 4to. 14 leaves, with catchwords and signatures.

The "Mery Gest how a Sergeaunt wolde lerne to be a Frere," is also printed in Sir Thomas More's [English] *Workes*, 1557, folio.

Besides those above described, there can be no doubt that other impressions once existed of the two popular and amusing pieces here reprinted from the undated quarto by Richard Jones, a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library. Mr. Wright, in *Anecdota Literaria*, 1844, 8vo. p. 105, has given the first portion—the Mylner of Abington—as an illustration of Chaucer's *Mil-leres Tale*, with which it has, indeed, little or nothing in common,

except that licentiousness of character of which all early comic stories partake. In an artistic and constructive point of view, the *Mylner of Abyngton* is superior to its predecessor, and while it is quite as entertaining, it is much less gross. The authorship has been ascribed by T. Newton, of Chester, to that "alter Democritus," as Bale calls him, Doctor Andrew Borde, who wrote the *Boke of the Introducion of Knowledge*, and a variety of other works, abounding in curious illustrations of ancient manners.

Of the edition of this tale from Wynkyn de Worde's press, no perfect copy has, the editor believes, hitherto been found. That in the Heber collection wanted the end; but it was bound up with an undoubted production of De Worde, and a second opinion can hardly be entertained, as to it having been printed by him.

The present story is identical with the very ancient French fable of *De Gombert et des deux clers*, which is in Barbazan's Collection, 1808. In the French tale of the *Miller and the Two Clerks*, printed in *Anecdota Literaria*, 1844, 8vo, the incidents are the same, but the plot is different; Chaucer may have been indebted to the *Miller and the Two Clerks* for the notion of his Miller of Trumpington.

The probability is, that Borde (if, at least, he wrote the piece) derived his materials from the French, or from the story related by Calandrino in the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio, *Giorno ix, Novella vi*, and merely diversified the incidents, and changed the names of the parties and other accessories, to give his poem the air of an original composition. Borde must have enjoyed a certain acquaintance with French literature, for he studied and practised in France for some time; but that he may have resorted to the *Decamerone* in this instance is rendered a little plausible by the circumstance that, in his *Merie Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham* (*Old English Jest Books*, iii. 14), he has also introduced an incident from Boccaccio, or at any rate one which is in the *Decamerone*, and not (as far as we know) in any other publication, extant in Borde's day.

It is not unlikely that, besides the *Merie Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham* and *Scogin's Jests*, Borde was the real compiler of the *Merie Tales of Skelton*, of which there was surely an impression anterior to Colwell's in 1567.

Abingdon or Abington, seven miles from Cambridge, upon a

mill-stream, should not be confounded with its namesakes in Berkshire and Oxfordshire. It was at the fair at Abingdon, in Berkshire, that Amy Robsart's servants were, when she was murdered at Cumnor. See *Leicester's Commonwealth* and the curious and well-written poem annexed to it, entitled *Leicester's Ghost*, 1641.

There is no reason to question the propriety of assigning the "mery Gest how a Sergeaunt wolde lerne to be a Frere"¹ to the facetious More who, in his younger days, penned many poetical trifles, which were deemed not unworthy of a place in his Works, though from the eight pages on which they are printed in the folio of 1557 being unnumbered, and being deficient in some copies, their incorporation may be presumed to have been an afterthought. The text of 1557 has been collated with that of the undated 4to. for the present reprint. The punctuation of the quarto is hopelessly corrupt.

¶ A verie merie Historie of the Milner of Abington.



AYRE lordings, if you list to heere
A mery jest your mindes to cheere,
Then harken to this mery tale,
Was never meryer set to sale.

At Abyngton it so befell,
Therby a widowe late did dwell;
She had two sonnes that she loved well:
For father had they none.
At Cambridge are they set, I wene,
Five mile is them'bytwene,

10

¹ It may be worth noticing that among Dunbar's poems is one entitled "Off the Fenyet Freir of Tungland." This production has little or nothing in common with More's poem beyond the circumstance that, in both cases, the hero assumes the disguise of a Friar, and suffers severely for doing so.

Their spendinge was full mene.¹
 To the scole there did they go,
 Some learning for to get, you knowe;
 By good mens helpe they were kept so,
 Other finding none they had.
 This life longe they ledde,
 The mother founde them at borde and bedde,
 And by these meanes were they fedde
 More than seven yere.
 Their mother then, upon a daie, 20
 To Cambridge she toke the waie,
 And to hir sonnes gan she saie
 With a hevy chere:
 "Sonnes, I will be here anone,
 And than I wot ye will come home;
 But corne nor bread can I get none;
 The country is so decree."
 "Mother," then they sayd anone,
 "We wyll into the country gone
 To good men, and make our mone. 30
 If wee may any thinge get."
 So longe they went from towne to towne,
 In the country up and downe,
 That they gate in short season
 A large met² of wheate.

¹ Moderate. Wither uses it in the same sense:—

"Her sweet eyelids grace that fair,
 Meanly fringed with beaming hair."

Fair Virtue, the Mistress of Philarete, 1622.

² A measure consisting, it is generally supposed, of one bushel, though some say, of two bushels. Perhaps it was differently understood in different counties.

Than anone when they it had,
 Unto their mother they it lad,
 And she therof was full glad ;
 But longe they ne let,
 But at their neyghbours house, on the morne, 40
 They borrowed a horse to cary their corne
 To the mille them beforne :
 For nothing wolde they let.
 The mylner was joly in his workes all ;
 He had a doughter fayre and small,
 The clerke of the towne loved her above all,
 Jankyn was his name.
 The mylner was so trewe and fele,
 Of each mannes corne wolde he steale
 More than his toledish¹ by a deale : 50
 He let for no shame.²
 He was so subtyll and so slye,
 He wolde it take before their eye,³
 And make them a proper lye,

¹ Nares, ed. 1859, *in voce*, explains *toll-dish* to signify the "bowl in which the miller took his toll or fee for grinding people's corn;" but we conceive that what the word formerly meant was, millers were entitled to deduct a certain quantity. In 1620 it seems, a twenty-fourth part of the corn sent to them for grinding was allowed as a consideration for the labour and time, and the toll-dish, the dimensions of which were fixed by statute, was, in all probability, the vessel in which the miller's share was measured out.

² As to the bad character borne by millers in olden time, see *Merie Tales of Skelton* (1567), in *Old English Jest-Books*, ii. 22-3; and also *A C. Mery Talys*, Ibid. 23, 31.

³ This story is versified in Taylor's *Arrant Thiefe*, 1622.

And put himselfe out of blame.
To the mylner they were sande,
In the mylle-dore dyd he stande ;
They tied their horse with a bande,
They had harde of his name.
That one clerke to that other sware : 60
“ Of the theefe we wyll be ware ;
Have he never so mykell care,
Of our corne getteth he but small,
Though he go out of his wyt.
Thou shalte by the spoute syt
Tyll the poke faste be knyt,
And the meale in all,
Though he be never so wo.
And I wyl up unto the stones go ;
And he begyle us bothe two, 70
Foule might him befall !”
The corne up the milner wan,
And than the clerke fast up ran,
By the stones styll stode he than,
Tyll it was grounde in fere.
The mylners house is nere,
Not the length of a lande,
In a valey can it stande,
Two myle from Abyngton.
In his herte had he care : 80
For the clerkes were so ware,
He myght not do as he dyd are,¹
But to his sonne gan ronne.

¹ Before, quasi *e're*.

“Boy, loke thou let for no drede,
The clerkes horse home thou lede
Also faste as thou may spede,
Or the meale be done.
Behinde my backhouse dore him set;
For they shall fayle of their met,
Tho the poke fast be knet,
I sweare by my crowne.”
The litell boye stint nought
Till the horse was home brought,
Thereof wiste the clerkes nought,
For sothe, as I you saie.
The clerkes their meale up hent,
And out at the dore they went,
“Alas!” they said, “we be shent!
[Oure horse is run away.”]
“By God,” than the milner sware,
“Than get you him no mare,
For some theefe was of him ware,
And hath had him away.”
Then one clerke sayd to the other:
“Go we seke hym selfe, brother,
Thou one way, and I another,
Finde him if we maie.”
But ever they drede of the meale,
That the milner wolde therof steale;
The poke they bounde, and set on a seale,
And their horse than sought they.
The mylner laughed them to scorne,
And great othes hath he sworne,
If he might have none of their corne,

90

100

110

He wolde have of their meale.
 His daughter to the mille can¹ fare,
 And his diner to him bare.
 And also faste he tolde hir yare²
 All every deale,
 How two clerkes in the morne 120
 Brought with them a met of corne :
 " And ever they warned mee beforne,
 That I shoulde none steale :
 But do now, doughter, as I thee saie,
 Go fet mee a shete, I the pray,
 And in faithe I will do saie³
 To get of the meale."
 For nothinge wolde [he] let,
 On a whyte shete he it set,
 And moche floure he out bet, 130
 And hole was the seale.
 With two staves in the stoure
 They dange⁴ theron, whyles they myght doure,⁵
 Till they had a pecke of floure,
 For sothe, as I you say.
 They gathered it up than anone,

¹ i. e. gan or began.

² Quickly. It is a very common term in some of our early writers, and Shakespeare uses it in the *Tempest*, as equivalent to *nimbly*, and *yare* for *nimble* or *alert*. It also occurs in *Twelfth Night*, *Measure for Measure*, &c.

³ i. e. essay, or assay.

⁴ Struck. *Dang* is the preterit of *ding*. It is now in use only as a substantive, and familiarly as expressive of the sound of a bell.

⁵ Endure.

And put it in a poke full soone,
 And bade his daughter beare it home,
 Even the ryght way.
 Then the clerkes had mykell thought, 140
 For their horse they sought,
 That they him finde might nought
 Of all that longe day.
 And whan the night drewe nere,
 At the mylle they met in fere,
 And bothe they made a simple chere,
 For their goodly hackeny.¹
 That one clerke sayd: "by God of might,
 Me thinke our poke is waxen light,
 I thinke it be not all aryght. 150
 That lyketh mee full yll.
 My heed therto dare I lay,
 That he hath stolen some away."
 That other clarke sayd: "Nay, nay,
 The seale standeth on styll."
 They both did to the milner say:
 "Herberowe us to night, we thee pray,
 And we wyll therfore well pay,
 What so ever thou wyll:
 For we dare not to the towne gone, 160
 Tyll we bring our horse home;
 If we do, by swete saynte John,

¹ Saddle-horse. It is constantly found in this sense in the romances of chivalry, among the rest both in the metrical and prose *Morte Arthure*. According to Mr. Halliwell (*Archaic Dictionary*, Art. HACKNEY) it still stands for saddle-horse in the West of England.

We mon like it yll."

The mylner sayd: "By Goddes might,

I shall harborowe¹ you to night,

And your supper shall be dight

Right well, if wee may."

There they bare their meale bitwene them two,

And home with the mylner did they go;

His wife welcomed them tho, 170

So dyd his doughter gay.

About a fyre they were set,

And good ale was there fet,

And therwith they their mouthes wet,

And soone souped they.

At their supper, as they made them glad,

That one clerke nyce² countenaunce made,

And prively on the maidens foote he treade,

And she tourned awaie.

Whan they had eaten and made them glad, 180

The milner his daughter bade,

Soone that a bed were made,

"Also fast as you maie.

And make by the side b[r]inke,

That the clarkes may therein winke,

And slepe, till it be daie.

For I will to my bedde win,

And if you here any din,

It is my man dothe come in,

¹ Orig. reads *barborowe*.

² The word *nice* seems, at various times, to have been called into requisition by early writers to mean anything and everything. Here it bears the signification of *wistful*.

Forsothe, as I you saie : 190
 For he is in the towne at his warke,
 Whan he dothe come in, the hounde will bark."
 This ment the milner by the clarke,
 That helde his daughter gay.
 By one side the clarke lay,
 By the other side his wife and he, I saie,
 And for his doughter so gay
 Another bed was dyght
 In a chamber, as I weene,
 Was a wall them betweene ; 200
 And a cake she made so clene,
 Thereof the clarkes had a sight ;
 Of their owne meale it was.
 Hir lemman befell suche a case—
 Herken, sirs, howe it was—
 That he might not come that night :
 For to a faire was there beside,
 On his maisters erande for to ride
 Erly in the morowe tide,
 Before any day light, 210
 This one clarke styll he lay,
 And thought on this damsell gay,
 And to his brother can he saie :
 "What is mee best to do :
 For by God and by Saint Mighell,
 I think so on the damosell,
 I had mucche lever than I can tell
 That I might winne hir to ?"
 His brother sayd : "This is nought ;
 Of my horse I have more thought, 220

By Jesu that mee deere bought,
Howe we maie winne him to."

"Yet lie still, brother, I the praie,
For come there what come maie,
At the dore I will assaie,
If it will undoe."

This one clarke to the dore can fare,
She said: "Jankin, be ye there?"

"Ye, forsothe," he did answere,
And in there did he go. 230

Against a fourme he hurte his shin,
Or he might to the bedde win,
Therefore the clarke was wo.

"Jankin," she said, "for Mary dere,
Whie do ye make such cheere?

Your way shoulde you better leere,
So oft as you come heere."

At that worde the clarke loughe,¹
And by the voice to her he drough;

Of her he had his will ynough, 240
And plaide them togyther.

Whan the clarke had done his will,
By the damosell he lay full stil,

And belyve she said him til,

How two clarkes came thyther

Upon the Monday at morne,

And brought with them a met of corne

On a horse them beforne,

"And bothe they were full lither:

¹ Laughed.

For the one clarke stode at the spoute 250
Thereas the meale shoulde come out,
That other went ever aboute,
And let us of our praye.
My father did see it might be none other,
He rowned¹ unto my brother,
And bade it shoulde be none other,
But lede their horse away.
My litell brother blinned² nought,
Ere their horse was home brought ;
Like two fooles they have him sought 260
All this longe daie.
As we at our supper sate,
That one clarke nice countenaunce made,
And privelie on my foote he trade ;
But ever I tourned awaie.
Upon the poke he set the seale,
For my father shoulde none steale,
Yet we had of their meale,
And of their whitest floure.
For nothings wolde he let, 270
On a shete we it set,
And with two staves it bet
As longe as we might doure :
And into our backhouse their horse is brought,
Therof wotte the clerkes nought."

¹ A not very common word, signifying *to whisper*. "Betwene sobbynge and wepinge she rowned her father in the eare, and sayde:" &c.—*Merie Tales & Quicke Answeres* (1530), No. 10.

² Delayed.

The clarke laught, and made good cheere,
 Whan he of that myght heare,
 “That was well done, my derling deere,
 By God my Saviour!”

Both together asleepe they fell; 280
 Of the other clarke I wyll you tell,
 And of the Milners wife, howe it befell,
 A whyle if you will abide.

All waking styl he laye,
 And in his heart he thought aye:
 “My felowe hath a merie plaie
 In this even tide.”

The mylners wife did rise, water to make,
 Stilly, for the milner should not wake,
 The right way againe could she not take: 290
 For the house was so wide;
 But a childe in a cradell laie
 At the beddes feete, as I you saie,
 Thereby she knew the right waye
 Unto hir beddes side.

The clarke laie and harde ylke dele,
 And of the cradell he wylt well,
 “And if thou rise by saint Michaell,
 The cradell shal awaie.”

Againe he rose, or she did sleepe, 300
 The clarke thereof tooke good keepe,
 Out of his bedde soone he can creepe,
 As fast as ever he maie.
 For nothing woulde he let,
 The cradell away he fet,
 At his beddes side he it set,

Forsothe¹ as I you saye.
 The good wife came anone,
 And tyll her husbände can she gone,
 But cradell founde she there none ; 310
 Shee did seeke full faste alwaie.
 All about she groped fast,
 The cradell founde shee at the last.
 The milner did sleepe full fast,
 And wist not of this warke.
 By the cradell that she there fandē,
 She had went it had bene hir husbände,
 She lyft up the clothes with her hande,
 And laide her downe by the clarke.
 Thus that one clarke laye by the wife, 320
 That other by the daughter, by my life !
 Had the milner wist, there had ben strife
 For that nights warke.
 That one clarke waked and he dyd say,
 That by the milners daughter lay :
 "I must to a faire gone, or it be day,"
 And on he did his sarke.
 "Now I pray you, my hinde lemman free,
 A gowne cloath then buie you mee,

¹ It was, perhaps, the ludicrous frequency with which this phrase was introduced by the very early writers, in confirmation of their statements, that led to its adoption, at a later period, as a term of contempt. Thus Pepys in his *Diary*, under date of Jan. 16, 1660-1, says:—"The sport was how she [Lady Sandwich] had intended to have kept herself unknowne, and how the Captaine (whom she had sent for) of the Charles had *forsoothed* her, though he knew her well enough, and she him."

And I sweare, so mote I thee, 330
I wyll paye therefore."

"By Jesu," he saide, "my sweeting,
I have but three shylling;
That is but a lyttle thing
But if I had more."

Thus the clarke he made it towe,
The damsell her forcer¹ to her drawe,
"By God, ye shall have inowe
For to paie therefore."

The key by the cofer did hange, 340
Forth she drewe thirty shillinge,
Forsothe every farthinge,
And neither lesse nor more.

The thirtie shillinge she gan him take,
"This made I, sir, for your sake,
Take it nowe with you all."

"Now have good day, mine owne swetinge :
For, longe or any day dothe springe,
The cocke full merelic his note will singe,
And my maister will mee call." 350

Full merie chere the clarke can make
With thirty shillinge and his cake,
The righte waie can he take
Downe by the wall,
Till he came at his brothers bedde,
Than from the cradell away he yedde,
And anone away he fledde
On the further side of the hall.
Of his silver he toke good keepe,

¹ Money-box, or chest.

Downe by the milner can he creepe, 360
And wakened him out of his sleepe,
And said : " Wilte thou heare a good game ?
For I have had a merie night
With the milners daughter bright ;
Mee liketh wel, by Gods might,
That we wende not home.
For I have thirty shillinge and a cake,
That the false theefe fro our corne did take."
With that the milner did wake :
" By God and by Saint Jhon, 370
And also she hath mee tolde,
Howe he hath our horse in holde,
In his backhouse he hath him bolde,
I praie God give him shame !"
The milner starte up redely.
" Thou liest," he said with great envy,
" And that shalte thou full dere abyce.
Theefe, what hast thou done ?"
He sterte up in a great teene,
And stout strokes was them betweene ; 380
The milner was the more keene,
And gate the clarke downe.
His wife waked anone right,
" Out, sir," she said, " the clerkes do fight,
The one will slee the other to night,
But if you parte them soone."
The clarke wakened, and had great wonder,
But he durste them not sunder,
Full well he sawe his felowe under
By the light of the mone. 390

The milners wife hent a staffe tite :
“ Sir,” she said, “ who shall I smite ?”
“ Dame,” sayde the clarke, “ him in the white ;
Hit him if thou maie.”
The milner befel a foule happe,
He had on his night-cappe,
His wife lent him suche a rappe,
That stil on grounde he laie.
Thus the milners heed was broken,
The backhouse faste was stoken, 400
Beleeve mee, the clarkes braste it open,
And in than went they.
The meale on the horse they caste,
And awaye they hyed them faste,
With all their things home they paste
Long or any day.
Forth they went by moonelight,
To Abington they came right,
Before it was day light,
Home unto their dame. 410
Than was her heart full light,
Whan she sawe her sonne in sight,
She thanked God with all her might
That they were comen home.
All their meale and thirtie shylling
They gave their mother without leasing,
And sence they tolde her of that thing,
They let for no blame.
Their mother saide : “ If yee doo right,
Keepe ye well out of his sight, 420
For if he may get you, by Goddes might,

He wyll doo you shame."
 Of that silver the clarkes were faine,
 The one clarke hied with all his maine,
 And ledde their horse home againe
 Uppon the same morne.
 The mother them a capon slew,
 And of the cake they eate inowe,
 And soone to Cambridge they drew,
 Thereas they were beforne. 430
 Twentie shylling with them they bare,
 Unto the schole gan they fare ;
 The mylner gate of them no mare,
 If he had it sworne.
 Whan they were gone these scollers bothe,
 I tell you plaine this milner was lothe,
 And to his bedde againe he gothe :
 For he was full of paine.
 His wife before had given him
 Vengeable¹ strypes, by swete saint Sim ; 440
 She had almoste broken bothe lithe and lim
 Of the milner, I tell you plaine.
 And so the milner and his wife
 For this folishe deede they had great strife,
 All the daies of their life,
 That he had been so mad.
 And the daughter that was yonge
 Did often singe a sory songe,
 And wissched for the clarke, that was so longe
 With her gowne clothe to make her glad ; 450
 And also for his mery play,

¹ Cruel.

She longed for him full sore, in fay,
 That he should come againe that waie,
 Though she should never the clothe see.
 The wenche she was full proper and nyce,
 Amonge all other she bare great price :
 For she coude tricke it point device,¹
 But fewe like her in that countree.
 At the laste, the milner untrewē,
 That had ben beaten bothe blacke and blewe, 460
 His owne deede he gan to rewe ;

¹ This term, which is commonly used in early poems to signify extreme exactitude, originated in the points which were marked on the astrolabe, as one of the means which the astrologers and dabblers in the black art adopted to enable them (as they pretended) to read the fortunes of those by whom they were consulted in the stars and planetary orbs. The excessive precision which was held to be requisite in the delineation of these points, &c, on the astrolabe, led to *point-device*, or points-device (as it is sometimes found spelled), being used as a proverbial expression for minute accuracy of any kind.

Gower, in the following passage from the viith Book of the *Confessio Amantis*, supplies a good illustration of the subject :—

“ She sende for him, and he came ;
 With him his astrolabe be name,
 Which was of fine gold precious
With points and cercles merveilous.
 And eke the heavenly figures
 Wrought in a boke full of peintures
 He toke this lady for to shewe.”

See also *C. A.* lib. i. (ed. Pauli, i. 149).

Shakespeare makes use of a similar figure of speech in the *Tempest*, i. 2, where the following dialogue takes place between Prospero and Ariel :—

“ *Pros.* Hast thou, spirit,
 Perform'd to *point* the tempest that I bade thee?
Ar. In every article.”

And though he had ben false :
 For many a trewer than he
 Was judged without pité
 Upon a dreadfull gallowe tree
 To be hanged by the halse.¹
 But sore sicke in his bedde
 All his life he ledde,
 That he was faine to be fedde
 Of his wife, withouten mis. 470
 Thus with shorte conclusion,
 This milner through his abusion
 Was brought to confusion
 For all his falsehed iwis ;
 And ended his life full wretchedly,
 In paine, care and misery.
 Wherefore he did beare an horne,
 For steeling of this meale² onlie,
 His wife and his doughter were laine by
 Of two poore scolers full merely, 480
 That oft did laugh him to scorne.
 In pacience he must take it al,
 In chamber, in bowre, and eke in hall ;
 Whatsoever the folke than did him call,
 Contented muste he be.
 Thus endeth this mery jest iwis,
 And Christe, that is kinge of eternall blis,
 Bringe us all there whan his will is !
 Amen for charité.

Finis.

¹ Neck.

² Old ed. has *meale this*.



A Mery Jest
how a Sergeaunt wolde lerne to be
a Frere.¹

WHISE men alway affirme and saye,
the best is for eche man
Diligently for to apply
such busines as he can,
And in no wise to enterprise
another faulte.
For he that will, and can no skill,
is neuer like to thee ;
He that hath left the hosiers crafte,
and fall to makinge shone :
The smith that shall to painting fall,
his thrifte is well nigh done.
A blacke draper, with white paper
to go to writing scole :
An olde butteler, become a cutteler,

10

“ *Flatterie*. Now, be my faith, my brother deir,
I will gang counterfit the freir.”

Lyndsay's *Satyre of the Three Estatis*.

I wene shall proue a fole.
 And¹ an olde trotte, that can (God wotte,)
 nothinge but kis the cup,
 With hir phisicke will keepe one sicke,
 till she haue sowsed him vp. 20
 A man of lawe, that neuer sawe
 the waies to buie and sell,
 Weninge to ryse² by marchaundyse,
 I praye God speede him well.
 A marchaunt eke, that will go seke
 by³ all the meanes he may
 To fall in sute, tyll he dispute
 his money cleane away.
 Pleading the lawe for euery strawe,
 shall proue a thriftie man 30
 With bate and strife, but, by my life,
 I can nat tell you whan.
 Whan an hatter will go smatter
 In phylosophie,
 Or a pedler ware a medlar
 in theologie.
 All that ensewe suche craftes newe,
 they driue so farre a cast,
 That euermore they do therefore
 beshrewe themselfe at last. 40
 This thing was tried, and veriefied
 here by a sergeaunt late,

¹ So ed. 1557. Not in ed. Jones.

² Ed. Jones has *arise*.

³ Ed. Jones omits this word.

That thriftly¹ was, or he coulde pas,
 rapped about the pate,
 While that he woulde see how he could
 in God's name plaie the frere.
 Now if ye wyl know how it fyl,
 take heede and ye shall heare.
 It happed so, not long agoe,
 a thriftie man there dide. 50
 An hundred pound of nobles round
 than had he laide aside.
 His sonne he would should haue this gold
 for to beginne withall.
 But to suffise his child wel thrise²
 that money were to small.
 Yet or this day I haue herde say,
 that many a man certesse
 Hath with good cast be ritche at last,
 that hath³ begonne with lesse. 60
 But this yong man so wel beganne⁴
 his money to imploye,
 That certainly his polecie
 to see it was a ioye.
 For least some blast might ouercast
 his shippe, or by mischaunce,
 Men with some wyle might him beguile,
 and minishe his substaunce,

¹ Ed. Jones has *rufully*.

² Ed. Jones has *thryues*.

³ Not in ed. Jones.

⁴ Ed. Jones *he can*.

For to put out al maner dout,
 he made a good peruaie 70
 For euery whit by his owne wit,
 and tooke another waie.
 First faire and wele a pretie¹ deale
 he hyd it in a potte.
 But than him thought that way was nought
 and there he left it not.
 So was he faine from thence againe
 to put it in a cuppe,
 And by and by as couctouslie
 he supped it faire vppe. 80
 In his owne brest he thought it best
 his money to inclose,
 Then wyst he well, what euer fell,
 he coulde it neuer lose.
 He borrowed than of other men²
 money and marchaundice :
 Neuer paid it, vp he laide it
 In lyke maner wyse.
 Yet on the geare that he would weare
 he rought³ not what he spent : 90
 So it were nice as for the price
 coulde him not myscontent.
 With lustie sporte, and with resorte
 of ioly company,
 In mirth and plaie full manic a daie
 he liued merily.

¹ Ed. 1557 has *thereof much dele.*

² Ed. Jones has *another man.*

³ Ed. Jones has *taught.*

And men haue sworne, some man is borne,
 to haue a lucky houre,¹
 And so was he, for suche degree
 he gate and suche honoure, 100
 That without doubte, whan he went out,
 a sergeaunt well and faire
 Was readie straight on him to waight,
 as sone as on the maire,
 But he, doutlesse of his mekenes,
 hated suche pompe and pride,
 And would not go companied² so,
 but drewe himselfe aside
 To saint Katherine, straight as a line,
 he gate him at a tide : 110
 For promotion or deuotion
 there would he needes abide.³
 There spent he fast, tyll all was past,
 and to him came there manie,
 To aske their dette, but none could gette
 the valour of a penie.
 With visage stoute he bare it out,
 Euen⁴ vnto the harde hedge,
 A moneth or twaine, till he was faine
 to lay his gowne to pledge, 120
 Than was he there in greater feare,
 than or that he came thither,

¹ Ed. Jones has *to dignitie and poure*, and in line before old eds. have *had sworne*.

² Ed. Jones reads *accompanied*.

³ Ed. Jones has *bide*.

⁴ Not in ed. Jones.

And would as faine depart againe,
but that he wist not whither.

Than, after this, to a frende of his
he went and there abode,

Where as he laie so sicke alwaie,
he might not come abrode.

It happed than a marchaunt man,
that he ought money to,

130

Of an officere¹ than² gan enquire,
what him was best to do.

And he aunswerd, be not a ferde,
take an action therfore,

I you behest, I shall him rest,
and than care for no more.

I feare, quod he, it will not be,
for he will not come out.

The sergeaunt said, be not afraide,
it shall be brought about.

140

In many a game, like to the same,
haue I bene well in ure,

And for your sake, let mee be bake,
but if I do this cure.

Thus parte they bothe, and foorth then³ goth
a pace this officier,

And for a daie all his araie
he chaunged with a frier.

So was he dight, that no man might
him for a frier denie.

150

¹ Ed. 1557.² Ed. Jones has *that*.³ Ed. 1557.

He dopped and dooked, he spake and looked,
so religiouslie.

Yet in a glasse, or he would passe,
he toted and he peered :

His heart for pride lept in his side,
to see howe well he freered.

Then forth a pace vnto the place
he goeth in Gods name

To do this deede, but nowe take heede,
for heere beginneth the game. 160

He drew him nie, and then softlie
streight¹ at the doore he knocked,

And² a Damsell, that heard him wel,
there came, and it vnlocked.

The Fryar sayd, God speede, fayre mayde,
heere lodgeth such a man,

It is tolde me ; well, sir, quoth she,
and if he do, what than ?

Quod he, maistresse, no harme doutlesse,
it longeth for our order 170

To hurt no man, but as we can,
euery wyght to forder.

With him truely faine speake would I ;
syr, quod she, by my faye,

He is so sicke, yee be not lyke
to speake with him to daye.

Quoth he, fayre maye,³ yet I you pray
thus much at my desyer

¹ Not in ed. Jones.

² Id.

³ i. e. maid. It is not obsolete in this sense. In the *Chester* Mysteries the Virgin Mary is repeatedly alluded to as "the

Vouchsafe to doo, as goe him too,
 and saye an Austen Fryar 180
 Woulde with him speake, and maters breake
 for his auayle certaine.
 Quod shee, I wyl, stand ye heer styll,
 tyll I come downe againe.
 Vppe is shee goc, and tolde him soc,
 as shee was bode to saye.
 He, mistrustinge no maner thinge,
 sayd, mayden, go thy waie,
 And fetche him hither, that we together
 may talke. A downe she goth, 190
 Up she¹ him brought, no harme she thought,
 but it made some folke wroth.
 This² officer, this fained frier,
 whan he was come a lofte,
 He dopped than, and greet this man
 religiously and ofte.
 And he againe, right glad and faine,
 tooke him thereby the hande ;
 The friere than said, ye be dismaide
 with trouble I vnderstande. 200
 Indeede, quod he, it hath with me
 bene better than it is.
 Sir, quod the frier, bee of good chere :
 yet shall it³ after this.

faire maye," or "the cleare maye," &c; and similarly in the
Lyfe of Seynt Kateryn (ed. 1848, p. 5), Maxentius says—

"On whom belevyste thou, feyre mayde,
 And why forsakest thou owre lay?
 Tho answeyrd the feyre may——"

¹ Ed. Jones has *And by*.

² Ed. 1557.

³ *Ibid*.

For christes sake, loke that ye take
 no thought into your brest ;
 God maie tourne all, and so he shall,
 I trust vnto the best.
 But I woulde nowe comyn with you
 in counsaile if you please, 210
 Or elles nat, of maters that
 shall set your heart at ease.
 Downe went the maide ; the marchaunt said,
 now say on, gentill frier,
 Of this tidinge that ye me bringe
 I long full sore to heare.
 Whan there was none but they alone,
 the frier with euell grace
 Said, I rest thee, come on with mee,
 and out he toke his mace. 220
 Thou shalte obey, come on thy way,
 I haue thee in my clouche,
 Thou goest not hence for all the pence
 the mayre hath in his pouche.
 This marchaunt there, for wrath and feare
 waxinge well nighe wood,
 Saide, horeson thefe, with a mischefe,¹
 who hath taught thee thy good ?
 And with his fist vpon the list
 he gaue him such a blowe, 230
 That backwarde downe almoste in swoune
 the frier is ouerthrowe.
 Yet was this man well fearder than,
 lest he the frier had slaine :

¹ Ed. Jones has *a verie mischefe*.

Till with good rappes and heuy clappes
 he dawed him vp againe.
 The frier toke heart, and vp he starte,
 and well he laide aboute ;
 And so there gothe by twene them bothe
 many a lusty cloute. 240
 They rent and tere, eche others heer,
 and claue togider fast :
 Till with lugginge and with¹ tugginge
 they fell downe bothe at last.
 Than on the grounde to gether rounde
 with many a sadde² stroke
 They roule and romble, they turne and tumble,
 as³ pygges do in a poke.
 So long aboute they heaue and shoue
 together, that at last⁴ 250
 The maide and wife,⁵ to breake the strife,
 hied them vpwarde fast.
 And whan they spye⁶ the captaines lye
 waltringe on⁷ the place,
 The friers hood they pulled a good
 a downe about his face.
 While he was blinde, the wenche behinde
 leut him, leyd⁸ on the flore,
 Many a iole about the nole
 with a great battill dore. 260
 The wife came yet,⁹ and with her feete
 she holpe to kepe him downe,

¹ Ed. 1557.
Ibid.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

⁶ Ibid.

⁷ Ibid.

⁸ Ibid.

⁹ Ibid.

And with her rocke many a knocke
 she gaue him on the crowne.
 They laide his mace about his face,
 that he was wode for paine,
 The frier frap, gate many a swap,
 till he was well nighe slaine.
 Vp they him lifte, and with euell thrifte
 hedlong a long¹ the staire 270
 Downe they him threwe, and said adewe,
 commaunde² vs to the mayre.
 The frier arose, but I suppose
 amased was his hedde :
 He stroke his eares, and from great feres
 he thought him well a fledde.
 Quod he, nowe lost is all this cost,
 we be neuer the nere :
 Ill mot he thee, that caused mee
 to make myselfe a frere. 280
 Nowe, maisters all, an[d] nowe³ I shall
 ende there as I began ;
 In any wise I wolde auyse
 and counsell euery man
 His owne crafte vse, all newe refuse,
 and lyghtly⁴ let them gone.
 Playe not the frere, now make good cheere,
 and welcome euerychone.

FINIS.

¹ Ed. 1557.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.



A mery Jest
Of Dane Hew Munk
Of Leicestre.

HERE beginneth a mery Jest of Dane Hew Munk of Leicestre, and how he was foure times slain and once hanged. n. d. 4to. Black letter, six leaves, including title. [col.] ¶ Imprinted at London at the long shop adioyning vnto Saint Mildreds Church in the Pultrie, by John Allde.

Under the title above given is a woodcut in five compartments, each of which represents an incident in the story. There is no imprint. A facsimile of the title-page is here furnished.

This ancient metrical tale bears some resemblance in its character to that of the *Little Humpback* in the 5th chapter of Lane's edition of the *Arabian Nights*, and to the droll story of the *Three Humpbacks*, of which a different version is given in the English "*Gesta Romanorum*," No. 25, where three *knights* are substituted for the three hunchbacks.¹ "Dan Hew Munk of Leicestre" is, however, a different production from any of these, and it seems difficult to say, precisely, from what source it was immediately derived.

Tales of a comic character, written in verse, are incomparably

¹ A similar story is related in the *Historia Septem Sapientum*, and Barbazan prints the comic history of "*Les Trois Bossus*" (iii. 245).

scarcer than those of a more serious and didactic complexion, which still remain very abundant. The former were, of course, the more popular, and though plentiful enough at one time, both in print and manuscript, gradually disappeared, with few exceptions, under the moist and unclean thumbs of a wide circle of readers.

Marlowe, in the *Rich Jew of Malta*, Act iv, has made use of the incident, found here as well as in the *Arabian Nights*, of a man being propped up, after his assassination, in order to make it appear that he was alive. It is where Barabas, the Jew of Malta, strangles Friar Barnardine, and then, by the advice and with the aid of his servant Ithamore, places his corpse upright against the wall, with his hand resting on his staff:—

“*Barabas*. Then is it as it should be. Take him up.

Ithamore. Nay, master, be ruled by me a little.

[*Takes the body, sets it upright against the wall and puts a staff in its hand.*

So, let him lean upon his staff; excellent!

He stands as if he were begging of bacon.

Barab. Who would not think but that this friar liv'd?”

But the whole manœuvre, in the drama, is managed very cleverly. See Marlowe's Works, ed. Dyce, i. 311-12-13-14.

The copy of the present story in the Bodleian Library has the character of being unique; the reader has now, for the first time, the opportunity of perusing it in a correct shape: for, although the poem has been twice reprinted, viz. in the *British Bibliographer* and in Hartshorne's *Ancient Metrical Tales*, the original text has never hitherto been reproduced with that fidelity which ought, if possible, to characterize every revival of early English literature.

See Heywood's *History of Women*, 1624, folio; Aubrey's *Letters of Eminent Men*, i. 119-27; and Collier's *Bibliographical and Critical Account of Early English Literature*, 1865, ii. 127. The story of the *Three Ravens* by Bois-Robert in “*Menagiana*” is the same as that of Dan Hew.

In Heywood, it is the tale of *Friar John and Friar Richard*, and the same story occurs in some of the later impressions of *Pasquil's Jests*, but not in the edition of 1604, reprinted in “*Old English Jest-Books*.”

In more modern times, the tale has been used by Colman the Younger, and by Longfellow. The foundation story, probably, is an ancient French fable of "Le Sacristain de Cluny."¹ But Le Grand notices three other stories,² which exhibit a similar construction and plot.

¹ Le Grand, iv. 266.

² *La Longue Nuit, Le Sacristain*, &c. The *Longue Nuit* is printed by Barbazan, iv. 20.



Here beginneth a
mery Iest of Dane Hew Munk of Lei-
ceſtre, and how he was foure times slain
and once hanged.





IN olde time there was in Leicester town
An Abbay of Munks of great renown,
As ye shall now after heer ;
But amongst them all was one there,
That passed all his brethern iwis ;
His name was Dane Hew, so haue I blis.
This Munk was yung and lusty,
And to fair women he had a fansy,
And for them he laid great wait, in deed.
In Leicester dwelled a Tayler, I reed, 10
Which wedded a woman, fair and good ;
They looued eche other, by my hood,
Seuen yeer, and somewhat more.
Dane Hew looued this taylers wife sore ;
And thought alway in his minde,
When he might her alone finde ;
And how he might her assay,
And if she would not to say him nay.
Upon a day, he said : fair woman free,
Without I haue my pleasure of thee, 20
I am like to go from my wit.
Sir, she said, I haue many a shrewd fit
Of my husband euery day.

Dame, he said, say not nay,
My pleasure I must haue of thee,
What so euer that it cost mee.
She answered and said : if it must needs be,
Come to morow vnto me,
For then my husband rideth out of the town,
And then to your wil I wil be bown ; 30
And then we may make good game,
And if ye come not, ye be to blame ;
But, Dane Hew, first tel thou me,
What that my rewarde shalbe.
Dame, he said, by my fay,
Twenty nobles of good money :
For we wil make good cheer this day ;
And so they kist and went their way.
The tayler came home at euen tho,
Like as he was wunt to doo ; 40
And his wife tolde him, all and some,
How Dane Hew in the morning would come,
And what her meed of him should be.
What, dame, thou art mad, so mot I thee,
Wilt thou me a cuckolds hood giue ?
That should me shrewdly greeue.
Nay, sir, she said, by sweet saint Iohn,
I wil keep my self a good woman,
And get thee money also iwis :
For he hath made therof a promisse, 50
Tomorow earely heer to be ;
I know wel he wil not fail me.
And I shall lock you in the chest,
That ye out of the way may be mist ;

And when Dane Hew commeth hether early,
About fve of the clock truely :
For at that time his houre is set,
To come hether then without any let,
Then I shall you call ful lightly,¹
Look that ye come vnto me quickly. 60
And when the day began to appeer, in y^e morning,
Dane Hew came thitherwarde fast renning ;
He thought that he had past his houre,
Then softly he knocked at the taylers door.
She rose vp, and bad him come neer,
And said : Sir, welcome be ye heer.
Good morow (he said) gentle mistris,
Now tel me where your husband is,
That we may be sure indeed.
Sir, she said, so God me speed, 70
He is foorth of the town,
And wil not come home til after noon.
With that Dane Hew was wel content,
And lightly in armes he did her hent,
And thought to haue had good game.
Sir, she said, let be, for shame :
For I wil knowe first, what I shall haue :
For when I haue it I wil it not craue.
Giue me twenty nobles first,
And doo with^{me} then what ye list. 80
By my preesthood, quoth he than,
Thou shalt haue in golde and siluer anon ;
Thou shalt no longer craue it of me ;

¹ Quickly.

Lo, my mistresse, where they be,
 And in her lap he it threw.
 Gramercy, she said vnto Dane Hew.
 Dane Hew thought this wife to assay ;
 Abide, sir, she said, til I haue laid it away :
 For so she thought it should be best ;
 With that she opened then a chest. 90
 Then Dane Hew thought to haue had her alone ;
 But the taylor [sprong] out of the chest anon,
 And said : sir Munk, if thou wilt stand,
 I shall giue thee a stroke with my brand,
 That thou shalt haue but little lust vnto my wife ;
 And lightly, without any more strife,
 He hit Dane Hew vpon the hed,
 That he fel down stark dead ;
 Thus was he first slain in deed.
 Alas, then said his wife, with an euil speed, 100
 Haue ye slain this munk so soone ;
 Whither now shall we run or gone ?
 There is no remedy, then said he,
 Without thou giue good counsail to me,
 To conuay this false preest out of the way,
 That no man-speak of it, ne say
 That I haue killed him, or slain,
 Or els that we haue doon it in vain.¹
 Yea, sir (she said), let him abide,
 Til it be soon in the euen tide ; 110
 Then shall we him wel conuay :
 For ye shall beare him into the Abbay

¹ Without provocation.

And set him straight vp by the wall,
And come your way foorth withall.
The Abbot sought him all about,
For he heard say that he was out,
And was very angry with him in deed,
And would neuer rest, so God me speed,
Vntil Dane Hew that he had found,
And bad his man to seek him round 120
About the place, and to him say,
That he come speak with me straight way.
Foorth went his man, til at the last,
Beeing abroad, his eye he cast
Aside, where he Dane Hew did see,
And vnto him then straight went he,
And thinking him to be aliue
He said: Dane Hew, so mut I thriue,
I haue sought you, and meruel how
That I could not finde you til now. 130
Dane Hew stood as stil as he that could not tel,
What he should say; no more he did good nor il.
With that the Abbots man said with good intent:
Sir, ye must come to my Lord, or els you be shent.
When Dane Hew answered neuer a dele,
He thought he would aske some counsail.
Then to the Abbot he gan him hye:
I pray you my Lord come by and by,
And see, where Dane Hew stands straight by the wall,
And wil not answeere, what so euer I call. 140
And he stareth and looketh ypon one place,
Like a man that is out of grace;
And one woord he wil not speak for me.

Get me a staf (quoth the Abbot), and I shall see,
 And if he shall not vnto me answere.
 Then when the Abbot came there,
 And saw him stand vpright by the wall,
 He then to him began to call,
 And said: thou false Bribour, thou shalt aby,
 Why keepest thou not thy seruice truely? 150
 Come hether, he said, with an euil speed;
 But no woord that Dane Hew answered in deed.
 What, whorsō (q. the Abbot), why spekest not thou?
 Speak, or els I make God a vow,
 I wil giue thee such a stroke vpon thy head,
 That I shall make thee to fall down dead.
 And with that he gaue him such a rap,
 That he fel down at that clap.
 Thus was he the second time slain.
 And yet he wrought them much more pain, 160
 As ye shall afterwarde heer ful wel.
 Sir, quoth the abbots¹[m]an, ye haue doon ill:
 For ye haue slain Dane Hew now,
 And [wilt be] suspended this place, I make God a vow.
 What remedy? (quod the Abbot than)
 Yes, quoth his man, by sweet Saint Iohn,
 If ye would me a good rewarde giue,
 That I may be the better while that I liue.
 Yes (q. the Abbot), xl. shillings thou shalt haue,
 And if thou can mine honor saue. 170
 My Lord, I tel you, so mot I thee²

¹ Old ed. has *abbots*, *an*.

² *thee*, or *the*, as it is more commonly spelt, signifies *to thrive*.

Vnto such a Taylers house haunted he,
 To woo his prety wife certain ;
 And thither I shall him bring again,
 And there vpright I shall him set,
 That no man shall it knowe or wit ;
 And then euery man wil sain,
 That the Tayler hath him slain.
 For he was very angry with him,
 That he came to his wife so oft time. 180
 Of his counsail he was wel appaid,
 And his man took vp dane Hew that braid,
 And set him at the Taylers door anon,
 And ran home as fast as he might gone.
 The Tayler and his wife were in bed,
 And of Dane Hew were sore afraid,
 Lest that he would them bewray,
 And to his wife began to say :
 All this night I haue dreamed of this false caitife,
 That he came to our door (quoth he to his wife). 190
 Jesus (quoth his wife), what man be ye,
 That of a dead man so sore afraid ye be :¹
 For me thought that you did him slo.
 With that the Tayler to the door gan go,
 And a Polax in his hand,
 And saw the Munk by the door stand,
 Whereof he was sore afraid.

¹ Our tailor's wife was apparently of the *Lady Macbeth* school :—

——— “ the sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures ; 'tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil.”

And stil he stood, and no woord said,
 Til he spake vnto his wife :
 Dame, now haue I lost my life, 200
 Without I kil him first of all.
 Foorth he took his Polax or mall,
 And hit Dane Hew vpon the head,
 That he fel down stark dead.
 And thus was Dane Hew three times slain,
 And yet he wrought him a train,¹
 Alas, quoth the Taylers wife,
 This caitife dooth us much strife.
 Dame, he said, what shall we now doo ?
 Sir, she said, so mote [it] go.² 210
 The Munk in a corner ye shall lay,
 Til to morow before the day ;
 Then in a sack ye shall him thrust,
 And in the Mil dam ye shall him cast ;
 I counsail it you for the best surely.
 So the Tayler though[t] to doo truely.
 In the morning he took Dane Hew in a Sack.
 And laid him lightly vpon his back ;
 Vnto the Mill dam he gan him hye,
 And there two theeues he did espye, 220
 That fro the Mil came as fast as they might.
 But when of the Tayler they had a sight,

¹ A trick, artifice, or stratagem. So in MS. More, Ff, ii. 38, fol. 75, quoted by Mr. Halliwell (Arch. Dict. *voce* train):—

“ ’Y trowe, syr Marrok, be Goddes payne,
 Have slayne syr Roger be some *trayne*.”

² ? so might it be managed.

They were abashed very sore,
For they had thought the miller had come thore :
For of him they were sore afraid,
That the Sack there down they laid,
And went a little aside, I cannot tel where.
And with that the Tayler saw the sack lye there,
Then he looked therin anon ;
And he saw it was ful of Bacon.¹ 230
Dane Hew then he laid down there,
And so the bacon away did beare,
Til he came home, and that was true.
The theeues took vp y^e sack with Dane Hew,
And went their way, til they came home.
One of the theeues said to his wife anon :
Dame, look what is in that sack, I thee pray :
For there is good bacon, by my fay ;
Therefore make vs good cheer lightly. 240
The wife ran to the Sack quickly ;
And when she had the sack vnbound,
The dead Munck therein she found.
Then she cryed out, and said: alas,
I see heer a meruailous case,
That ye haue slain Dane Hew so soon ;
Hanged shall ye be, if it be knowen.
Nay, good dame, said they again to her,
For it hath been the false miller.
Then they took Dane Hew again,
And brought him to the mil certain.² 250

¹ A somewhat similar comedy of errors occurs in *A C Mery Talys*, No. 16.

² The practice of employing expletives, such as "certayne,"

And priuily of him we may be quit.
 Sir, she said, that shall you lightly wit;
 Lay him in a corner till it be night,
 And we shall conuay him, or it be day light.
 The Abbot hath a close heer beside,
 Therein he hath a good horse vntied,
 Go, and fetch him home at night,
 And bring him vnto me straight, 280
 And we shall set him there vpon in deed,
 And binde him fast, so God me speed,
 And giue him a long pole in his hand,
 Like as he would his enmies withstand.
 And vnder his arme we will it thrust,
 Like as he would fiercely iust.¹
 Fo[r] (she said), as ye wel knowe,
 The Abbot hath a Mare gentle and lowe,²
 Which ambleth wel, and trotteth in no wise;
 But in the morning, when the Abbot dooth rise, 290
 He commaundeth his mare to him to be brought,
 For to see his workmen if they lack ought.
 And vpon the mare he rideth, as I you tel,
 For to see, and all things be wel.
 And when this Horse seeth this mare anon,
 Vnto her he wil lightly run or gone.
 When the Miller this vnderstood,
 He thought his wiues counsail was good.
 And held him wel therwith content,
 And ran for the horse, verament. 300
 And when he the horse had fet³ at the last,

¹ Joust.² Quiet.³ Fetched.

Dane Hew vpon his back he cast,
 And bound him to the horse ful sure,
 That he might the better indure,
 To ride as fast as they might ren.
 Now shall ye knowe how the Miller did then :
 He tooke the horse by the brydle anon,
 And Dane Hew sitting theron ;
 And brought him, that of the mare he had a sight.
 Then the horse ran ful right. 310
 The Abbot looked a little him beside,
 And saw that Dane Hew toward him gan ride ;
 And was almoste out of his minde for feare,
 When he saw Dane Hew come so neere.
 He cryed : help, for the loove of the trinitè :
 For I see wel, that Dane Hew auenged wil be ;
 Alas, I am but a dead man ;
 And with that from his mare he ran.
 The abbots men ran on Dane Hew quickly,
 And gaue him many strokes lightly, 320
 With clubs and staues many one.
 They cast him to the earth anone ;
 So they killed him once again,
 Thus was he once hanged, and foure times slaine,
 And buried at the last, as it was best.
 I pray God send vs all good rest.

Amen.

¶ Imprinted at London at the long shop ad-
 ioyning vnto Saint Mildreds Church in the
 Pultrie, by John Alde.



A Treatise of a Galaunt.

HERE Begynneth a Treatise of a Gallant.
[Colophon]. ¶ Here endeth this Treatise made of a galaunt. Enprynted at London in the Flete strete at the signe of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde. n. d. 4to, black letter, 4 leaves. In seven-line stanzas.

. . . A fragment was in the Heber Collection. See Bibl. Heber. iv. No. 761.

Here begyñeth a treatise of a galaūt [this is in a ribbon at the head of the poem itself, which is without regular title-page].

[Colophon]. ¶ Here endeth this treatyse made of a galaunt. Enprynted at London in the Fletestrete at the sygne of the Sonne by me Wynkyn de Worde. n. d. 4to. 4 leaves, black letter, in 7-line stanzas. After the colophon follows one of the printer's smaller devices.

. . . This edition, a copy of which is in the British Museum, has been carefully collated for the present reprint, and is referred to in the following pages as Edition B. It furnishes some better readings than the impression, which remains to be noticed, while, on the other hand, the text is in some places inferior.

Here begynneth a treatyse of this Galaunt with the maryage of the bosse of Byllyngesgate vnto London Stone.
n. d. 4to, 6 leaves, in 7-line stanzas, black letter.

. . . To this edition, which is also in the national library, there is no regular colophon, but on the verso of the last leaf occurs the larger device of Wynkyn de Worde. A faithful representation of the title-page is here given.

Of these impressions, the last has been selected as the basis of the present text (referred to as Edition C in the following

pages), partly because it contains at the end a poem (not found in the others), which renders it additionally curious. The compiler of the Fourth Part of the *Bibliotheca Heberiana* imagined that there had been only one impression of this *Treatyse of a Galaunt*, and that of that only an imperfect copy (the fragment described in Heber's catalogue) was in existence. It is now understood that De Worde issued, at all events, *three* editions of the tract, two of which do not exhibit any material variations, while the third received the augmentation of the "Maryage of the Bosse of Byllyngesgate." The production was entirely unknown to our early bibliographers, and it is believed that the first reference to it occurs in the fifth volume of *Censura Literaria*, where an account appeared of the Heber copy, then supposed to be unique.

As the reader will readily perceive upon a perusal of its pages, the *Treatyse of a Galaunt*, as well as being a general satire, is an attempt to depict and ridicule the manners of a dandy in the reign of Henry VIII; and it thus corresponds in design, to a certain extent, with the *Birth, Life, &c. of Jack Puffe* (also included in the present collection), which aimed at a similar exposure of the fopperies of the fine gentleman in Charles the First's time.

There is, in one of the Coventry Series of Miracle Plays, edited for the Shakespeare Society, in 1841, by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., a passage, supposed by Mr. Collier to be an interpolation of the age of Henry VI. or Edward IV, in which a similar picture is given of a Gallant of the period. With that exception, perhaps, the *Treatyse of a Galaunt* is the earliest specimen of the kind in our language.

It may be worth mentioning that the Heber copy, or fragment, above described, was discovered within the fly-leaf in the oaken binding of an imperfect copy of a book of Statutes printed by Pynson, formerly belonging to the library at Nashcourt. See *Censura Literaria*, 1st ed., v. 37, where so much as remains of ed. A will be found printed.

Here begynneth a treaty
of this Galaunt with the
maryage of the bolle of Byl
lyngegate. unto London
Stone.





YGHT¹ as small flodes/ encrease to waters
fell

So that narowe furrows/ maye not sus-
teyne.²

Ryght so pryde vnclosed may not counsell
this new wretchednes that causeth³ vs complayne
How wo hath wrapped vs in a cruell chayne
Our pryde sheweth it well bothe ferre and nere
Englonde may wayle/ that euer it came here

¶ The synne that now regneth/ to beholde is ruthe.
Of fraude and dysceyte/ grete abhomynacyon
But nede constrayneth vs/ nowe to saye the truthe 10
Of pryde and dysceyte/ this newe dyssymulacyon
That blyndeth and consumeth/ our Englysshe nacyon.
Lucyfers progeny amonge vs doth appere
Englande may wayle that euer it came here

¹ A *Bosse*, it may here be noted, is a spring. Nares, ed. 1859, voce *Bosse*, quotes a passage from Stowe, where he says that Bosse Alley, in Lower Thames Street, was so called "from a *bosse* of spring water continually running, which standeth by Billingsgate against this alley."

² Ed. B reads *substayne*.

³ Ed. B reads *wretchednes causeth*.

¶ Ryght late stode our lande in suche prosperyte
 Of chyualry/ manhode/ and ryche marchaundyse
 Thrughe all crysten royalmes/ sprange our felycete.
 Of grete welthe and prowesse/ in sondry wyse
 Our sadnes is chaunged/ for the newe guyse
 We haue exyled our welthe/ I note where 20
 Englande may wayle/ that euer it came here.

¶ Pryde hath founde waye to exclude man fro blys
 In dysfygurynge nature/ by this newe araye
 Bothe men and women/ can saye what it is
 For bothe nede and pouerte/ goth nowe ryght gaye
 But alas our sorowe/ encreaseth euery daye
 And yf ye lyue longe ye shall bothe se and here
 That Englande shall wayle/ that euer it came here.¹

¶ For pryde hathe our plente/ tourned to euyl fare
 And fedeth vs as beestes/ that draweth in the ploughe
 Many a worthy man/ bryngeth he to sorowe and care
 Where fortune somtyme/ fresshely on hym loughe 31
 Examyne thy² lyuynge that this worlde vsseth ynoughe.
 How nede with synne/ groweth euery where
 Englande may wayle that euer it came here

¶ For many a vengeaunce as scrypture maketh mencyon
 Hath fallen to kyngdomes in sondry wyse
 And fynally put the people in dystruccyon
 For theyr obstynacy/ a[nd]³ newe fangle guyse
 Alas englande that somtyme was so wyse.

¹ In ed. B the old printer has, by mistake, allowed what seems to have been designed for a head-line to slip in here.

² Eds. A and B have *the*.

³ All the eds. have *a*.

Other nacyons refuse/ hast bought so dere 40
That thou mayst wayle/ that euer it came here.

¶ Somtyme we had Fraunce/ in grete derysyon
For theyr hatefull pryde and lothsome vncleennes
Use we not nowe/ the same in our regyon
And haue permuted our welthe/ for theyr¹ gladnes
Lechery of our² people is become a maystres.
Our gentylnes/ for galauntise haue we lefte there.
Englonde may wayle that euer it came here.

¶ If ye beholde the galauntes progenye vyperious 49
That out of Fraunce be fledde/ for theyr intoxicacyon
Hath nowe vengeaunce consumed/ that royalmes glo-
ryous
For theyr pryde/ and synfull abhomynacyon.
That all the worlde/ may wayle theyr desolacyon
O Fraunce/ why dyde not these galauntes abyde there³
Englande may wayle that ever it came here.

¶ For in this name Galaunt/ ye maye expresse.
Seuen letters for some cause in espeece
That fygureth the vij. deedly synnes and theyr wretch-
ednes
By whome man is made/ to the deuyll thrall. 60
Was not pryde cause of Lucyfers fall
Pryde is in hell/ and galauntes nygheth them nere.
Englonde may wayle/ that euer it came here

¹ Not in ed. B; so eds. A and C.

² Not in ed. B; so eds. A and C.

³ Eds. A and B read:—

“O Fraunce why ne had these galauntes byden there.”

¶ O thou gay galaunt/ by thyne vnthryfty name
 With gabbynge & glosynge/ getest¹ that thou hast
 Gyle was thy fader/² and Jalousye thy dame
 In jettynge/³ in janglynge/ thy dayes ben past.
 For all thy glorious goynge/ age gnaweth fast
 Thy glased lyfe and glotony/ be glewed so in fere
 That Englande may wayle/ that euer it came here 70

¶ Appetytes of auaryce/ be to them so ameraus
 Ambysyon⁴ and arrogaunce/ ben of one affynyte
 Auenture⁵ and angre/ ben aye so debatous.
 Faynynge estate/ of counterfet auctoryte
 Adulacyon of aduenture/ mayst thou not auaunt the
 As a lyer in goodnes/ in thyne araye doest appere
 Englande may wayle/ that euer it came here

¶ For all thy loude/⁶ lechery thou lepest so fast⁷ aboute
 That good loue and lawe/ ben almoost lorne
 Of luste and lykyng/ ledest thou suche a route 80
 That slouth⁸ and lechery/ haue clennes to torne
 Thou labourest to lose/ that thy frendes gat to forne
 For lewdenes and lechery/ ben so ledde in fere.
 Englonde may wayle that euer it came here.

¶ Abhomynable accydye/ accuseth all our nacyon
 Our aungelyke abstynence/ is nowe refused.

¹ So in ed. B.

² So in ed. B.

³ Ed. B has *gettynge*.

⁴ So ed. B. Ed. C has *A busyon*.

⁵ So ed. B.

⁶ So ed. B. Ed. C has *the lande*.

⁷ So ed. B. Ed. C has *lechery lepeth aboute*.

⁸ Ed. B has *loches*.

Ferthermore of Antecryste/ this newe dyssymulacyon
 Alas that suche sorowe/ amonge vs is vsed
 Our auaryce and hatred/ haue vs so accused
 That dyuers aduersytees/ seweth us yere by yere. 90
 Englande may wayle that euer it came here.

¶ Fo r our wastynge wretchednes/ hath waded¹ so depe.
 In our wanton werynge/ of clothes to torne
 To wyldenes & wrathe/ the worlde taketh moost kepe.
 For in wastynge & vanyte/ men reken not what is
 lorne
 For wyfe and for woman/² for to were the horne.
 That vertuous vyrgynyte/ is deed and layde on bere
 Englande may wayle/ that euer it came here

¶ The noble course of nature/ nycete hath deuoured
 For nede causeth it to be our desolacyon³ 100
 So hath these⁴ newe fangles/ our welth obscured
 That necligence nouryssheth necessyte/ to our con-
 fusyon.
 This causeth our galauntes/ by theyr nacyon
 Neuerthryfte and tryftles/⁵ noye euer vs so nere
 Englande may wayle/ that euer it came here.

¹ So ed. B. Ed. C reads *that wades*.

² So ed. B. Ed. C has *women*. Ed. B omits *to*.

³ "For nede nedeth be so it causeth our desolacyon."

Ed. B.

⁴ Ed. C has *the*.

⁵ Ed. C has *thriueles*.

¶ For trygetours¹ & tryflours/ that tauernes haunte
 Haue trouth and temperaunce/ troden vnder foote
 Talewes and talkynge/ and drynkynge ataunte.²
 As tyrauntes and traytours/ toyllous in moote
 Tyll they be tryed out is there no boote 110
 And tryed to baratrum/³ tossed in fere.
 Englande shall wayle/ that euer it came here.

¶ O galaunt vpon galaunt/ & o thou galaunt gaye
 And thou ruskyn galaunt/ that pouerte doth menace
 For all thy warrocked hoode/ and thy proude araye
 And thy parroked pouche/ that thou so fast doest brace.
 Thou busyest the/ to counterfet Lucyfers trace.
 Thynke not to longe/ or thou dwell with hym there
 For the cursed ensample/ that thou shewest here.

¶ So many barefote people/⁴ & so fewe good lyuers
 Hath no man sene/ syth the worlde began 121
 So many styroppes/ and so few good chyualers
 And so many braynles/ that lytell good can

¹ i. e. conjurors. In the *Frankeleyn's Tale*, Chaucer makes the supposed narrator say:—

“For oft at festes have I well herd seyn,
 That tregetoures, within an halle large,
 Have made come in a water and a barge,
 And in the halle rowen up and down.
 Som tyme hath semed come a grim lyoun.”

² So much, *quasi*, a tant.

³ The bottomless pit. Massinger, in his *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, 1633, uses it seemingly in the derivative sense of a glutton.

⁴ Compare Dyce's Skelton, i. 148-54, ii. 199-202.

Men arayed as women/ and woman as man
 This causeth de[r]th/ & that all thyng is so dere
 Englande maye wayle/ that euer it came here

¶ So moche rychesse in¹ araye/ and so moche nede
 So many bedes borne/ and so lytell deuocyon
 So moche fastyng for hungre/ and so lytell mede
 So moche paynted worshyp/ and so lytell reason 130
 I trowe no man hath sene/ in this regyon
 Our synne asketh vengeaunce/ I am in grete fere.
 In shorte tyme we shall wayle/ that euer it came here

¶ Howe many poyntes were they nowe a dayes
 And yet a good poynte/ amonge them were to fynde²
 Daggers of vengeaunce/ redy to make frayes.
 With longe taters downe to the ars behynde
 Tryppynge with small shankes/ as lyght as lefe on lynde.
 To make it toughe and fresshe/ as it were the newe yere
 Englande may wayle that euer it came here. 140

¶ So many purfled garmentes/ furred with non sequitur
 With so many penyles purses/ hath no man sawe.
 Small gyrdynge in the waste/ with all theyr other
 mustur.
 That we go all backwarde/ from hyghe to the³ lawe
 The florysshynge mede of our welth/ we haue begon to
 mawe
 But we beseche god/ amende vs another yere
 Or elles we shall wayle that euer it came here

¹ Ed. C has *and*; and in the next line but one reads *nede*.

² Ed. C has *harde to fynde*.

³ Not in ed. C.

¶ Our women are dyspoyled/ & gyue them to wantones
 Our men with cloutes/ at theyr brest lyke a pye
 Our women haue debated/ with shamefastnes 150
 And our men with vncleennes/ yf¹ I shall not lye
 O englande thou mayst wepe with Jeromye
 Seynge the people thus ledde² by the ere.
 Englande maye wayle that euer it came here.

¶ Our women in theyr parte/ laboure as they may
 In theyr aray with chere and countenaunce
 Our men on theyr syde make them fresshe and gay
 And laboure to purchase/ womens pleasaunce
 Thus bytwene bothe groweth moche myschaunce
 Eche seketh synne as it³ dothe appere. 160
 Englande may wayle/ that euer it came here.

¶ Our galauntes lyue/ in lustes as beestes.
 Maynteynours of quarelles/ and vnthryftynes.
 Our shameles women with theyr hyghe creestes
 Extoreyon/ robbery/ and our vngentylnes.
 Prelatis neeligence lordis rauayn & marchauntis deceytes
 These asketh vengeaunce/ this lesson must ye lere
 Elles shall ye wayle/ that euer it came here.

¶ Beholde these dayes/ the people of our nacyon.
 Are charged with synne/ and gouerned by folye. 170
 Howe nede wyll compell vs/ by transmygracyon
 With very wo/ dryue us⁴ vnto Babylonye.
 O englonde/ where is nowe thy glorye

¹ Ed. C has *it*.² Not in ed. B.³ Not in ed. C.⁴ Id.

That somtyme shone/ thurgh the worlde so clere.
Well mayst thou wayle/ that euer this sorowe came here.

¶ All people laboure of this newe dysguysynge.
In forgyng thei fantasyes/ to maynteyne pryde.
He is nowe wysest/ that can moost of deuysynge
Good makynge of a man is nowe layde on syde
This newe araye is brought vp/ in this lande so wyde
And yet for all that it may not last a yere 181
Englande may wayle that euer it came here

¶ Beholde the rolled¹ hodes stuffed with flockes.
The newe broched doublettes/ open at the brestes
Stuffed with pectoll/ of theyr loues smockes.
Theirown gownes and theyr cotes/ shredde all in lystes
So many capes² as now be/ & so fewe good preestes
I can not reken halfe the route of theyre marde gere.
Englond may wayle that euer it came here.

¶ These galauntes/ vse also full abhomynable.³ 190
Theirown typpettes be wrythen/ lyke⁴ to a chayne.
And they go halted⁵ in them/ as horse in the stable
It is a peryllous pronostycacyon certayne
For synfull soules/ shall be bounde in payne
Hande and fote in perpetuall fyre.
They shall curse the tyme/ that euer it came here.

¶ All these newe bulwarkes/ they were at theyr knees
They laboure sore in theyr wyttes/ fantasyes to fynde
No man holdeth hym contente/ with his degrees

¹ Ed. C has *heddes*.

² Ed. C has *cappes*.

³ So in eds. A and B; but latter omits *full*.

⁴ Ed. C has *lyfe*.

⁵ Ed. C has *halted*.

Pryde goth before/ and shame cometh behynde 200
 Alas that Englysshemen/ sholde be so blynde
 So moche sorowe amonge vs and so lytell fere
 We may wayle the tyme that euer it came here

¶ Forget not lyghtly/ howe many straungers
 Haue entred this kyngdome/ and kepte the possessyon.
 Fyue tymes/ as wryteth olde cronycles
 And chaunged our tungen/ in sondry dyuysyon.
 O clergy/ praye for our Englysshe nacyon
 That god for his mercy/ of this synne make vs clere
 Elles we shall wayle/ that euer it came here 210

¶ Effectually pray god/ for his reformacyon.
 Of welth/ manhode/ and of marchaundye.
 And tresoury of peas/ that Cryst in his passyon
 Lefte bytwene god and man/ whan he sholde dye.
 The comynalte in loue/ conserue perseuerauntlye
 With charyte bothe hyghe and lowe to joyne in fere
 In voydyng of synne that tourmenteth vs here

¶ O englonde/ remembre thyne olde sadnes
 Exyle pryde and relyeve to thy goodnes
 That thou may resorte agayne to thy gladnes
 Synne hath consumed/ this worldes humanyte 220
 Praye god thou may reioyse/ [in] thyn olde felycyte
 And his blessyd moder/ as this lande is here dower
 We have no cause to wayle that euer it came here.

¶ Thus endeth this galaunt.¹

¹ In this concluding stanza ed. B has been chiefly followed.
 In ed. C the lines are misplaced.

¶ Here begynneth the maryage of London Stone
and the fayre pusell the bosse of Byllynges-
gate.



ERKEN vnto me/ bothe lowde and styll
And to this matter/ laye to your eere
And of your aduyse and also your good wyll
Of this lytell prosses/ that after doth appere
Of ij, that haue dwelte in london many a yere.
And nowe is desposed/ to be man and wyfe
Helpe them with your charyte/ to bye their weddyngge
gere
For they be bothe naked/ and not worthe an halfpenny
knyfe.

To you theyr names/ I wyll declare
If ye knowe any Impedymente. 10
The one is the bosse of Byllyngesgate of beaute so fayre.
And the other London Stone/ curtes and gente
This is theyr purpose and hole entente
To be maryed/ as soone as they maye
He that wolde let them I wolde he were shente
It wolde do you good to se them daunce and playe
For now the grete loue/ that is bytwene them
twayne.

And neyther of them loked other in the face.
London Stone answered/ full wysely agayne.
Where is no loue/ there lacketh grace 20
But euyl tungen is so vnmylde

And of late hath sayd/ in a place where they dyde mete
 How the Bosse of byllyngesgate/ hath had a chylde.
 By the well with two buckettes in bysshop gate strete.

It were able to make ony woman wepe
 To be so deedly belyed as is the good Bosse.
 The man is in synnes depe
 That robbeth her so of her good lose
 For to his soule it is daungerouse.
 Thus sayth London Stone/ of prudence so wyse 30
 He that in sclander/ ony wyll dysclose.
 Of the deuylls rewarde/ he shall not mysse

Therefore let my wyfe and me alone.
 For by my study and wakyng many a nyght/
 I knowe by the sterres/ that shone by the moone.
 That fayre Bosse/ hooly was in my syght
 And that to my nature/ she sholde be coequall.
 And remayne as my fere/ euer in my syght.
 By the purueyaunce/ of the goddes Imperyall
 To my comforte shynynge as the sterres bryght 40

Wherefore I beseeche you/ in humble wyse
 To reporte the beste in euery place
 And saye no worse/ than maye be to your prayse.
 Whiche Jupyter had ordeyned of his grete grace
 Longe or that we came in to this towne
 For our comforte/ and for our solace.
 As man and wyfe by dyvyne provysyowne
 Therefore are we greed to remayne in this place.

Syth the goddes aboue/ hath destyned them so.
 Let vs be mery and thynke howe they daunce 50
 For it is a goodly couple of them two.
 For in theyr behauoure/ was neuer founde varyaunce

As knoweth all that here be present
Whiche brynge the herers/ to lyfe eternall.
Where god is regnyng permanent
Amonge his aungelles celestyall.

Finis.



The Parliament of Byrdes.

THE Parliament of Byrdes. [Col.] Imprinted at London for Anthony Kytson. 4to. seven leaves, black letter.

The Parlyament of Byrdes. Imprynted at London, in Paules Church-yard, at the sygne of the Lambe, by Abraham Vele. n. d. 4to. seven leaves, black letter.

This title occurs between two ornamental bands; there is a common decoration beneath; and the remainder of the page is blank. The poem begins on the back of the title.

Caxton printed Chaucer's *Assemblé of Foules*, calling it the *Parlemente of Byrdes*; but it is quite a distinct composition from the present, which Bale, and after him Pits, ascribes to Lydgate. It is considerably later than his time.

The above are the only known printed editions of the Parliament of Byrdes, here republished, and the one published by Anthony Kytson is the impression from which the present text is taken; the other, collated with Lansd. MS. 206, is inserted in the Harleian Miscellany.

The *Parlament of Byrdes*, the anonymous author of which intended it, perhaps, as a kind of imitation of Æsop's Parliament of Beasts, resembles in no way in its structure the next piece in this collection, entitled the *Armonye of Byrdes*, but has the air of being a political apologue, like Drayton's *Owle*, 1604. Some of the allusions are highly curious, and, upon the whole, it is a well-written poem. There is an extraordinary performance extant called *The Parliament of Devils*, W. de Worde, 1509, 4to.

Anthony Kytson, who published this article, seems to have been successor to Edward Whitchurch, at the Sun, in Fleet Street, as Whitchurch was successor to Wynkyn de Worde at the same sign. Kytson printed several of Skelton's tracts.



**The Parliament
of Byrdes.**





THIS is the parlyament of byrdes
 For hye and lowe and them amyddes,
 To ordayne a meane how it is best
 To keepe among them peace and rest
 For muche noyse¹ is on euery syde
 Agaynst the hauke so full of pride.
 Therefore they shall in bylles bryng
 Theyr complaints to the Egle theyr kyng,²
 And by the kyng in parlyament
 Shall be sette in lawful Iudgement. 10

The Grype.

The great Grype was the fyrst that spake,
 And sayd, owne is owne, who can it take.
 For thyne and myne make much debate
 Wyth great and small in euery estate.

The Cuckow.

I synge, sayd the Cuckowe, euer one song
 That the weake taketh euer the wrong,
 For he that hath wyth vs most myght,
 Taketh hys wyll, as reason is ryght.

The Fawcon.

Than answered the Fawcon to that sawe,³
 That pleaseth a Prynce, is iust law, 20

¹ Ed. Kytson has *noyle*.

² The eagle seems always to have enjoyed this precedency. In the *Parable of the Three Jackdaws*, 1696, the birds are supposed to meet for the purpose of choosing a successor to his majesty, who has grown infirm.

³ Ed. Kytson has *same*, and in next line *and law*.

And he that can no song but one,
Whan he hath song, his wytte is gone.

The Commons.

Than all the byrdes that could speake
Said, the Hauke doth vs great wreake,
Of them so many diuers there be,
That no Foule nor byrde may fro them flye.

The hauke.

The hauke answered the prating pye,
Where is many wordes the trouth goeth by
And better it were to cease¹ of language sone
than speake and repent whan thou hast done. 30

The sterlyng.

Than sayd the sterlynge, verament,
Who sayth so shalbe shent,
No man maye nowe speake of trouth,
But his heade be broke, and that is routh.

The hauke.

The Hauke swore by his heade of graye,
All soothes be not for to saye,
It is better some be lefte by reason
Than trouth to be spoken out of season.

¹ Ed. Kytson has *seuce*.

The Popyniay.

Than spake the Popyniay of paradyse,
Who sayth lytell he is wyse, 40
For lytle money is soone spende
And fewe wordes are soone amend.

The hauke.

The hauke bad for dreade of payne
Speake not to much of thy souerayne.
For who that will forge tales new,
Whan he weneth least his tale may he rewe.

The commons.

Than desyred al the Byrdes great and smal
to mewe the hauke for good and all:
A place alone we woulde he had,
For his counsell to vs was neuer glad. 50

The Hauke.

The Hauke answered¹ ye fail al witte,
It is no tyme to mewe haukes yet.
Commons of haukes can but lyttle skyll,
They shall not rule them as they wyll.

The Nyghtyngale.

Anone than sang the Nyghtyngale,
With notes many great and smale,

¹ Ed. Kytson repeats *ye fail*.

That byrde that can well speake, and synge,
Shall be cheryshed with quene and kynge.

The Hauke.

The Hauke aunswered with great fury,
The songe is nought that is not mery, 60
And who so no better synge can,
Maketh litte chere to any man.

The Doue.

Than rombled the Doue for her lot,
Folke may be mery and syng not,
And who so hath no good voyce,
Must make mery with little noyse.

The Hauke.

Whan this reason was forth shewed,
Lerne (quod the Hauke) or ye be lewed,
For the byrde that can not speake nor syng,
Shall to the kytchyn to serue the kynge. 70

The Fesaunt.

Than crowed the Fesaunt in the wood,
Domme men he sayde getteth lytte good,
Woode nor water nor other foode,
It fleteth from hym as doeth the floode,

The Hauke.

The Hauke sayd, whan all is sought,
Great crows were neuer ought,

For I swere by my foly,
He is not most wyse that is most ioly.

The moore Cocke.

Than crowed agayne the More Cocke,
The Hauke bringeth much thing out of nock, 80
The Osyll whystealeth¹ and byrdes blacke,
He must haue a do, that a do doth make,

The Hauke.

I must, sayd the Hauke, by² all my belles,
Say for my selfe, for none wyll elles,
He is not greatly to repreue,
That speaketh with his soueraynes leue.

The Byttur.

Than blushed³ the Byttur in the fenne,
The Cote, the Dobchick,⁴ and the water Hen,
The Hauke that doeth vs all this dere,
We woulde he were soused in the mere.⁵ 90

The Hauke.

The Hauke sayd, wyssshers want wyll,
Whether they speake loude or styl,

¹ The *whistling Woosell* of Drayton.

² Ed. Kytson has *buy*.

³ Mr. Waring queries *blyschit*—started up; but as to *blush* appears to have been used in early English in the sense of *to clear up, to brighten, to rise into life*, *blushed* has been suffered to stand. *Byttar* or *Bytter* is the old name of the bittern.

⁴ Ed. Kytson has *Bobchick*.

⁵ Ed. Kytson has *myre*.

Whan all is¹ done was sayde and lafte,
 Euery man must lyue by his crafte.

The Malarde.

Than creaked the Malarde and the Goose,
 They may best flye that are lose,
 He is well that is at large,
 That nedeth not the Kynges great charge.

The hauke.

The hauke sayd, though they flye lose,
 they must obeye, they maye not chose. 100
 Who hath a maister or a make,
 He is tyed faste² by the stake.

The Heron.

Than creeped the Heron and the Crane :
 Great trouble make wittes to wane,³
 He is well aduysed that can beare hym low,
 And suffer euery wynde to ouer blow.

The hauke.

The hauke sayd, who can blow to please,
 Long neckes done great ease,
 For the commons that hath no rest
 Meaneth not euer with the best. 110

¹ Ed. Kytson has *this*.

² Not in Ed. Kytson.

³ Ed. Kytson has *lame*.

The Patryche, Quayle
and Larke.

The Patryche Quayle and Larke in felde
Said, her may not auayle but spere and sheld,
the hauke with vs maketh great battayle
In euery countrey, where he maye auayle.

The hauke.

The hauke sayd, who so wilfully wyll fyght
May make hym wrong soone of ryght,
Lawe is best I vnderstande,
To ryght all in euery lande.

The Robyn and the Wren.

Than chydde the Robyn and the Wren,
And all small byrdes that beare penne, 120
Against the hauke the commons must aryse
And helpe them selfe in theyr best wyse.

The hauke.

The Hauke made the Wrenne this¹ answer,
Small power may lyttle dere.
And who wyll liue in rest longe.
Maye not be besy with his tonge.

The commons.

Than prayed all the common house.
That some myght the hauke souse.

¹ Ed. Kytson has *his*.

For foule nor byrde by water nor lande,
 He wyll leaue a lyue, and he myght stande. 130
 For nere¹ his nest maye none abyde
 In country where he doth glyde.
 Theyr fethers he plucketh many a folde,
 And leaueth them naked in full great colde.
 We thinke therfore by reason good,
 To distroy the Hauke and all his blood.

The Kyng and his Lordes.

The King and his lordes answered anone,
 States may not the hauke forgone,
 Nor by no lawe his kinde destroye,
 Nor deme him selfe for to dye, 140
 Nor put him to none other distresse.
 But kepe him in a payre of Jesse.
 That he flye not to no byrde about,
 Except his keeper let him out.

The Cornysh daw.

Than sayde the Cornysssh daw,²
 Lytle money lytle lawe,
 For here is nought els with friende nor foe,
 But go bet peny go bet go.³

¹ Ed. Kytson has *in*.

² The chough, which is said to be fast becoming extinct even in Cornwall.

³ This is the beginning and refrain of the ancient song of *Sir Penny*, printed by Ritson. See the Additional Notes to the poem of *Sir Penny*.

The Hauke.

Thou Cornysse, quod the Hauke, by thy wil, 150
 Say well, or holde thee styll,
 Thou hast harde of many a man,
 A tonge breaketh bone, and it selfe hath none.

The Kynge.

Then asked¹ the king of² the birds a row,
 Why cometh not to the parliament the Crow?
 For good counsell refourmeth euery mysse,
 And it be tokeneth³ where it is.

The Hauke.

The Hauke sayde it is not lesse,⁴
 Counsell is good in warre and peace,
 But the Crow hath no brayne,
 For to gyue counsell but of the rayne,⁵ 160

The Night Whale.

Than said the night whale with his hed gay,
 He shameth vs with his parlament aray,
 It is a terme with John and Jacke,
 Broken sleue draweth arme a backe.

¹ Ed. Kytson has *answered*.

² Ibid. *and*.

³ *Be taken*, ed. Veale.

⁴ *No lesse*, *ibid*.

⁵ The cry of crows in the evening, or symptoms of an inclination to wet their heads or feet, used to be considered portents of rain. See *Brand*, iii. 213.

The Hauke.

The Hauke sayde, he shall thryue ful late,
 that looketh to keepe a great estate,
 And can not wyth all his wisdomedome,
 Gette hym selfe an hole gowne,

The Pecoche and the Swanne.

Than sayde the Pecoche and the Swanne,
 Who no good hath, no good canne, 170
 And lytle is his wytte set by,
 That hath not to beare out company.

The Hauke.

The Hauke sayde, he is worse than wood,
 That maketh him fresh with other mēs good,
 Or ought wyll borowe and neuer paye,
 Or with wronge getteth him¹ gallant araye.

The Specke.

Than in his hole sayd the Specke,²
 I woulde the hauke brake his necke,
 Or [were] brought vnto some myscheuous dale,
 For of euery byrde he telleth a tale. 180

The Hauke.

The Hauke said, though thy castel be in y^e tre,
 Buylde not aboue thy degree,

¹ Not in ed. Kytson.

² *Woodspecke*, ed. Veale.

For who so heweth ouer hye,
The chippes wyll fall in his eye.

The Kyng.

Then sayde the Kyng, it is our entent
To amende the Crowes rayment,
And all the Byrdes sayde anone,
Of eche of our fethers he shall haue one.

The Hauke.

The Hauke said, he may sone come to honeste
That euery man helpeth after his beste,¹ 190
For as teacheth vs the learned clerke,
Many handes maketh lyght werke.²

The Tytyffer.

I say, sayd the Tytyfer,³ we kentysse men,
We may not geue the Crow a penne,
For with them that are sober and good,
A byrde in hande is worth two in the wood,

The Hauke.

The Hauke sayde, I take me to my crede,
Who so will spende, with you he may speede,

¹ *In his poste*, ed. Kytson, and in line before, *honesty*.

² "Many handys make light werke."
How the Goode Wif, &c.

³ "Syth, quod the Tedyffre with the Norfolk men."
Lansdowne MS.

Lytle ye gyue but ye wote whye,
Ye make the blynde eate many a flye.¹

200

The Crowe.

Than the Crowe was put in his araye,
I am not nowe as I was yesterdaye.
I am able withouten² offence,
To speake in the Kynges presence.

The Hauke.

The Hauke sayd to the commons by dene,
Enuy and pryde would fayne be sene,
He is worthy none audience to haue,
That can not saye but, knaue knaue.

The Commons.

Than asked the byrdes with³ one aduysement,
Who is it that taketh to vs no tent,
He presumeth before vs all to flye,
To the Kynges hyghe maiesty.

210

The Hauke.

The Hauke answered to the white seamowe,⁴
It is the sory blacke Crowe,
And for him fareth no man the better,
Let hym crowe therfore neuer the greater.

¹ This is still a common proverb.

³ *By*, ed. Kytson.

² *Without*, ed. Kytson.

⁴ *Seamew*, *ibid*.

The Lordes.

Than sayde the Lordes euerychone,
 We wyll aske of the Kynge a bone,
 That euery byrde shall resume
 Agayne his fether and his plume, 220
 And make the crowe agayne a knaue.
 For he that nought hath nought shal haue,

The Hauke.

Than sayd the Hauke, as some sayne,
 Borowed ware wyll home agayne,¹
 And who wyll smatter what euery man doose
 Maye go helpe to shoo the goose.²

The Cormoraunt.

For the Crowe spake the Cormoraunt,
 And of his rule made great avaunt,
 Such worship is reson that euery man haue
 As the Kynges highnes vouchsaue. 230

The Hauke.

It is sothe sayd the hauke that thou doest say
 Whan all turneth to sportē and playe,

¹ "Borowed thinge wole home"—

How the Goode Wif Thought Hir Doughter.

In the next line, ed. Kytson has *herken* for *smatter*.

² A phrase applicable to any futile enterprise or occupation. Skelton, in *Colyn Clout*, says:—

"What hath lay men to do
 The gray gose for to sho?"

But the saying is used by Occleve.

Thou mayst leste speake for the crowes pelfe
For all thinge loueth that is lyke it selfe.

The hole parlyment.

Than prayed the hole parlyament,
To the Kynge with one assent,
That euery byrde her fether myght,
Take from that proude knyght.

The Kynge.

The kynge sayde, ye shall leue haue,
A knyght shoulde neuer come of a knaue, 240
All thyng wyll shewe fro whence it come,
Where is his place and his home.

The Hauke.

Nowe trewly, sayde the Hauke than,
It is a great comforte to all men,
Of the Kynges great prosperity,
Whan the Kynge ruleth wel his communalty.
Than was plucked from the Crowe anon,
All his fethers by one and by one,
And lefte all blacke in steede of red,
And called him a page of the fyrst head. 250

The Hauke.

Quod the Hauke, the Crowe is nowe as he shuld be
A kynde knaue in his degree,
And he that weneth no byrde is hym lyke,
When his fethers are plucked he may him go pike.

The Commons.

Than made the Commons great noyse,
 And asked of the Lordes with one voyce,
 That they woulde the hauke exyle
 Out of this lande many a myle,
 Neuer to come agayne hyther,
 But the kynge sente to him thether, 260
 Hym to trust we haue no cheson,¹
 For it is proued in trust is treason,
 And sythe ye saye he shall not dye,
 Plucke of his hokes and let hym flye,

The Lordes.

To that sayde the Lordes, we pretend
 This statute and other to amende,
 So in this that ye accorde,
 To put all to our souerayne Lorde.

The Commons.

The commons sayde, it is greate skylle,
 All thyng to be at the kynges wyll, 270
 And vnder the hande of his greate myght,
 By grace the people to seke theyr ryght.

The Hauke.

Than sayde the Hauke, nowe to, now fro :
 Now labour, now rest : now come, now goe :
 Now leeff, now loth : now freynd, now foe ;²
 Thus goeth the worlde in well and wo.

¹ Ed. Kytson has *theson*.

² This and the preceding line are not in Kytson's edition.

The Kynge.

Than sayd the Kynge in his maiestye,
 We wyll disseuer this greate sembly,
 He commaunded his chauncelere
 The best statutes to rede that he myght here.
 Thus the fynall Judgemente 281
 He redde of the byrdes parlyment.
 Whether they be whyte or blacke,
 None shall others fethers take,
 Nor the rauyn plucke the Pecokes tayle,
 To make him fresshe for his auayle,
 For the Commons fethers want,
 For wyth some they be right skant

The Jaye.

Thus sayeth the cownsell ¹ of the Jaye,
 That none shall vse others araye, 290
 For who so mounteth wyth Egle an hye,
 Shall fayle fethers whan he woulde flye.

Sapiencia.

Be not gredy glede to gader,
 For good fadeth, as² foules fether,
 And though thy fether be not gaye,
 Haue none enuye at the swannes aray,

Concludent.

For thoughe an astryche may eate nayle,
 Wrath wyll plucke his winge and tayle,

¹ From Vele's ed. Kytson's ed. has *chosen*.

² Ed. Kytson has *and*.

And if thou lye in swallowes nest,
Let not slouth in thy fethers rest, 300
Be trewe as turtyll in thy kynde,
For lust will part as fethers in wynde,
And he that is a glotonous gull,
Death wyll soone his fethers pull,
Thoughe thou be as hasty as a wype,
And the fethers flyght rype.
Loke thy fethers and wrytyng be dene,
What they saye and what they mene,
For here is none other thyng,
But fowles fethers and wrytyng, 310
Thus endeth the byrdes parlyment,
By theyr kynges commaundement.

Imprinted at London for
Anthony Kytson.





The Armonye of Byrdes.

A PROPER New Boke of the Armonye of Byrdes. Imprinted at London by John Wyght dwelling in Poules church yarde, at the signe of the Rose. n. d. [circa 1550] 12mo. 8 leaves. In 6-line stanzas.

This curious and unique performance in the Skeltonical manner, and somewhat on the Macaronic plan, was reprinted for the Percy Society from a copy formerly belonging to Mr. Heber. It is again given here, as a production well worthy of a place in a collection of early popular poetry. It is, in point of construction, *sui generis*; but the idea was no doubt borrowed by the anonymous writer from Chaucer's *Assemble of Foules*, and other similar compositions already in print, particularly the *Parlament of Byrdes*, printed for Anthony Kytson about the same period, and inserted in the present series, if (which is probable) the latter was anterior to the *Armonye of Byrdes*. But the question of priority is difficult of determination. The editor is disposed to place the composition of the *Armonye of Byrdes* late in the reign of Henry VIII.

There is a curious enumeration of birds in Skelton's *Phylip Sparowe* (Works, by Dyce, i. 63-6).

The author of the *Armonye of Byrdes* may have been partly indebted for a suggestion of the notion on which the poem is founded to the episode at the close of Chaucer's *Court of Love*.

A
PROPER NEW BOKE
OF THE
ARMONYE OF BYRDES.

Imprinted at London by John Wyght dwelling in
Poules church yarde, at the fygne of
the Rose.

¶ A Proper New Boke of the Armonye of
Byrdes.



WHAN Dame Flora,
In die aurora,
Had covered the meadow with flowers,
And all the fylde
Was over distylde
With lusty Aprell showers ;

For my disporte,
Me to conforte,
Whan the day began to spring,
Foorth I went,
With a good intent
To here the byrdes syng.

10

I was not past
Not a stones cast,
So nygh as I could deme,
But I dyd se
A goodly tree
Within an herbor grene ;¹

¹ Compare the *Squyr of Lowe Degre*, line 26 *et seqq.* The
arbour described in that poem and in the present passage was a
different sort of place from the modern summer-house, which we
also call an arbour. The fact seems to have been, that from
being used to signify originally an arbour or garden-house, it
acquired the meaning of a *garden* itself.

Whereon dyd lyght
 Byrdes as thycke 20
 As sterres in the skye,
 Praisyng our Lorde
 Without discorde,
 With goodly armony.

The popyngay
 Than fyrst dyd say,
 Hoc didicit per me,
 Emperour and kyng,
 Without lettyng,
 Discite semper a mc.¹ 30

Therefore wyll I
 The name magnify
 Of God above all names ;
 And fyrst begyn
 In praisyng to him
 This song, Te Deum laudamus.

Then sang the avys
 Called the mavys
 The trebble in ellamy,²
 That from the ground 40
 Her notes round
 Were herde into the skye.

¹ “ ‘Cœli enarrant,’ said the popingay,
 ‘Your might is told in Heaven and firmament.’ ”

Chaucer's *Court of Love*.

² More properly, *ela mi*. *Ela*, in our early writers, is used to denote the highest scale in music, and is also found in a figurative sense.

Than all the rest,
At her request,
Both meane, basse, and tenui,
With her dyd respond
This glorious song,
Te Dominum confitemur.

The partryge sayd :
It may not be denayd,
But that I shall use my bath,
In flood and land,
In erth and sand,
In hygh way and in path ;

50

Than with the erth
Wyll I make merth,
Accordyng to my nature.
She tuned then
Te, eternum Patrem,
Omnis terra veneratur.

60

Than sayd the pecocke,
All ye well wot
I syng not musycall ;
For my brest is decayd,
Yet I have, he sayd,
Fethers angelicall.

He sang, Tibi
Omnes angeli,
Tibi celi, he dyd reherse,

Et universi,
 Bot estates on hye,
 And so concluded the verse.

70

Than sayd the nightyngale,
 To make shorte tale,
 For wordes I do refuse,
 Because my delyght,
 Both day and nyght,
 Is synging for to use : ¹

Tibi cherubin

Et seraphin,

80

Full goodly she dyd chaunt,
 With notes merely
 Incessabile
 Voce proclamant.

Then sang the thrusshe,
 Sanctus, sanctus,
 Sanctus, with a solempne note,
 In Latyn thus,
 Dominus Deus,
 In Hebrew Sabaoth.

90

Than sayd the larke,
 Bycause my parte
 Is upward to ascend,

¹ "Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
 The sweetest singer in all the forest's quire,
 Entreats thee, sweetest Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale,
 Lo! yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier."

The Shoomakers Holiday, 1600.

And downe to rebound
Toward the ground,
Singyng to discend ;

Than after my wunt
Pleni sunt,
Celi et terra, quod she,
Shall be my song
On briefe and long,
Majestatis glorie tue.

100

The cocke dyd say,
I use alway
To crow both fyrst and last :
Like a postle I am,
For I preche to man,
And tell him the nyght is past.

I bring new tidynges
That the Kynge of all kynges
In tactu profudit chorus :
Than sang he mellodius
Te gloriosus
Apostolorum chorus.

110

Than sayd the pye,
I do propheeye,
Than may I well syng thus,
Sub umbra alarum
Te prophetarum
Laudabilis numerus.

120

Than the byrdes all
 Domesticall,
 All at once dyd crye,
 For mankyndes sake,
 Both erly and late,
 We be all redy to dye.

Te martyrum,
 Both all and sum,
 They sang mellifluus,
 Candidatus so bright,
 One God of myght
 Laudat exercitus.

130

Than the red brest¹
 His tunes redrest,
 And sayd now wyll I holde
 With the churche, for there
 Out of the ayere
 I kepe me from the colde.

Te per orbem terrarum,
 In usum Sarum,²
 He sange cum gloria ;

140

¹ "The Song of Robin Redbreast" is one of those which *Moros* enumerates in the drama of "The longer thou livest the more fool thou art." In the *Court of Love*, he reads the second lesson.

² That is, according to the use of Salisbury, or in conformity with the Salisbury ritual. The three uses in the old Liturgy were Salisbury, York, and Hereford.

Sancta was nexte,
And then the hole texte
Confitetur ecclesia

Than the egle spake,
Ye know my estate,
That I am lorde and kyng;
Therefore wyll I
To the father only
Gyve laude and praisyng.

150

He toke his flyght
To the sonnes lyght,
Oculis aure verberatis;
Patrem, he sang,
That all the wood rang
Immense majestatis.

Than sayd the phenix,
There is none such
As I, but I alone;
Nor the Father, I prove,
Reygnyng above,
Hath no mo sonnes but one.

160

With tunes mylde
I sang that chylde
Venerandum verum;
And his name dyd reherse
In the ende of the verse,
Et unicum filium.

Than sayd the dove,
 Scripture doth prove,
 That from the deite
 The Holy Spiright
 On Christ dyd lyght
 In lykenesse of me ;

170

And syth the Spiright
 From heven bright
 Lyke unto me dyd come,
 I wyll syng, quod she,
 Sanctum quoque
 Paracletum Spiritum.

180

Than all in one voyce
 They dyd all rejoyce,
 Omnes vos iste,
 Chaungyng their key
 From ut to rey,¹
 Et tu rex glorie Christe.

Then sayd the wren,
 I am called the hen²
 Of our Lady most cumly ;
 Than of her Sun
 My notes shall run,
 For the love of that Lady.

190

By tytle and ryght
 The Son of myght,
 She dyd hym well dyscus,

¹ More properly and usually *re*, a scale in music.

² The word *hen* is here used, for the sake of the metre apparently, in a generic sense.

Tu Patris syngyng,
Without any endyng,
Sempiternus es filius.

The tyrtle trew,
With notes new, 200
The lady of chastyte,
Of a vyrgins wombe
Was all her songe,
And of mannes libertye ;

Tu ad liberandum,
Et salvandum
Hominem perditum,
Non horruisti
Sed eligisti
Virginis uterum. 210

Than sayd the pellycane,
Whan my byrdes be slayne
With my bloude I them revyve ;
Scrypture doth record
The same dyd our Lord,
And rose from deth to lyve.

She sang, Tu devicto
Mortis aculeo,
Ut Dominus dominorum,
Tu ascendisti 220
Et apparuisti
Credientibus regna celorum.

The osyll did pricke
Her notes all thycke,
With blacke ynke and with red ;

And in like facyon
 With Christ in his passyon,
 From the fote to the crown of the hed.

But now he doth raygne
 With his Father agayne, 230
 In dextera majestatis:
 Than sang she with joye,
 Tu ad dexteram Dei
 Sedes, in gloria Patris.

The swallowes syng swete,
 To man we be mete,
 For with him we do buylde:
 Lyke as from above
 God, for mannes love,
 Was borne of mayden milde. 240

We come and go,
 As Christ shall do,
 To judge both great and small:
 They sang for this,
 Judex crederis
 Esse venturus all.

Than in prostracion
 They made oration
 To Christ that died upon the rood,
 To have mercy on those 250
 For whom he chose
 To shed his precious blood.

Te ergo quesumus,
We pray the, Jesus,
Famulos tuos subveni
Ab omni doloso,
Quos precioso
Sanguine redemisti.

The haukes dyd syng,
Their belles dyd ryng, 260
Thei said they came from the Tower :
We hold with the kyng,
And wyll for him syng
To God, day, nyght, and hower.

The sparrowes dyd tell,
That Christ in his Gospell
A texte of them dyd purpose ;
Suis heredibus
Multis pastoribus
Meliores estis vos. 270

They fell downe flat
With Salvum fac
Populum tuum, Domine,
In heven to sit
Et benedic
Hereditate tue.

Than all dyd respond,
Lorde, helpe at hond,
Ne cadant ad internum ;

Et rege eos,
 Et extolle illos
 Usque in eternum.

280

They toke their flyght,
 Prayeng for the ryght,
 And thus their prayer began ;
 Pater noster, qui es
 Per singulos dies,
 Benedicimus te, God and man.

Et laudamus
 Et gloriosus
 Nomen tuum so hye,
 In seculum here,
 In this militant quere,
 Et in seculum seculi.

290

They dyd begyn
 To pray that syn
 Shuld clene from us exire ;
 Dignare Domine
 Die isto sine
 Peccato nos custodire.

300

With supplication
 They made intercessyon,
 And sung, Misere nostri,
 Rehersyng this texte
 In Englysh nexte,
 Lorde, on us have mercy.

Than dyd they prepare
Away for to fare,
And all at once arose,
Singyng in ara,
Fiat misericordia tua,
Domine, super nos.

319

With tunes renude
They dyd conclude
Whan they away shuld flye,
To syng all and sum
Quemadmodum
Speravimus in te.

Than dyd I go
Where I came fro,
And ever I dyd pretend,
Not to tary long,
But of this song
To make a fynall ende.

320

I sayd, In te, Domine,
Speravi cotidie,
That I fall not in infernum;
And than with thy grace,
After this place
Non confunder in eternum.

330

Finis.

Imprinted at London, by John Wight dwelling in Poules
church yerde, at the sygne of the Rose.



The Smyth and his Dame.

HERE begynneth a treatyse of the smyth whych that forged hym a new dame. [Col.] ¶ Imprinted at London in Lothburi, ouer agaynst Sainct Margarites church, by me Wyllyam Copland. n. d. 4to. 10 leaves, black letter.

The only known copy of this exceedingly curious story, preserved among Selden's books at Oxford, is unluckily deficient of a leaf. Nevertheless, it was felt that it would be adding a valuable feature to this collection by introducing it here: for, although it has been printed by Mr. Halliwell in his *Contributions to Early English Literature*, 1849, the very limited impression taken of that volume causes the poem to be as little known as before. *The Smyth and his Dame* is a remarkable specimen of the manner in which the miraculous attributes of our Lord were adapted by the framers of mediæval tales to current superstitions, just as the *Knyght and his Wyfe* exemplifies the strong and extended faith which anciently prevailed in the præter-human powers of the Virgin for beneficent purposes.

The cut on the next page is a facsimile of the original, which has no other title-page.

The reprint alluded to above is not very accurate.

¶ Here begynneth a treatyse of
the smyth whych that forged
hym a new dame.



GOD that dyed on a tree,¹
 He glad them al with his gle,
 That wyll herken vnto me,
 And here what I wyll say;
 And ye shall here a maruel,
 Of a tale I shall yov tell,

¹ The poem begins immediately under the above woodcut. The cut is simply described by Dibdin as the figures of *two men*, &c, but it was evidently cut expressly for this metrical tale; the right [left] hand figure, in which some attempt to express dignity is apparent, was intended for our Lord, and has a remarkably wooden nimbus. The piece is ascribed to Lydgate by some hand on the title-page.—*Mr. Waring, Note to Editor.*

How in Egypt it befell,

And in that same covntraye.

Some tyme ther dwelled a smyth,

That hath bothe lande and lyth,

10

Many a plowman hym wyth,

By nyght and eke by day;

The smyth was a svbtyll syer,

For well covld he werke wyth the fyer

What men of hym wolde desyer,

I tel yov trovth by my fay.

He covde werke wyth a mall

Many maner of metall,

Hym selfe mayster dyd he call

Wythovten any pere :

20

Moche boste gan he blowe,

And sayd he had no felowe

That covd worke worth a strawe

To hym, ferre nor nere !

He called hym selfe the kynge,

Wythovt any leasyng,

Of all maner of evnnyng,

And of certes clere ;

Tyll it befell vpon a day,

Ovr lorde came there away,

30

And thought the smyth to assay,

As ye shall after here.

For hys pompe and hys pryde,

That he blewe in eche syde,

Ovr lorde thought at that tyde

His pryde shold be layed ;

As the smyth stode workyng,

To hym came ovr heauen kynge,
Now he that made all thynges,

Spede the, he sayde.

40

He sayd, I haue a thyng to make,
And thov wylt it vnder take,
And do for my sake,

Thov shalt be well payed.

The smyth sayd, So mote I the,
Tell on and let me se,
It shalbe done fvll wyghtely

Wythin a lyttel brayed.

For I am mayster of all,
That smyteth with hamer or mall,
And so may thov me call,

50

I tell the for ueray :

I sawe hym neuer wyth myne eye,
That could werke lyke I,
I tell the fvll trvely,

By nyght ne by day.

Can thov make a yerde of stele,
To lede a blynde man wele ?

Ovr lorde gan to say,

And make it so wyth thy mall,
That he shall neuer stomble ne fall ?
Than a mayster I wyll the call,

60

Syr, by my fay.

The smyth than in a stody stode,
Sayde, I trowe thov be wode,
Or els thov can bvt litle good

To talke of svche a thynges ;
And he be blynde, he mvst nede

Haue a felowe hym to lede,
 That may se well in dede,
 To kepe hym fro fallynge ;
 For and two blynd mē together go,
 Fvll oft they fall bothe two ;
 It mvst nedes be so,

70

 They haue no maner of seynge.
 Howe should a blynde dotarde
 Walke wyth a blynd yarde,
 If it be stele neuer so harde ?

 It is bvt a very leasyng !
 It were a lytell maystry
 To make a blynde man to se,
 As suche a yerde trvely,

80

 Wythovten any layne.
 Yes, sayde ovre lorde, that I can
 Make svche yerde certayne,
 Or he that is an olde man

 To make hym yonge agayne.
 The smyth sayd, So mote I the,
 I haue an olde qvayne wyth me,
 Myne olde beldame¹ is she,

90

 I tell the, wythovt any layne ;
 It is forty wynter and mo
 Syth on fote she dyd go,
 And thov covd make her yonge so,

 Than wolde I be fayne.
 Ovr Lorde sayd, where is she ?
 Anone let me her se,

¹ He signifies his wife's mother.

And thov shalt se a maystré

More than thov can.

The smyth sayd, So mote I the, 100

I shall her fetch vnto the.

Anone than fvl wyghtely

After her the smyth ranne,

And sayd, Dame, slepest thov ?

I am come for the, thov mayest me trowe,

Thov shalt be made nowe

Agayne a yonge woman.

He hent her vp than on hye ;

Than set she forth a lovde cry,

And sayd, Stronge thefe, let me ly, 110

Thov art, I trowe, a madde man ;

Lette me lye, thov vnthryfty swayne.

Nay——

[*A leaf is here wanting.*]

She shall be made at a brayd,

Yonge now agayne.

The smyth blewe as god bed,

Tyll she was reed as a gled ;

Yet for all that dede,

Felt she no maner of payne.

The smith said, Now is she shēt ; 120

Bothe her eyen are ovt brent,

They wyl neuer be ment,

Ovr workes are all in uayne.

She hath had svche a hete,

She wyll neuer eat mete !

I haue blowen tyll I swete,

Withovten any layne.
 Ovr Lorde sayd, Let me alone,
 Thov shalt se, and that anone,
 A fvl fayre woman

130

Of thys olde wyght.
 Ovr Lord blessed her at a brayd,¹
 And on the styth he her layd;
 Take thy hamer, he sayd,
 And make her now ryght.²
 Dame, I shall the wake!

Wyth a hamer he her strake,
 No bone of her he brake,
 She was a byrd bryght:
 Stand vp, now lette me se.

140

Than at that worde rose she,
 A fayre woman trvely,
 And semely vnto syght.
 Ovr Lord sayd to the smyth;
 She is sovnde of lymme and lyth,
 Nowe I haue made her on the styth
 Wyth hamer and wyth mall.

¹ In a moment. This word is of the commonest occurrence, both as a verb and a noun, in early English, and bears a singular variety of significations. See Halliwell's *Dict. of Archaisms*, art. BRAID. In *Adam Bel*, &c, it is used in the same manner as in the present passage. In his *Confessio Amantis*, Gower employs it in a peculiar sense, which appears to have escaped the notice of philologists:—

“This king out of his sweven *abraide*,
 And he upon the morwe it saide
 Unto the clerkes.”

Here *abraide* stands for *awoke*.

² In the orig. this and the next line are transposed.

Than was she loueseme of chere,
 Bright as blosome on brere,
 None in Egypt her pere, 150

So fayre and so tall :
 Her colovr was clere,
 She semed bvt thyrt yere ;
 She was whiter of lere

Than bone is of whale !
 Than ovr Lorde gan say,
 Now is here a fayre may ;
 Smyth, by night and by day,
 Thy mayster thov me call.
 Now mayest thov se here in syght, 160

Hole and of lym lyght,
 That was before an olde wyght,
 Both croked, fote and hande.

Gramercy, syr, sayd she,
 For thov hast wrovght on me ;
 It was a fvll great maystry,

As I vnderstande ;
 I was blynde, nowe may I se !
 Croked I was trvely,
 Now may I walke wyghtly, 170

My bales are vnbande.
 Svche a smyth as thov art one,
 I dare say here is none,
 And a man shovlde gone

Throvghovt thys land.
 For I dare say that thov can,
 Yf here wert a dead man,
 Make hym on lyve anone

With thy excelent maystry.

Than the smyth gan say,

180

Syr, what shall I to the pay,

Or thov wende thy way,

Thy craft to teche me ?

Ovr Lord sayd than to him againe,

That thov desyrest is all in uayne,

Thovght y^u woldest neuer so faine,

Yet wyl it neuer be ;

Thov shalt neuer, yf thov wolde,

Make an yonge man of an olde ;

Therefore be not to bolde,

190

Leest it do disceyue thee.

Yet thov toldest me longe ere,

Thov were wysest man of leere,

That was knowen any where,

Other farre or els nere.

Fare well now and haue good day,

I mvst forthe wēde on my iorney

Into an other covntrey,

Amonge many craftes there ;

And leue thy bostes, I rede the,

200

For I tell the now trevely,

Is none so wyse ne to sle,

Bvt euer ye may som what lere.

Now lysten, syrs, at asent,¹

And ye wil nowe my tale tent,

How the smith hys dame brēt

In the next fyt ye shall here.

¹ In the orig. ed. *The Seconde Fytte* is erroneously inserted after this line.

I The Seconde fytte.



WHAN our Lorde was gone,
The smyth rathely and¹ anone
Called on hys dame Jone,
And bad her com on fast ;

210

A none she avnswered tho,
Thov wotest I may not go ;
Wherto cryest thou so ?

Is thy wytte past ?
I am croked, and also lame,
And now to go, it is no shame,
Age doth me myche grame,
Me thynketh my bones brast.

Thov wotest well I may no se,
Almost I am as blynde as a be,
And yf I bye me trvely,
To fall I am agast.

220

The smyth hande on her layd,
Come forth, dame, he sayd,
Thov shalt be made, at a brayd,

Yovnge and lvsty agayne.
Thy dame is yonge agayne I-wys,
She is mended of her mysse,
Her rvdde² redder it is

230

¹ And is printed twice in the original by mistake.

² Complexion. Mr. Halliwell (*Archaic Dictionary*, art. *Rudde*) describes it as of Anglo-Saxon :—

“Then that lady so fair and free,

Than the rose is in rayne.
 That is a lye, qvod she,
 I fayth, that wyl neuer be.
 She is blynde of that one eye,

Her bones are vnbayne.
 The smyth sayd, Lo, she is here,
 The swete dame that the bere,
 She is louesome of chere,

Wythovten any layne.
 Art thov my mother? sayd she. 240
 Ye, sayd she, trvely:

Than sayd she, *Benedicite*,
 Who hath made the thvs?
 Anone to her gan she say,
 I was made thvs to daye
 Wyth one that came by the waye,

Men call hys name Jesvs.
 Now trvely than, sayd she,
 He hath amended well thy ble;
 For yester day, so mote I the, 250

Thov were a fovle sose.
 Dame, sayd the smyth tho,
 I can make the yonde so,
 Had I a fyre brennynge blo,
 Bvt now thov mvst helpe vs.
 Than the smyth at a brayed,

With rudd as red as rose in May,
 She kneeled down upon her knee."

A most Pleasant Song of Lady Bessy
 (Palatine Anthology, p. 20).

A quarter of coles on he layed ;
Let vs blowe nowe, he sayed,

Tyl all be on glede ;
And thov shalt se, dame, in hy, 260
A crafte for the maystry,
Fvll fewe men can it bvt I,

I tel the trovthe in dede.
Why, what wylt thov do with me ?
Dame, brenne the, sayd he.
Nay, not so, sayd she,

Chryst it for bede.
To brenne me were a shrewde game :
Wottest not thov, knaue, whome I am ?
Thefe, I am thyne owne dame, 270

Euyll mote thov spede.
Traytovr, and thov brenne me,
Thov shalt be hanged on a tree.
My malyson I gyue thee,

Woldest thov me slo.
God let thee neuer eate brede,
Woldest thov haue thy dam dede ?
Tovche me not, I thee rede,

For bothe thyne eyen two.
The fyrst tyme I thee see, 280
I wolde I had throtled thee,
Now thov woldest brenne me,

And werke me thys wo.
I tell thee, by sweete Saynt John,
Thov shalt haue my malyson,
But thy hamer anone

Thov cast thee fro.

Moche wo hast thov wrovght,
 I kept the when thov were novght,
 Fostred and forth the brovght, 290

Fvll oft dyd I make.

Dame, sayd the smyth, I trowe,
 Old shrewe, it is for thy prowē,¹
 That on thys wyse nowē

Yonge I shall thee make.

Anone se that thov shall,
 Had I my hamer and mi mall,
 I wolde make the fvll tall

And yonge, I vndertake.

He layed hande on her tho ; 300
 Than she spvrned at hym so,
 That hys shynnes bothe two

In sonder she there brake.

Than the smyth began to stare,
 And sayd, dame, god gyue the care.
 What aylest thee thvs to fare?

I trowe thov art wode.

Yonge ful soone I can make thee,
 And that anone thov shalt se,
 I am waxen now fvll crafty, 310

I tell thee by the rode !

Thov spēdest now ād mai not pay,

¹ *Prowe*, or *proffe*, is not at all uncommon as a form of *profit*. In the "Seven Names of a Prison," a poem printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, we have:—

"Quintum nomen istius foveæ ita probatum,
 A place of *proff* for man to knowe bothe frend and foo."

Thov hast lyen fvll many a day
By the wall, for sothe I thee say,
And can do no good.

Fvll fast the fyre gan he blow,
And sayd, Be thov neuer so throw,
I shal amende the sonne, I trow,
Of bone and eke of blodv.

She sayde, Syr, by Saynt Jhone, 320
Of thy mendyng kepe I none ;
Therfore let me alone,

And toveche me no more.
Yes, sayde he, that I mote ;
Come forthe, olde dote.

She caught hym by the throte,
That blodv ovt gan fare ;
As he drew her nere,
She set her fote agaynst a spere,
And sayd, Thefe, wylt thov me dere? 330

God gyue the care.
He cast her on the smythes stocke,
And than she hent hym by the locke,
And gaue hym many a great knocke,

She spared not the bare :
Euer she sporned wyth her fote,
In hande a hamer she gate,
And knocked hym aboue the pate,

The blodv gan ovt brast ;
And she capped at hym then ; 340
Strong thefe, she sayd, I shal the ken,
Thyne owne dame for to brenne.

She bette vpon him fast.

There she had welny
 Stryken ovt his one eye;
 Though the smyth bygge be,
 Of her he was abasshed.
 Stefly on her fete she stode,
 And smote on him as she were wode;
 The smyth ranne on reed blode, 350
 All to-rent and rasshed.
 The smyth at a brayd
 Wolde her in the fyre haue layd:
 Nay, thefe, tho she sayd,
 Yet wyl I not come there.
 Helpe! some good man, sayd she,
 Thys thefe wyl brenne me.
 Anone than fyll myghtely
 She cawght hym by the heer;
 Of his lockes gan she pvll 360
 Many great handfvll,
 Rent the skyn from the skvll,
 The pan¹ gan appeare!
 She sayd, Thefe, lette me go,

¹ The brain-pan. See the prose *Morte Arthure*, ed. Wright, ii. 14, where, in the contest between Sir Tristram and Sir Morhaus, the sword of the former is described as penetrating his adversary's "coyf of steele, and [going] through the braine pan." Lyndsay, in the *Satyre of the Thre Estaitis* (Works, by Chalmers, i. 440), employs it in precisely the same sense:—

"Quhat now, huresun, begins thow for til ban,
 Tak thare one uther upon thy peil'd barn pan."

But in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, lib. i. the word *pan* seems to be used for the *skull*.

Wylt thou thy dame slo?

Loude ovt cryed she tho,

That many a man myght here.

The smyth than in hast

Water on the coles cast,

The fyre he blewe fyll fast,

370

And made it brenne fyll bryght;

The smyth angred wyth that,

Cast her in the fyre flat;

All way fast gan she scrat

At hym wyth all her myght.

Into the fyre he her thrust,

And sayd, I holde thy wytte past.

Olde shrowe, at the last

Thou shalt be newe dyght.

Whā he had smored her in y^e smok,

380

Ovt of the fyre he her toke,

She had none eyen for to loke,

For lost was her syght;

He laide her on the stythe a longe,

And wyth an hamer he on throng,

That both her armes of spronge;

Than waxed he vnfayne,

And sayd, So euer eate I meate,

Thou shalt haue a better heate.

Mo coles gan he gete,

390

To blowe he was full fayne.

The fyre sparkeled and spronge,

He cast on water some tymes amonge,

And said, Yet I hope to make the yonge,

Wythout any layne.

Than he hent her vp on hy,
And layed her on the stethy,
And hamered her strongly

With strokes that were ungayne.
Fast on her he layed,

400

Waxe yong, dame, he sayd.
Than bothe her legges at a brayd
Fell sone her fro.

What, euyll hayle, sayd he,
Wylt not thov yonge be?
Speke now, let me se,

And say ones, bo.
Than he toke her by the heed,
And sayd, Dame, art thov deed?
Speke now in thys steed,

410

And say ye or els nay :
Though both thy legges be awai,
Yet speke, pardy, thov may ;
Say on, dame, I the pray,

Felest thov any wo?
Dame, I haue lost on the
Moche labovr trvely,
Now and thov deed be,

So fayre mvst me be fall.
Lovd on her he can cry,
And sayde, Dame, speke on hye,
Or by my trovth trvely,

420

Brenne thee vp I shall.
What ! canst thov nothyng say?
I holde thee deed by this day.
Her arme anone he threw away,

Euen agaynst the wall ;
And lyghtly his way he went than,
After Jesv fast he ran,

As he had ben a madde man,

430

And fyll fast kan hym call,
And sayd, For saynt charyté,
Abyde nowe and speake wyth me ;
But thov me helpe trvely,

My cares are fyll colde.

My owne dame I haue slayne,
I wolde haue made her yonge agayne,
All my labovre was in uayne,

Her legges wolde not holde.

Our Lorde sayd verament,

440

Hast thov thy dame brent ?

He sayd, Lorde, she is shent

Bvt yf thov helpe wolde.

Our Lorde sayd, Go we fyll yare,

Yet I bad the longe eare

Of suche craft to beware,

And be not to bolde.

A, good Lorde, sayd he,

I crye the hartely mercy ;

I wolde haue wroght after the,

450

And learned of thy lore.

Sayd ovr Lorde, Go thy way,

Now thov doest me pray,

I shall helpe that I maye

Her for to restore.

Anone as he her se,

He blessed her fyll fayrely,

And bad her stande vpon hy :

Anone she rose vp there !

She semed yovnge and not olde,

460

Bryght as blossome her to beholde,

Fayrer by a thosand folde

Than she was before ;

She was whyte as a bone of whale,

Bryghter than berall ;¹

Than to the earth gan she fall,

And thanked God intere.

The smyth had good game,

And fetched forth hys beldame,

Than they all thre in same

470

Kneled there in fere,

And helde vp theyr hands on hy[ght],

And thanked God wyth all theyr mygh[t],

That he had them so dyght,

¹ *Berall*, or *beryll*, i. e. crystal. Dunbar has the adjective *berial*—

“The cristall, the sapher firmament,

The ruby skyes of the orient,

Kest *beriall* bemes on emeraut bewis grene.”

Golden Targe (Poems, ed. Laing, i. 12).

Lyndsay, in the following passage, treats of it as synonymous with *mirror* :—

“And als he said, he wald gang se

Fair ladye Sensualitie,

The *beriall* of all bewtie,

And portratour preclair.”

Satyre of the Three Estaitis (Works,
by Chalmers, i. 367).

And mended theyr chere.
Ovr Lorde sayd to the smyth tho,
Loke thov brenne neuer mo,
For this craft I shal tel the,

Can thov neuer lere.

But here a poynt I gyue the, 480
The mayster shalt thov yet be
Of all thy craft trvely,

Wythovt any delay ;
What man of craft so euer be,
And he haue no helpe of the,
Thovghe he be neuer so sle,

Warke not he may.

Than our Lorde forth went,
And bad the smyth take good tent,
That he no mo folke brent, 490

By nyght nor yet by day.
Ovr Lorde thvs forth gan go,
And left them togyther so,
And dyd many a meruayle mo

In dyuers covntreis ;
He made many a croked ryght,
And gaue blynd men agayne theyr syght,
Dead men throvgh hys myght

He raysed fvl sone agayne ;
Leprovs made he clere, 500
Defe men for to here,
And other sycknesses in fere,

He heled them certayne :
All sycke men that to hym sovght,
And to hym that were brovght,

And loued lely in theyr thought,
 And were losed of theyr payne.
 Pray we all to hym thys,
 That syche a Lordy is,
 That he brynge vs to blys,
 That neuer shall mys. Amen.

510

Thys endeth the game,
 How the smyth brent hys dame,
 And after made [her] agayne,
 By ovr blessed Lord.

Finis.

C Imprinted at London in Nothburi ouer a-
 gainst Sainct Margarites church by me
 Wyllyam Copland.





The Booke in Meeter of Robin Conscience.

THE Booke in Meeter of Robin Conscience. [circa 1550.]
4to.

. . . See Mr. Collier's *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, ii. 402. Only a fragment, consisting of sig. A ij. and A iij, is known at present to exist.

The Booke in Meeter of Robin Conscience against his Father Couetousnesse, his Mother Newgise, and his Sister Proud Beautye. Very necessary to be read and marked of all people that will auoide the dangers thereof, which is vnto condemnation. Newly corrected by the Author. [Colophon]. ¶ At London printed by Edward Allde. n. d. 4to. 8 leaves, black letter.

Of the former of the two impressions here noticed, a fragment exists in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire. A copy of Allde's edition is preserved among Selden's books at Oxford, but it is imperfect at the beginning, and has two blank leaves after sig. A iii. *recto*. It would almost appear that the copy was never perfect, and that these leaves without any printing on them were the result of some typographical accident. A similar peculiarity occurred the other day in the case of a copy of Googe's *Eglogs*, &c, 1563, 8vo, which had two blank leaves in the middle. Fortunately they were duplicate, and the book was complete without them. It is a curious circumstance that

Mr. Collier, who reviewed the work in his *Annals of the Stage*, does not seem to have been aware of the edition from the press of Alldé, while Mr. Halliwell, who included the tract in his *Contributions to Early English Literature*, 1849, 4to, was evidently ignorant of the existence of the fragment of a far more ancient edition at Devonshire House. The latter is of peculiar importance as it furnishes some better readings, and supplies four out of the five stanzas missing in the Bodleian copy, although, unluckily, it does not assist in filling up the gap at the commencement of the piece.

Notwithstanding this defect it is well worthy a place in these volumes from the singularity of its structure, and the not unamusing nature of its contents. Edward Alldé began to print about 1584, and was dead in 1628, when his widow, Elizabeth Alldé, carried on business on her own account. This point, however, is not of very great consequence, inasmuch as *Robin Conscience* probably came from that press considerably prior to 1600.

In his "Extracts from the Stationers' Registers," ii. 91, Mr. Collier points out that a Second Part, or *Booke* of Robin Conscience once existed, and quotes one of the old Bodleian catalogues to show that that collection formerly possessed this sequel. It is now seemingly, however, not known to be extant in any of our repositories. The entries in the Stationers' Registers are as follows:—

"iij. Augusti [1579-80] Mr. [John] Walley. Lycensed unto him the Second booke of Robyn consyence, with ij. songes in iij. partes vi^d

"15 Januarii [1581-2] John Charlwood. Rd of him, for his lycense to printe theis Copies hereafter mentioned, &c. Copies which were Sampson [or John] Awdeleys, and now lycensed to the said John Charlwood."

Among these "copies" is *Robin Conscience*; but whether both parts are intended, or the first only, or the second only, does not at all appear. From the circumstance that the *seconde booke of Robyn Conscience* was, in August, 1580, the property of John Walley, and that the same was, in January, 1582, licensed to John Charlwood, having *previously* belonged to Sampson Awdeley, it might almost be inferred that the first book and the second book had separate proprietors; and this

hypothesis is to a certain extent strengthened by the next entry in the Registers, as follows:—

“[i. marcii, 1590-1] Mr. Robert Walley. Allowed unto him these copies folowinge, which were his futher's, viz:—

The Shepherdes Calendar.

Cato in English and Latyn.

The Proverbes of Saloman, English.

Salust and Bellum Jugurthinum.

Mr. Grafton's Computation.

Mr. Rastelles Computation.

Esopes fables, English.

Josephus de bello Juduico, English.

ROBYN CONSCIENCE iiiis.”

The phrase, “Newly corrected by the Author,” which is found on the title-page of Allde's edition, is not invariably authoritative; but it might be easily reconcilable with the probable fact in this case that the writer of *Robin Conscience*, whoever he was, was still living, thirty or forty years after the original appearance of the production, to superintend it again through the press, if it was not tolerably evident, from the character of the changes in the later texts, that they were the work of another hand.

On the 12th Oct. 1591, *Robin Conscience*, in two parts, had passed from Walley and was the property of Thomas Adams. On the Registers of the Stationers' Company the circumstance is thus recorded:—

“12 Octobr. [1591]. Tho Adams. Entred for his copies, by assignment from Mr. Robert Walley, these copies folowing, viz:—

The Shephardes Calendar in fo.

Josephus of the Warres of the Jewes.

Esopes fables in English.

Grafton's Computation.

Salust in English.

Ryches farewel.

Simonides, 1 pars.

Art of English Poetry.

ROBIN CONSCIENCE, 2 partes.

Rastell's tables.

Cato, English and latin.

Proverbes of Salomon, 16.

Richys Military practis.

Simonides, 2 pars."

See *Additional Notes* (*How a Marchant dyd hys Wyfe Betray*); *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. i. 141-2, and Mr. Collier's *Bridgewater Catalogue*, new ed. ii. 260.

But the editor confesses that he is not without some doubt whether, after all, the *Robin Conscience* mentioned in the Stationers' Registers was not a different book, now lost, like so many others. For here we have no *songs*, and songs are especially referred to in the Registers as if they formed an important feature in the proposed publication.

But, if the *Robin Conscience* licensed to Walley and other stationers was really identical with the present piece, which may be questionable, it does not necessarily follow that the songs mentioned in the entry at Stationers' Hall were expressly written for the poem, inasmuch as songs were frequently introduced at an early period into dramatic or quasi-dramatic compositions, without really belonging to them, or having formed part of the work, as it came from the hands of the author; and this appears to have been the case with the celebrated performance which occurs in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*—

“Back and side go bare, go bare —”

which was in existence before the play with which it came to be printed, as if it had been also from Still's pen.

The former reprint is not accurate, and all the marginal notes are omitted.



THE

BOOKE IN MEE-

ter of *Robin Conscience*:

againſt his Father Couetouſneſſe

his Mother Dewgiſe and his

Siſter *Proud Beautye*. Very neceſſary

to be read and marked of all peo-

ple that will auoide the dan-

gers thereof, which is

vnto condemna-

tion.

Newly corrected by the

Author.

Abacuc 2.

Curſed be he that getteth any thing into his houſe by
Couetouſneſſe.

Eſay 33.

He ſhall dwell with God that is without Couetneſſe.





[*Begins Imperfectly.*]



HIS way with God's word will not agree.
Wherefore, good Father, in time heere repent,
And haue a respect vnto Christ's Testament.

Father.

What, Robin, me thinks² thov hast little wit ;
Doost thov think scorne to come to promotion :
For³ to marry with gentills I trow it is fit,
Hauing with them of money a good portion ;
What though it be gotten by craft and extortion,
By the Masse, it is all my delight and pleavre
To haue heere abovndance of worldly treasvre.

Be ware of
10 extortion.¹

Robin.

By extortion, Father ? mary, God it forefend,
That any Christian man therin shovld delight :
Father, giue me no stolne goods my welth to amend,

¹ This note is also in the Devonshire copy.

² *My thinke*, Dev. copy.

³ This word is not in Selden's copy. It is supplied from the Dev. copy.

Vnlesse I doo liue by the poore man's right,
 As I feare that some doo,¹ both Lorde and Knight.
 Wherfore, good Father, in time heere repent,
 And haue a respect vnto Christ's Testament.

Father.

Ah, Robin, I perceiue now, so God me saue,
 That thou wilt be bvt a meane gentleman,
 Seeing yov be svch a Conscionable knaue ;
 Goe seeke thou thy liuing where that thou can ;
 Tvsh, what care I, though the people me ban.
 By the Masse, it is all my delight and pleavre
 To haue heere abovndance of worldly treasvre.

20

Robin.

Oh ! Father, seeke first heere the kingdome of Heauen,
 And gather yov vp of God's treasvre therin to lay :
 And not wicked Mammon to fvllill the sinnes seuen,
 For that were a verry right damnable way ;
 Remember, father, that yov be bvt earth and clay.
 Wherfore, good father, I pray yov yet repent,
 And haue a respect vnto Christ's Testament.

30

Father.

Robin, woldst thou not haue me to bvy and sell ?
 Nor yet to keepe in store for to doo me good ?

¹ *Some doth*, Dev. copy.

² This note is also in the Dev. copy. The latter for *conscionable* has *concinable*.

A shame-
 less an-
 swer for a
 Parent.²

By the masse, if I follow thee or the gospell,
 At the length I might chance to lye in my hood.
 Tvsh, I will be covnted heere for a lvyty blood,
 Seeing it is all my delight and pleavre :
 I will haue abovndance of worldly treasvre.

Men may
 buy and sell
 and keepe
 in store, so
 it be doon
 lawfully,
 and in a
 right caus.

Robin.

Father, yov haue enovgh, if yov haue not too mvch,
 For¹ this I dare be bolde heere to auow :
 Yov haue ten times more grovnd and money in yovr
 hvte,

Be liberal
 vnto the
 poore.

Then euer had my Grand-sire, yov will this allow ;
 Yet he kept² a better hovse then euer did yov.
 Wherfore, good father, amend and repent,
 And haue a respect vnto Christ's Testament.

Father.

Tvsh, Robin, thy talke is foolish and fond,
 I know thy minde what³ thov goest abovt :
 Thov wovldst haue me to⁴ liue only by my land,
 And to keepe open hovse for euery Jack lovt ;
 No, I will feast none bvt the rvfling rovt.
 For it is all my delight and pleavre
 To haue heere abovndance of worldly treasvre.

50

¹ This word is not in Dev. copy.

² *Kepe*, Dev. copy.

³ Allde's ed. has *that*.

⁴ This word is not in Allde's edition.

Robin.

Father, I wold haue yov liue¹ so that God may be
 pleased,
 And for yovr good life God will giue yov meede:
 Father, spend yovr goods so that the poore may be eased,
 For yovr riches be lent yov to doo svch a deede,²
 And not to spende³ all on the rich, for they haue no
 neede.
 Wherefore, good father, in time yet repent,
 And haue a respect vnto Christ's Testament.

Father.

By the masse, Robin, I think thov art mad, 60
 Shovld I feast beggers? mary, fie for shame,
 I dare say it wold make some gentlemen sad,
 That all rich men shovld haue svch a name.
 Yea, I my selfe will confesse the same,
 Seeing it is my whole delight and pleavre,
 To haue heere abovndance of worldely treasvre.⁵

The bread
 of the
 needfull
 is the life
 of the
 poore.
 Eccles.
 34.⁴

Robin.⁶

¹ Allde's edition has *to liue*.

² Dev. copy has *such as neede*.

³ Allde's edition has *do not spende*.

⁴ This note is also in the Dev. copy.

⁵ This line, in consequence of a leaf being here wanting in Selden's copy, was omitted by Mr. Halliwell in his reprint.

⁶ A stanza is here deficient.

Father.¹

What gypppe, Robin, gypppe boy, gypppe hereticke and
fole !

Now Goddes dere curse I geve the and mine.

Mary, syr, ye haue gone to longe to schole

A gaynst my riches and welth to repyn ;

By the masse, yf thov to the Scriptvre incline,

Be svre that I wyll neuer do the pleasor

Nor yet neuer helpe the, with none of my treasurer.

70

The re=
buke and
admoni=
cion of the
genera=
cyon of
Satan.

Robin.

O father, father, yet arise vp and awake

Ovt of thys slepe of evrsed couetovs snare.

God wyllynge, I wyll neuer Godes worde forsake,

Nether for yov, nor for worldlye welfare,

Good father, now leaue here yovr carpe and care :

For you haue ynovgh ; wherfore be content,

79

Onles yov [wyll] be dampned at the daye of idgement.

Father.

What, dampned, Robin ? mary, that were a toye.

Tvsshe, a dewe, farwell : for I mvst departe.

Ah, Robin, Robin, thov art a shrovd boy,

For thy wordes pearceth me euen to the hart :

Well, yet I wyll go walke downe vnto my cart,

For [I do] nothyng, Robin, bvt for my pleasor,

Oh, howe my hart is styll vpon worldlye treasurer.

Where a
mans hart
is, there is
his God.

¹ This and the next three stanzas are wanting in the Selden copy, which recommences at *Heere beginneth*, &c.

Robin.

Repent, father, repent, for yovr goodes is yovr God :
 Repent, or els yov be for euer in a dampnable case.
 Be ware, father, for our Lorde wyll stryke wyth his
 rod,

90

God knoweth how, or in what time or space.
 Father, God wyllynge, I will home to yovr place,
 To covnsell my mother also to repent,
 For bothe of yov be neye uoyde of all grace,
 Wherefore applye yov in tyme to be penytent.
 [And to haue a respect vnto Christ's Testament.]

Finis.

Here endeth Robin and his Father.



Heere beginneth Mother *Newgise*¹
 to talk with Robin her Sonne, onely for the
 ease and pleasvre of this world. Uery neces-
 sary to be read and marked of all newfangled
 women, that they may auoide the de-
 sires therof.

Mother.

Soone Robert, I heard say that yovr father and yov
 Haue had, since yov went, great commvnication

¹ It is probable that *Newgise* was a cant expression, at the time when *Robin Conscience* was written, to signify a new

Concerning ovr welth, which yov will not allow ;
 Yov are of svch a strange holy fashion ;
 Bvt this shalbe only my preparation, 100
 To liue and goe gentle-like, gallant and gay,
 Seeing it is my cheefe desire alway.

Robin.

Mother, like as I said of late vnto my father,
 Euen so I say now vnto yov certaine :
 I wold wish yov to desire God's kingdome rather,
 Then either welth, ease, pleasvre or gaine ;
 Mother, beware of apparell, for it is bvt uaine ;
 Wherefore, good Mother, marke this thing well :
 Yet liue and goe Christian like after the Gospell.

Mother.

Sonne, I will liue easily now in mine olde age, 110
 And also goe as gallantly as I can deuise :

A wicked
 desire of
 new fan-
 gled wo-
 men.

fashion which had then lately sprung up in dress and deport-
 ment. In Lyndsay's *Satyre of the Three Estaitis*, FALSET says
 to FLATTERIE :—

“Therefor, my deir brother, devyse
 To find sum toy of the *new gyse*.”

And elsewhere this writer employs the same term in a similar
 manner :—

“Scho is wantoun, and scho is wise,
 And cled scho is on the *new gise*.”

Satyre of the Three Estaitis (Works, by
 Chalmers, i. 371).

Skelton, in his *Magnyfycence*, line 855, refers to the “new
 gise,” as to some change in female dress of an extravagant
 description, which had then recently been introduced. Of course
 it was a term which would be always applicable to a revolution
 in costume.

What, though the people doo raile and rage,
 And say, that I goe painted vp like bvtter-flyes,
 I will haue my clothes made of the new gise.
 To liue and goe gentle like, gallant and gay,
 Oh, Sonne, it is my cheefe desire alway.

Robin.

Yet, mother, remember the uertvoys good wiues,
 As Sara, Rebecca and Rachell, with many other moe :
 Which clothed them-selues all the dayes of their liues
 With shamefastnes, chastitie and sobrietie also, 120
 Which contrary to their hvsband's minde would not goe;
 Wherfor, good mother, marke this thing well,
 To liue and goe Christian like after the gospell.

Mother.

Sonne, what though yovr father would not haue me goe
 clad

Women
 of an euill
 condition.

Now after my minde by him in gorgiovs apparrell :
 Shovld I be rvled by him? nay, then I were mad,
 Yet had I rather with him pick a qvarrell,
 Though I for my labovr had straight of the barrell.
 For to liue and goe gentle like, gallant and gay,
 By the masse, it is my cheefe desire alway. 130

Robin.

O mother, ye be now in a wicked minde.
 Seeing yov will disobay yovr hvsband for this :
 Yov show yovr selfe to be vnnatvrall and vnkinde,

And that yov haue giuen him many a Jvdas kisse,
 Yovr act will declare how yov haue doon amisse.
 Wherefore, good mother, marke this thing well,
 Yet liue and goe Christian like after the Gospell.

Mother.

Sonne, I will liue gentle like and goe at my pleavre,
 Seeing thy father for his svbstance might be a gentle-
 man :

And though he were poore and had bvt little treasvre,
 Yet woud I goe gallantly, say he what he can, 141
 For I woud borrow, or els pledge pot, kettle or pan,
 To liue and goe gentle like, gallant and gay,
 Seeing it is my cheefe desire alway.

A pointe
 of an vn-
 thrifte
 Huswife.

Robin.

O mother, I think yov are past all shame,
 Yov woud make a right good man to fret :
 Think yov by yovr pledging to get yov good name ?
 Or by bringing yovr hvsband into danger or det ?
 Fye, that either rich or poore their mindes thvs shoud
 set,
 To maintaine their pride : wherefore marke this thing
 well : 150
 Liue and goe Christian like after the gospell.

Mother.

Am I past shame, thov peelde¹ apish boy ?

¹ This word originally signified *bald*, or (of land) *barren*. Thus

The brag
of affinity
that com=
meth of
nobility.

Thov malapert knaue, controlest thov me?
Thov shalt fare the worsse, I swere by Saint Loy,¹

in the fourth part of the *Image of Ypocrysy*, the author, speaking of the priests, says:—

“God knoweth all and some,
What is and hath bene done,
Syns the world begone,
Of russet, gray, and white,
That sett their hole delighte
In lust and lechery,
In thefte and trechery,
In lowsy lewdenes,
In synne and shrodenes,
In crokednes acurst,
Of all people the worste,
Marmosettes and apes,
That with your *pild* pates
Mock vs with your iapes.”

Dunbar (*Poems*, ed. Laing, i. 150) treats *peild* as equivalent to barren, or naked, in a passage where he is speaking of ground stripped of pasture. His expression is, “pastouris plane and peild.”

But in the present passage we are to understand the term in a purely cant way, as a synonym for *confounded*, or *rascally*. Thus in a ballad by John Redford, printed at the end of the *Marriage of Wit and Science* (Shakesp. Soc. ed. p. 63), we have:—

“We have so many lasshes to lerne this *peelde* songe,
That I wyll not lye to you now and then among;
Out of our butokes we may plucke the stumpes thus long!”

And similarly in the *Flyting betwixt Montgomery and Polwart* (Poems of Alexander Montgomery, ed. 1821, p. 106):—

“Wee will heir tydance, *peil'd* Polwart, of thy pow,
Many yeald yow hast thou cald ouer a know.”

¹ Saint Loy was the patron of smiths. See Fosbroke's *Cyclopædia*, where the author quotes Fuller's *Church History*, and the

Or any that are of thy sect or propertie ;
 Wilt thou be against my estate or degre ?
 I come of the stocke to goe gallant and gay :
 Wherefore it is my cheefe desire alway.

Robin.

Mother, I doo not dispraise your stocke,
 Nor yet your owne person will I discommend, 160
 But I would haue you so liue to be of Christ's flocke,
 And so aske God mercy, with pride whom ye offend ;
 This is the hurt that I you pretend.
 Wherefore, good mother, marke this thing well,
 Liue and goe Christian like after the Gospell.

Mother.

I pray thee, Sonne Robert, tell me no such tale,

Legenda Aurea. This saint is introduced into the *Image of Iocrys* in no particularly appropriate manner, seemingly to make out the rhyme. The writer is, as usual, anathematizing the order of priests:—

“ The father of foles,
 And ignorance of scoles,
 The helper of harlettes,
 And captain of verlettes,
 The cloke of all vnthriftes,
 And captain of all caytifes,
 The leader of truwantes,
 And chefe of all tyrauntes,
 As hinde as an hogge,
 And kinde as any dogge,
 The shipwrake of Noye,—
 Christ saue the and Saint Loy !”

See Taylor's *Wit and Mirth*, 1630, No. 13.

A proude enterprise
of the base
sorte of
some wo-
men now
a dayes.

For I will goe frocked and in a french hood :
I will haue my fine Cassockes and my rovnd Uerdingale,
Like one that came of a noble borne blood ;
By the masse, to think of it, it dooth my hart good,
To liue and goe gentle like, gallant and gay : 171
Oh, it is my cheefe desire alway.

Robin.

With Nobilitie, mother, yov may not compare,
Although ye be rich heere in worldly svbstance :
Neither with apparrell nor yet ordinary fare,
To be eqvall with them yov may not yovrselfe inhavnce ;
For they haue their uocation, and yov haue bvt yovr
chance.
Wherfore, good mother, marke this thing well :
Liue and goe Christian like after the Gospell.

Mother.

Sonne, liue they not Christian like that banket at the
wine? 180
And goeth in their billaments of fine pearle and golde?
Also with broadered haire whervnto they incline,
Spending mvch yeerly this trade to vpholde,
Thvs setting foorth them selues, both yong and olde.
Is not this Christian like, gallant and gay?
Sonne, this doo I cheefly desire alway.

Robin.

Christian like, mother? no, I will not so say,

Bvt heathen indeed sych pompe doo vse :
 Saint Pavle and Saint Peter dooth set foorth the array,
 What Christian women shovld take and refvse, 190
 Weare sober apparrell bvt desire no newes.
 Wherefore, good mother, marke this thing well :
 Liue and goe Christian like after the Gospell.

Marke
well.

Mother.

To weare sober apparrell, what meanest thou by that ?
 My clothes are not drunke, I wovld thou shovldst
 knowe :
 I think thov speakest by my red silk hat,
 Bvt and I liue another yeer, I will haue a better showe ;
 I will not goe thvs slvttishly, I trowe.
 To liue and goe gentle like, gallant and gay,
 Seeing it is my cheefe desire alway. 200

Robin.

Mother, the sober apparrell that I do meane,
 Is sadnes, wisdome, uertve and learning :
 Also yovr bodily apparell is comely to be scene,
 For yovr degree euen now in yovr going.
 It is not symptvovs apparrell that is to God's pleasing,
 Bvt a decent order ; wherefore marke this thing well ;
 Liue and goe Christian like after the gospell.

Apparell
for womē
both holy
dayes and
woorking
dayes.

Mother.

Sonne, holde thy peace, for thy talke makes me weary ;

The desperat
minde of
wicked
women.

A, Robin, Robin, thou art a shrowd toward Childe:
If thy father were of thy minde, I could not be merry,
Nay, I had rather be dead, by sweet Mary milde. 201
Farwell, if thou proouest not a knaue I am begvilde.
If I do not liue gentle like, to goe gallant and gay,
By the masse, I would I were hanged vp out of the
way.

Robin.

Svch a tree, svch frvte from it dooth proceed.
Fye, mother, fye, that yov wish yov svch ill!
Repent yovr speaking and beware of the deed,
Vnlesse both yovr soule and body yov doo kill:
I feare that the deuill with yov hath wroght his will.
Now will I to my Sister to giue her some covnsell, 210
For she hath many tricks to bring her vnto hell.

Finis.

She deuils are hard to tvrne.



Heere *Prowd Beautye* beginneth to
talke with Robin her Brother, for her proud fancye
and wanton dallying: Very necessary to be read and
marked of all Maydens that seeke the vaine glory of
this world, and the vncomly trickes therin, that
*they may auoide the dangers therof: for feare
of condemnation.*

The Maide.

Brother Robert, yesterday, as I vnderstand,

With my father and mother yov were offended :
 With her for her apparrell, and with him for his land ;
 Thov woldst by the gospell haue them amended ;
 Mary, I with my selfe haue thvs pretended
 To be faire and feate, nice and neate, is a gay thing :
 To colly and kis, my pleasvre it is, for all yovr new
 learning.

The
 name of
 Gods
 woord to
 the blas=
 phemie
 therof.

Robin.

New learning, Sister? What, yov be uery bolde
 Thvs disdainfvly to giue it sych a name : 220
 God's woord indeed is both new and olde,
 To set a woorke all things in right frame ;
 Bvt yov boast of knackes that will bring yov to shame.
 Wherefore, measvre yovr pleasvre by God's woord and
 will,
 And yov shall finde that yovr minde is whorish and ill.

Maide.

What, whorish? yov knaue, by the blessed masse,
 Whore I am thvs to sweare, God giue the sorrow !
 Dovt not if I can bring my matters to passe,
 I will haue knacks indeed (yov knaue) by to morrow ;
 Yet will I for them neither beg, steale, nor borrow. 220
 Oh, to be faire and feate, nice and neate, is a gay
 thing :
 To colly and kis, my pleasvre it is, for all yovr new
 learning.

Evill
 woords
 corrupt
 good
 maners.

Robin.

Sister, it becommeth maides to be gentle of speach,

Both to man, wife, and childe, whersoever they goe :
That yovr words and woorkes yovr children may
teache

To liue in the feare of God heerafter also ;
Would yov be and doo as yov list? No, sister, no.
Bvt measvre yovr pleasvre by God's woord and will,
And yov shall finde that yovr minde is whorish and ill.

Maide.

Jack savce (I say) thov lovt, thov hoddie peake,¹ 240
I defie thy teaching I wold thov know :
Doost thov take vpon thee to learne me speake?
By the masse, bvt for shame thov shovldst beare me a
blow ;
As I am of person so my behaviovr shall show.
Oh, to be faire and feate, nice and neate, is a gay thing :
To colly and kis, my pleasvre it is, for all yovr new
learning.

Robin.

Salomon declareth this by the beavtifvll rovt,
A faire woman² withovt discrete manners (saith he)
Is like a ring of golde on a Swines snovt,
The which is a thing, sister, vncomely to see, 250
And now svrely by yov it well may spoken be ;

¹ " They make all men cry creak,
Or fry them as a steak ;
Adieu ! Sir Huddipeake "—

Image of Ypocrisy.

² " As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman
which is without discretion."—*Proverbs* xi. 22.

If yov measvre yovr pleasvre by God's woord and will,
Yov shall finde that yovr minde is whorish and ill.

Maide.

By my troth, for a knaue I will thee allow :
All the dayes of thy life thov shalt be none other :
Doost thov liken me and my maners vnto a sow ?
Mary, I defie thee, though thov art my brother.
Sir, my fashions doo please my father and mother.
Oh, to be faire and feate, nice and neate, is a gay thing :
To colly and kis, my pleasvre it is, for all yovr new
learning.

269

Robin.

Sister, can yov be fayrer then God hath yov made,
Feater or neater, by polieye or wit ?
I aske yov, becavse yovr covlovr oft dooth fade,
And yovr clothes uery grossely abovt yov do sit,
If yov vse anything not honest and fit ;
Then measvre yovr pleasvre by God's woord and will,
And yov shall finde that yovr minde is whorish and ill.

Maide.

If God make my face as browne as a berry,
I can painte it white and rvddish withall ;
And if God make me looke as red as a Cherry,
I can drie vp my blood with Chalke in a wall ;
If God make me grosse, I can pent my selfe small.
To be faire and feate, nice and neate, is a gay thing :
To colly and kisse, my pleasvre it is, for all yovr new
learning.

270

The prat-
tises and
motions
of Sathan
and are
used of
those that
be his fa-
thers dar-
lings now
a dayes.

Robin.

Oh, what a damnable euill, that either Christian or
 Tyrke
 Shovld trans-forme them selues from their first creation :
 What Lvcifer woman will amend God's woorke.
 They farre excell the Sodomites in this abomination :
 O pride ovt of meavre ! O sathans generation !
 Meavre this pleavre by God's woord and will, 280
 And yov shall finde that yovr minde is whorish and ill.

Maide.

The wor-
 kes of the
 euill.

Tvsh, I can dye my haire ; be it neuer so black,
 I can make it shine like golde in a little space :
 Also to tire vp my head I haue sveh a knack,
 That some maides will delight to follow my trace.
 I can lay ovt my haire to set ovt my face :
 Oh, to be faire and feate, nice and neate, is a gay
 thing :
 To colly and kisse, my pleavre it is, for all yovr new
 learning.

Robin.

To dye and to fleare yovr haire so abroad,
 Svrelly, sister, yov doo it shamfvllly vse : 290
 For with the Scriptvres it dooth not accord,
 That maides nor wiues their haire shovld so abyse ;
 Couer it for shame : it is the vse of the stves.
 Therfore meavre yovr pleavre by God's woord and
 will,
 And yov shall finde that yovr minde is whorish and ill.

Maide.

Brother, thou art but a fooler me thus to cheeke,
 For I will haue my Pomanders¹ of most sweet smell:
 Also my Chaines of golde to hang about my necke,
 And my broadered haire while I at home dwell;
 Stomachers of golde becommeth me well. 300
 To be faire and feate, nice and neate, is a gay thing:
 To colly and kis, my pleasure it is, for all your new
 learning.

The de-
 king and
 balming
 of proud
 living
 Idols.

Robin.

Sister, in the third of Esay,² the Lord saith plaine,
 For your broadered hairs you shall haue baldnes:
 For your Chaines of golde you shall haue halters
 certaine
 For your Pomanders and mvske, you shall haue stink
 dovtles:
 And for your stomachers, sack-cloth; this he dooth
 confes.

¹ See Mr. Halliwell's Account of his *Elizabethan Antiquities, Curiosities, &c.* privately printed, 1852, 4to. At p. 104, there is a drawing of a very fine silver pomander of the time of Queen Elizabeth, with a chain attached to it for the purpose of hanging it about the neck or suspending it from the girdle. But the pomander was also carried in the pocket, as probably in the present passage the writer intended to convey that it was.

² "And it shall come to pass, *that* instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle a rent; and instead of well set hair baldness; and instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty."—*Isaiah* iii. 24.

Wherefore measvre yovr pleasvre by God's woord and
will,
And yov shall finde that yovr minde is whorish and ill.

Maide.

Feare and
shame
much sin
doth tame.

If the Lord plagve all those that so leade their liues, 310
With halters and stinkings and with baldnes of head :
Great shame it will be both for maidens and wiues,
That so tire them selues dayly till they goe to bed ;
To be thvs plagved, marry, I had rather to be dead.
To be faire and feate, nice and neate, is a gay thing :
To colly and kis, my pleasvre it is, for all yovr new
learning.

Robin.

Sister, yovr colling and kissing will haue an euill end ;
To clatter and flatter is no maidenlike way :
Yovr gladnes and madnes doth God sore offend,
To intice men to uice is all yovr cheefest play : 320
In their sight yovr delight is for to goe gay.
Wherefore measvre yovr pleasvre by God's woord and
will,
And yov shall finde that yovr minde is whorish and ill.

Maide.

I perceiue that thov wovldst haue me liue like a mome
I will talke no more with thee, for I mvst depart ;
By the masse, if thov shovldst dwell long at home,
My mother and I might beshrew thy hart.
If thov by thy talking shovldst my father conuert,

Then his welth, her pleasvre, my pastime and dallying,
Were elene dispatched by this new learning. 330

Robin.

Sister, God haue yov and saue yov, if it be his pleasvre,
And pretend to amend, for yovr life is now euill :
Look in God's book to haue heauenly treasvre ;
There seek to be meek yovr provd hart to kill ;
Make haste for to taste of God's holy will,
For it is health and welth to those that be penitent :
Wherefore yet euermore delight in Christ's Testament.

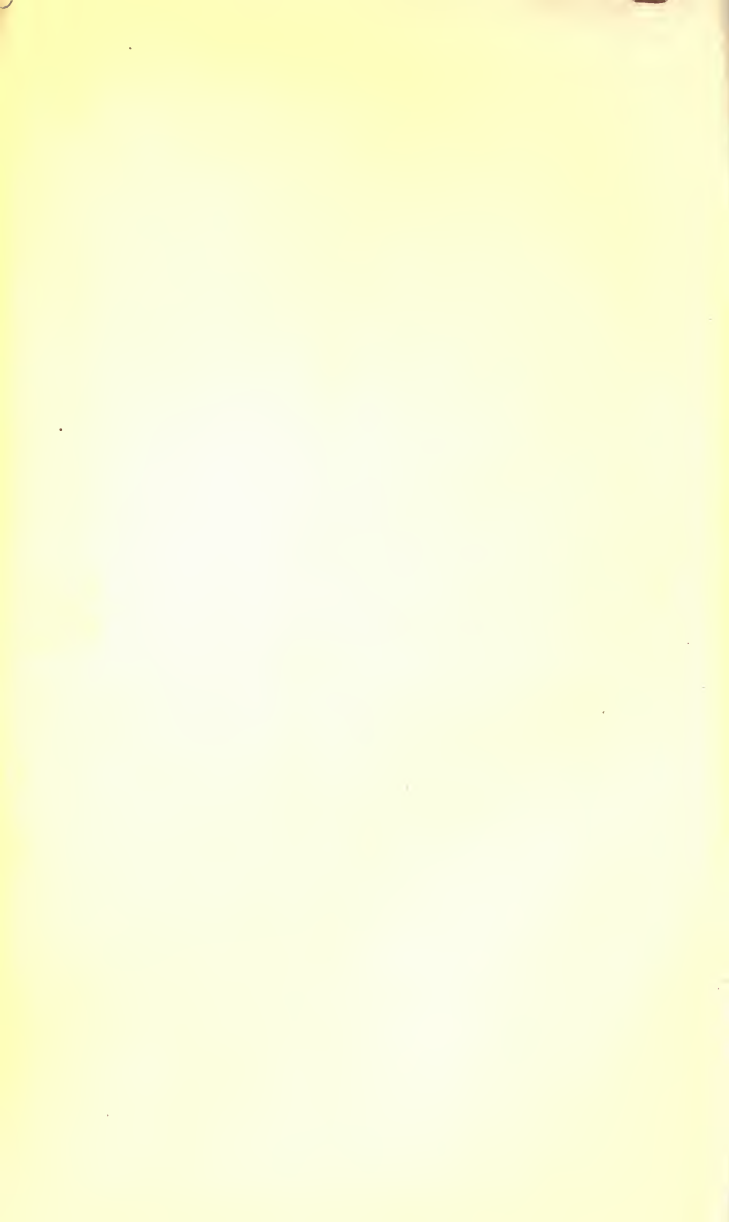
Finis.

TO talke well with some women dooth as mvch
good,
As a sicke man to eate vp a loade of greene wood.

At London

Printed by Edward

Allde.





A Pore Helpe.

THIS title, with the four lines underneath it, which occur on the following page, is enclosed in a curious border of German design, embellished with figures of the Muses, Graces, and other classical subjects. The production consists of three leaves, without date or head-line, and commences on the back of the title. Mr. George Waring observes, in forwarding to the editor his transcript of the Bodleian copy:—

“Mr. Douce, according to his custom of attributing any piece written in the Skeltonical short verse to Skelton himself, gives him the credit of this poem in a note he has made on the fly-leaf. He says also, ‘It is supposed that no other copy than the present is in existence.’ He refers to Strype’s *Eccle. Mem.* vol. ii. 55; the piece is printed in the appendix. ‘Analysed in the *Censura Literaria*, vol. vii. 337, from the present copy.’ The few points of the black letter are given. It might probably have been printed abroad from the typography and title. Was it by William Roy?”

Mr. Douce has further written on the fly-leaf of the original tract, “The frontispiece [title-page] is a copy of one used by some German printer, and which occurs likewise in the English books printed by Hans Lufft.” See Herbert, who calls the Muses and Graces “naked dancing women.” Douce corrects Herbert; but if the figures referred to *were* intended for Muses and Graces they were decidedly of the Flemish school of beauty and art. The title is, at any rate, of a nature which could scarcely be reproduced consistently with decency, but the letter-press

portion of it is a faithful representation of the original. Only the border has been changed.

A Pore Helpe was written in opposition to the principles of the Reformation, and is an extremely curious relic. It is here re-produced with the utmost fidelity; but the punctuation is modern.

A second copy appears to be in the Public Library at Cambridge. It was reprinted by Strype in his *Memorials of Cranmer*.





A pore helpe,



The bukler and defence
Of mother holy kyrke,
And weapē to driue hence
All that against her wircke







WYLL none in all this lande
Step forth and take in hande
These felowes to withstande,
In nombre lyke the sande,

That with the Gospell melles,
And wyll do nothyng elles
But trathynge tales telles
Against our holy prelatie
And holy churches dygnitie,
Sayinge it is but papistrie,
Yea, fayned, and Hipocrisy,
Erronious and heresy,
And taketh their auctoritic
Out of the holy Euangelie.
All customes ceremoniall,
And rytes ecclesiasticall,
Not grounded on scripture,
No longer to endure.

And thus ye maye be sure,
The people they alure,
And drawe them from your lore.
The whiche wyll greue you sore.
Take hede, I saye, therefore,

10

20

Your nede was neuer more ;
But sens ye be so slacke,
It greueth me alacke,
To heare behynde your backe,
Howe they wyll carpe and cracke,
And none of you that dare
Withe¹ one of them compare ;
Yet some there be that are
So bolde to shewe theyr ware :
And is no priest nor deacon,
And yet wyll fyre his becone
Agaynst suche felowes frayle
Make out with tothe and nayle,
And hoyste vp meyne sayle,
And manfully to fight
In holy prelates ryght
With penne, and yuke, and paper ;
And lyke no trifynge Japer
To touche these felowes in dede
With all expedient spede,
And not before it nede.
And I, in dede, am he
That wayteth for to se
Who dare so hardy be
To encounter here with me.
I stande here in defence
Of some that be far hence,
And can both blysse and sence ;

30

40

50

¹ Old ed. has *whiche*.

And also vndertake
Ryght holy thynges to make.
Yea, God within a cake,
And who so that forsake
His breade shall be dowe bake.
I openly professe
The holy blyssed masse
Of strength to be no lesse
Then it was at the fyrst.
But I wolde se who durst
Set that a monge the worst,
For he shulde be acurst
With boke, bell, and candell.
And so I wolde hym handell
That he shulde ryght well knowe
Howe to escape I trowe,
So harty on his heade,
Depraue our holy breade ;
Or els to prate or patter
Agaynst our holy watter.
This is a playne matter :
It nedeth not to flatter,
They be suche holy thynges
As hath ben vsed with kynges.
And yet these lewde loselles
That bragge vpon theyr Gospelles
At ceremonies swelles,
And at our christined belles,
And at our longe gownes,
And at our shauen crownes,

60

70

80

And at your typttes fyne,
The Jauelles wyll repyne.
They saye ye leade euyl lyves
With other mennes wyues,
And wyll none of your owne ;
And so your sede is sowne
In other mennes grounde,
True wedlocke to confounde.
Thus do they rayle and raue, 90
Callynge euery priest knaue
That loueth messe to saye,
And after ydle all daye.
They wolde not haue you playe
To dryue the tyme awaye ;
But brabble on the Byble,
Whiche is but vnpossible
To be learned in all your lyfe,
Yet therin be they ryfe,
Whiche maketh all this stryfe ; 100
And also the Paraphrasies,
Moche dyfferyng from your portaises,
They wolde haue dayly vsed,
And portaise cleane refused.
But they shall be accused
That haue so farre abused
Theyr tongues agaynst suche holynes,
And holy churches busynes,
Made hundred yeares ago :
Great clearkes affyrmeth so, 110
And other many mo,
That searched to and fro,

In scripture for to fynde
What they myght leaue behynde,
For to be kept in mynde
Amonge the people blynde,
As wauerynge as the wynde.
And wrote therof such bokes,
That who so on them lokes,
Shall fynde them to be clarkes, 120
As proueth by theyr warkes;
And yet there be that bareke,
And saye they be but darcke.
But harke, ye loulars, harke!
So well we shall you marcke,
That yf the worlde shall turne,
A sorte of you shall burne.
Ye durst as well, I saye,
Within this two yeares daye,
As soone to runne awaye, 130
As suche partes to playe.
When some dyd rule and reyne,
And auncient thynges mayntayne,
Whiche nowe be counted vayne,
And brought into dysdayne;
Such men, I saye, they were
As loued not this geare,
And kept you styll in feare,
To burne, or faggottes bere.
Then durst ye not be bolde, 140
Agaynst our learnynges olde,
Or images of golde,
Whiche nowe be bought and solde;

And were the laye mannes boke,
Wheron they ought to loke,
One worde to speake a mysse,
Can ye saye nay to this?
No, no, ye foles, I wysse
A thyng to playne it is.
Then dyd these clarkes diuyn
Dayly them selues encline
To proue and to defyne
That Christes body aboue,
Which suffered for our loue,
And dyed for our behoue,
Is in the sacrament
Fleshe, bloude, and bone present;
And breade and wyne awaye,
Assone as they shall saye
The wordes of consecracion
In tyme of celebration.
So muste it be in dede
Thoughe it be not in the crede.
And yet these felowes newe
Wyll saye it is not true.
Christes body for to vewe
With any bodyly eye.
That do they playne deny,
And stifly stande therby;
And enterpryse to wryght,
And also to endyght,
Bokes both great and small
Agaynst these fathers all,

150

160

170

And heresy it call.

That any man shulde teache

Or to the people preache

Suche thynges without theyr reache.

And some there be that saye,

That Christ cannot all day

Be kept within a box,

180

Nor yet set in the stockes,

Nor hydden lyke a fox,

Nor presoner vnder lockes,

Nor clothed with powdred armyne,

Nor bredeth styntyng vermyne,

Nor dweleth in an howse,

Nor eatyn of a mouse,

Nor rotten is nor rustye,

Nor moth eaten nor mustye,

Nor lyght as is a fether,

190

Nor blowne awaye with wether,

Nor moulde or he be spent,

Nor yet with fyre be brente,

Nor can no more be slayne,

Nor offered vp agayne.

Blessed sacrament, for thy passion

Here and se our exclamacion

Agaynst these men of newe facion,

That stryue agaynst the holy nacion

And Jest of them in playes,

200

In tauerns and hye wayes,

And theyr good actes dysprayse ;

And martyrs wolde them make

That brent were at a stake ;
 And synge, pype mery annot,¹
 And play of wyll not cannot.
 And as for cannot and wyll not,
 Though they speake not of it it skylle not,
 For a noble clarke of late,
 And worthy in estate, 210
 Hath played with them chekmate,
 Theyr courage to abate ;
 And telles them suche a tale
 As makes theyr bonettes vale,
 And marreth cleane the sale
 Of all theyr whole pass[t]yme,
 And all is done in ryme.
 Oh, what a man is this,
 That yf he coude, I wysse,
 Wolde mende that is a mysse. 220
 His meanyng is in dede,
 That yf he myght well spede,
 And beare some rule agayne,
 It shulde be to theyr payne.
 I thynke they were but worthye,
 Because they be so sturde,
 To rayle agaynst the wycke
 Of our mother holy kyrke.
 Yet some there be in fume,
 And proudly do presume 230

¹ This is the opening and burden of the song which Tibet, Annot, and Margerie sing in *Ralph Royster Doyster*, act i. sc. iij. It is very probable that the song was older than the play, in which it occurs.

Unto this learned man
To answer and they can ;
And wene they had the grace
His balad to deface.

And trowe ye that wyll bee ?
Nay, nay, beleue ye me,
I take my marke amys,
If once he dyd not mys
A very narowe his.

Well, yf you come agayne,
Maye happen twelue men
Shall do as they dyd then.
Haue you forgote the bar
That euer there you war,
And stode to make and mar ?

240

By god and by the coūtrei,
You had a narowe entrey.
Take hede of coram nobis,
We wyll reken with vobis

If you come agayne.

250

We wyll knowe who pulled the henne,
For all your bolde courage
You maye paye for the potage.
And are you now so bragge,
You maye come to lagge,
Your happe may be to wagge
Upon a wodden nagge ;
Or els a fayre fyre

May happe to be your hyer.

Take hede least you tyer

260

And lye downe in the myer.

Holde fast by the mane,
 By the masse it is no game,
 If my Lorde were not lame,
 You wyl all be tame.
 When you heare hym next,
 Marke well his text;
 He hath ben curstly vext.
 I feare me he be wext
 A popistant stout,
 Surely all the rout
 That heres hym shall doubt;
 He wyl be in and out,
 Prowlynge rounde about,
 To get forth the snout.
 If prayer maye do good
 All the whole broode,
 Skuruy, skabed, and skalde,
 Shauen, shorne, and balde,
 Pore priestes of Baule,
 We praye for hym all
 Unto the God of breade.
 For yf he be deade
 We maye go to bed,
 Blyndefylde and beled,
 Without rag or shred;
 But I am sore adred
 I se hym loke so red,
 Yet I durste ley my heade,
 As doctor fryer sayde,
 He hath some what in store.
 Well, you shall knowe more,

270

280

290

Herken well, therfore,
Some shall paye the skore.
He hath ben a pardoner,
And also a garddener ;
He hath ben a vytailer,
A lordly hospytelar,
A noble teacher,
And so so a preacher. 300
Thoughe Germyn his man
Were hanged, what than ?
Saye worsse, and you can
Best let hym alone ;
For Peter, James, and John,
And Apostles euery one,
I gyue you playne warnynge,
Had neuer suche learnynge
As hath this famous clarke.
He is learned be beyond the marke. 310
And also maister huggarde¹
Doth shewe hym selfe no sluggarde,
Nor yet no dronken druggarde ;
But sharpeth vp hys wyt,
And frameth it so fyt,
These yonkers for to hyt,
And wyll not them permyt
In erreoure styll to syt ;
As it maye well apeare
By his clarkely answer, 320
The whiche intitled is

¹ Miles Huggard.

Agaynst what meaneth this.
A man of olde sorte,
And wryteth not in sporte ;
But answereth earnestly,
Concludynge heresy.
And yet, as I trowe,
Some bluster and blowe
And crake as they crowe ;
But nettes wyll we laye 330
To cache them yf we maye ;
For yf I begynne
I wyll brynge them in,
And feche in my cosens
By the whole dosens,
And call them coram nobis,
And teache them dominus vobis ;
With his et cum spiritu tuo,
That holy be both duo,
When they be sayde and songe, 340
In holy latyn tongue,
And solemne belles be ronge.
But these babes be to yonge,
Perkyng vpon theyr patins,
And fayne wolde haue the mattens,
And eueinge songe also,
In Englishe to be do ;
With mariage and baptyssinge,
Buryalles and other thyng,
In vulgare tongue to saye and synge. 350
And so they do it newly
In dyuerse places truly,

Sayinge, they do but duely,
Mayntainynge it in any wyse,
So shulde they do theyr seruyce.

Alas, who wolde not mone,
Or rather grunt or grone,¹

To se suche seruyce gone,
Whiche saued many one
From deadly synne and shame,
And many a spote of blame ;
From purgatorye payne,
And many showre of rayne.

360

Well, yet I saye agayne,
Some honest men remayne,
And kepe theyr customes styll,
And euer more wyll.

Wherfore, in dede, my read is
To take you to your beades ;

All men and women, I saye,

370

That vseth so to praye.

That suche good priestes maye

Contynue so alwaye ;

Or els, none other lyke,

But al lyeth in the dyke.

And loke ye do not faynt,

But praye to some good saynt

That he maye make restraint

Of all these straunge facions

And great abomynacions.

380

Because I maye not tary

¹ Orig. has *groue*, the *n* being misprinted *u*.

I praye to swete syr Harry,
A man that wyl not vary,
And one that is no sculker,
But kan. knyghte of the Sepulchre,
That he maye stande fast
And be not ouer cast,
Or els to be the last
Of all them that do yelde
In cyte, towne, or fielde ;
For yf he styke therin
No doubt he shall not blyn,
Tyll he come to eternyte,
With all his whole fraternyte.
Amen, therefore, saye ye,
That his partakers be :
Ye get no more of me.

390

FINIS.





Vox Populi Vox Dei.

A FEW copies of this remarkable poem, which, from its subject and peculiarity of style, deserves to be better known, were privately printed in 1843, for presentation to the Roxburghe Club, by Sir Joseph Littleddale, one of its members; and it is also included in the Appendix to Mr. Dyce's edition of the *Poetical Works of John Skelton*, on the strength of an attribution of the piece to that writer in one of the two MSS. copies of it extant—viz: MS. No. 2567 of Bishop More's Collection in the Public Library at Cambridge. The other MS. is Harl. MS. No. 367, which contains early English poetical compositions by Henry Scogan and others. The Harleian copy is much longer than that in the Cambridge MS, and the editor has adhered to Mr. Dyce's plan of following the latter, so far as it goes, since it is the purer text, and introducing between brackets the lines peculiar to the Harl. MS. Occasionally, however, he has been obliged to exclude the additional matter, which was sometimes interwoven, of course by a later hand, without much regard to the sense or the context.

Vox Populi vox Dei, though in the manner of Skelton, and assigned to that writer in the Cambridge copy, was probably not his composition; but the reason which Mr. Dyce gives for thinking that it was not Skelton's, does not seem a very good one: for although an event is mentioned in the poem, which did not occur until after Skelton's death (1529), it ought to be borne in mind, that "additions" were made to MS. poems, as well as to dramas, by later pens, and of this the Harleian copy is proof, if one were required. The Cambridge MS. itself may have been the work of a copyist.

The original appearance of *Vox Populi vox Dei* may perhaps be assigned to some period between 1515 and 1520, when the exactions of Wolsey were rendering him exceedingly unpopular. If it was ever printed, all trace of the fact seems to have disappeared; but it is more likely that it remained in MS, no one daring to publish it. We may be sure, however, that it enjoyed an extensive circulation throughout the country, and that as copies were multiplied, phrases were altered, provincialisms were suffered to creep in, as in the case of the Harl. MS, and whole passages, which never formed part of the Remonstrance at the outset, were interpolated.

¶ To the Kinges moste Excellent Maiestie.

I.



PRAY yow, be not wrothe
For tellyng of the trothe;
For this the worlde yt gothe
Both to lyffe and lothe,

As God hymselffe he knothe;
And, 'as all men vnderstandes,
Both lordeshipes and landes
Are nowe in fewe mens handes;
Bothe substance and bandes
Of all the hole realme
As most men exteame,¹
Are nowe consumyd cleane
From the fermour² and the poore
To the towne and the towre;
Whiche makyth theym to lower,

10

¹ i. e. esteem, consider.

² Farmer.

To see that in their flower
 Ys nother malte nor meale,
 Bacon, beffe, nor veale,
 Crocke mylke nor kele.
 But readye for to steale 20

For very pure neade.
 Your comons saye indeade,
 Thei be not able to feade
 In their stable scant a steade,
 To brynge vp nor to breade,
 Ye, scant able to brynge
 To the marckytt eny thyng
 Towardes their housekeping;
 And scant have a cowe,
 Nor to kepe a poore sowe: 30

This the worlde is nowe.
 And to heare the relacyon
 Of the poore mens communycacion,
 Vndre what sorte and fashyon
 Thei make their exclamacyon,
 You wolde have compassion.
 Thus goythe their protestacion,
 Sayeng that suche and suche,
 That of late are made riche,
 Have to, to, myche 40

By grasyng and regratinge,
 By poulyng and debatyng,
 By roulyng and by dating,
 By checke and checkematyng,
 [With delays and debatyng,
 With cowstomes and tallynges,

Forfayttes and forestallynges];
 So that your comons saye,
 Thei styll paye, paye,
 Most willyngly allwaye ;
 But yet thei see no stave
 Of this outrage araye :
Vox populi, vox Dei.
 O most noble kynge,
 Consydre well this thyng.

50

II.

AND thus the voyce doth multiplye
 Amonge your graces commonaltye :
 Thei are in suche greate penury
 That thei can nother sell nor bye,
 Suche is their extreame povertie ;
 Experyence dothe yt verefye,
 As trothe itselffe dothe testefye.
 This is a marveilous myserye :
 And trewe thei saye, it is no lye :
 For grasyers and regraters,
 Withe to many shepemasters,
 That of erable grounde make pastures,
 Are thei that be these wasters
 That wyll vndoo your lande,
 Yf thei contynewe and stande,
 As ye shall vnderstand
 By this lytle boke :
 Yf you yt overloke,
 And overloke agayne,

60

70

Yt wyll tell you playne
 The tenour and the trothe,
 Howe nowe the worlde yt gothe
 Withe my neighbour and myn oste,
 In every countre, towne and coste,
 Within the circumvisions 80
 Of your graces domynyons;
 And why the poore men wepe
 For storyng of suche shepe,
 For that so many do kepe
 Suche nombre and suche store,
 As never was scene before:¹
 The encrease was never more.
 Thus goythe the voyce and rore.
 And truthe yt is indeade:
 For all men nowe do breade, 90
 Which can ketche any lande
 Out of the poore mans hande.
 For who ys so greate a grasyer
 As the landlorde and the laweare?
 For at every drawing daye
 The bucher more must paye
 For his fatting ware,
 To be the redyare
 Another tyme to crave,
 When he more shepe wold have; 100
 And to elevate the pryce,
 Somewhate he must ryce

¹ In Mr. Dyce's text a line follows here from Harl. MS, which is omitted, because it seems redundant. It is not in the Camb. MS.

Withe a sinque or a sice,
 So that the bucher cannot spare,
 Towardes his charges and his fare,
 To sell the very carcas bare
 Vnder xij^s or a marke,
 [Wiehe is a pytyfull werke,]
 Besyde the offall and the flece,
 The flece and the fell : 110
 Thus he dothe yt sell.
 Alas, alas, alas,
 This is a pitious case !
 What poore man nowe is able
 To have meate on his table ?
 An oxe at foure pounce,
 Yf he be any thyng rounde,
 Or cum not in theire grounde,
 Suche laboure for to waste :
 This ys the newe caste, 120
 The newe cast from the olde ;
 This comon pryce thei holde ;
 Whiche is a very ruthe,
 Yf men myght saye the truthe.
 The comons thus dothe saye :
 They are not able to paye ;
 But *miserere mei* :
Vox populi, vox Dei.
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thyng. 130

III.

HOWE saye you to this, my lordes ?
 Are not these playne recordes ?

Ye knowe as well as I,
 This makes the comons crye,
 This makes theym crye and wepe,
 Mysseversing so theire shepe,
 Theire shepe, and eke theire beves,
 As yll or wourse then theaves.
 Vnto a comonwealthe
 This ys a very stealthe ; 140
 But you that welthe this bete,
 You landlordes, that be grete,
 You wolde not pay so for your meate,
 Excepte your grasing ware so sweate,
 Or elles, I feare me I,
 Ye wold fynde remeadye,
 And that right shortlye.
 But yet this extremytie,
 None feles yt but the comynaltie :
 Alas, is there no remedye, 150
 To helpe theym of this myserye ?
 Yf there shuld come a rayne,
 To make a dearthe of grayne,
 As God may send yt playne
 For our covetise¹ and disdayne,
 I wold knowe among vs all,
 What ware he, that shuld not fall
 And sorowe, as he went,
 For Godes ponyshment ?
 Alas, this were a plage 160
 For poverties pocession,

¹ Both MSS. have *covetous*.

Towards their suppression,
 For the greater mens transgression.
 Alas, my lordes, foresee
 There may be remedye :
 For the commons saye,
 They have no more to paye.
Vox populi, vox Dei.
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thyng.

170

IV.

AND yet not long agoo
 Was preachers on or twoo,
 That spake yt playne inowe
 To you, to you, and to you,
 Hygh tyme for to repent
 This dyvelishe entent
 [Of covitis the convente].
 From Scotland into Kent
 This preaching was bysprent ;
 And from the easte frount
 Vnto Saynct Myghelles Mount,
 This sayeng dyd surmount
 Abrode to all mens eares
 And to your graces peeres,
 That from pillar vnto post
 The powr man he was tost ;
 I meane the labouring man,
 I meane the husbandman,
 I meane the ploughman,

180

I meane the playne true man, 190
 I meane the handicrafteman,
 I meane the victualing man,
 Also the good yeman,
 That some tyme in this realme
 Had plentye of kye and creame,
 [Butter, egges, and chesse,
 Hony, vax, and besse].
 But now, alacke, alacke,
 All theise men goo to wracke,
 That are the bodye and the staye 200
 Of your graces realme allwaye.
 Allwaye and at leinghe¹
 Thei must be your streinghe,
 Your streinghe and your teme,
 For to defende your realme.
 Then yf theise men appall,
 And lacke when you do call,
 Which way may you, or shall
 Resist your enemyes all,
 That over raging streames 210
 Will vade from forreyn reames?
 For me to make judiciall,
 This matter is to mystycall;
 Judge you, my lordes, for me you shall,
 Yours ys the charge that governes all:
 For *vox populi* me thei call,
 That makith but reherssall
De parvo, but not *de* totall,

¹ Length.

De locis, but not locall :

Therefore you must not blame
The wight, that wrot the same :
For the comons of this land
Have sowed this in their sande,
Plowing yt with their hande ;
I founde yt where I stande,
And I am but the hayne
That wryttes yt newe agayne,
The coppye for to see,
That also learneth me
To take thereby good hede
My shepe howe for to fede :
For I a shepherd am,
A sorye poore man :
Yet wolde I wyshe, my lordes,
This myght be your recordes,
And make of yt no dreame :
For yt ys a worthy realme,
A realme that, in tymes past,
Hath made the proudest agast.
Therefore, my lordes all,
Note this in especiall,
And have it in memoryall
[With youre wysse vnyversall,
That nether faver nor effectiō,
Yowe graunt youre protection
To suche as hath by election
Shall rewle by erection,
And doth gett the perfection
Of the powre menes refection ;

220

230

240

Wiche ys a grett innormyte 250
 Vnto youre grasys commynalte :
 For thay that of latt did supe
 Owtt of an aschyn cuppe,
 Are wonderfully sprowng vpe.
 That nowght was worth of latt,
 Hath now a cubborde of platt,
 His tabell furnyscheyd tooe;
 With platt besett inowe,
 Persell gylte and sownde,
 Well worth towo thousand pounce : 266
 With castinge cownteres and ther pen,¹
 Thes are the vpstart gentylmen ;
 Thes are thay that dewowre
 All the goodes of the pawre,
 And makes them dotysche davys,
 Vnder the cowler of the kenges lawys.
 And yett annother decaye
 To youre grasys seetes alwaye ;
 For the statte of all youre marchantmen
 Vndo most parte of youre gentyllmen, 270
 And wrape them in suche bandes
 That thay haue halle ther landes,
 And payeth but halfe in hande,
 Tyll thay more vnderstownde
 Of the profett of there lande,
 And for the other halfe

¹ Calculations were anciently made with the pen, as now, and also with counters; and we find works published expressly for the purpose of instructing beginners in the art of reckoning "with the pen or with counters."

He shalbe mayd a calfe,
 Excepte he haue gud frendes
 Wiche well cane waye bothe endes ;
 And yet with frendes, tooe, 280
 He shall haue myche to doe ;
 Wiche ys a grett innormyte
 To youre grasys regallyte.
 Lett marchantmen goe sayle,
 For that ys ther trwe waylle ;
 For of one c ye haue not ten,
 That now be marchantes ventring men,
 That occupi grett inawnderes,
 Forther then into Flandes,
 Flawnderes or into France, 290
 For fere of some myschance,
 But lyeth at home, and standes
 By morgage and purchasse of landes
 Owtt of all gentyllmenes handes,
 Wiche showld serve alwaye your grace
 With horse and men in chasse ;
 Wich ys a grett dewowre
 Vnto youre regall powre.¹
 What presydente cane thay shewe,
 That fowre skore yeres agoe, 300
 That any marchant here,
 Above all charges clere,
 In landes myght lett to hyre
 To thowsant markes by yere ?
 Other, where shall ye fynde
 A gentyllman by kynde,
 But that thay wyll ly in the wynde,

To breng hyme fer behynde ?
 Or elles thay wyll haue all,
 Yf nedes thay hyme forstall 310
 Wiche ys the hole decaye
 Of your marchantmen, I saye,
 And hynderes youre grasys costome
 By the yere a thowsant pawnde,
 And so marryth, the more petye,
 The comonwelth of yche syttè,
 And vndoth the cowntre,
 As prosse doth make propertie :
 This matter most spesyally
 Wolde be loked one¹ quielye. 320
 Yett for ther recreation
 In pastime and procreation,
In tempore necessitatis,
 I wysche thay myght haue grattis
 Lysens to compownde,
 To purchasse fortie pownde,
 Or fyfte at the moste,
 By fyne or wrytte of post ;
 And yf any marchantman,
 To lyve his occupieng then, 330
 Wolde purchasse any more,
 Lett hyme forfeit it therfore.
 Then showld ye se the trade
 That marchantmen frist mayde,
 Whyche wysse men dyd marshall
 For a welth vnyversall,

¹ i. e. on.

Yche man, this lawe to lerne,
 And trewly his goodes to yerne,
 The landlord with his terme,
 The plowghtman with his ferme, 340
 The kneght wyth his fare,
 The marchant with his ware,
 Then showld increse the helth
 Of yche comonwelthe],
 And be not withe me wrothe
 For tellyng you the trothe :
 For I do heare yt everye daye,
 How the comons thus do saye,
 Yf thei hadde yt, thei wold paye.
Vox populi, vox Dei. 350
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thyng.

v.

BUT howe, Robyn, howe?
 Whiche waye dothe the wynde blowe?
 Herke ! hercke ! hercke !
 Ys not here a pytious werke,
 The grounde and the cheiffe
 Of all this hole myscheiffe?
 For our covetous lordes
 Dothe mynde no nother recordes, 360
 But framyng fynes for fermes,
 Withe to myche, as some termes,
 Withe rentes and remaynders,
 Withe surveye and surrenders,
 Withe comons and comon ingenders,

Withe inclosyers and extenders,
 Withe horde vp, but no spenders ;
 For a comonwealthe
 Whiche is a verye stealthe.
 Prove it who shall 370
 To make therof tryall,
 Thus goithe theire dyall.
 I knowe not whates a clocke,
 But by the countre cocke,
 The mone nor yet the pryme,¹
 Vntyll the sonne do shyne ;
 Or els I coulde tell,
 Howe all thynges shulde be well.
 The compas may stand awrye ;
 But the earde wyll not lye. 380
 Hale in your mayne shete,
 This tempest is to grete.
 [For pawre men dayly sees
 How officers takes their fees,
 Summe yll, and some yet worse,
 As good right as to pike there purse :
 Deservethe this not Godes curse ?
 There consyenes ys sooe grett,
 Thaye fere not to dischare,
 Yf it were as moche more, 390
 Soe thay may haue the stowre.
 Thus is oure we[1] the yndone

¹ Six o'clock in the morning. "Then hee [Sir Launcelot] departed from the crosse on foot into a wild forrest ; and so *by pryme* he came unto an high mountaine."—*Morte Arthure*, ed. Wright, iii. 83.

By synguler commodome :
 For we are in dyvision,
 Bothe for reght and religion ;
 And, as some saythe,
 We stagger in our faythe ;
 But excepte in shortt tyme
 We drawe by one lyne,
 And agre with one accorde, 400
 Bothe the plowghman and the lorde,
 We shall sore rewe
 That ever this statte we knewe.]
 The comons so do saye,
 Yf thei had yt, thei wold paye.
Vox populi, vox Dei.
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thyng.

VI.

THUS runnes this rumour about
 Amongest the hole route ; 410
 Thei can not bryng aboute,
 How this thyng shuld be,
 Yt hathe suche high degree.
 The coyne yt is so scante,
 That every man dothe wante,
 And some thincke not so scace,
 But even as myche to base.
 Our merchauntmen do saye,
 Thei fynde it day by daye
 To be a matter straunge, 420

When thei shulde make exchaunge
 On the other side the sea,
 Thei are dryven to their plea :
 For where oure pounce somtyme
 Was better then theirs by nyne,
 Nowe ours, when yt comes forthe,
 No better then theirs is worthe,
 No, nor scant soo good :

Thei saye so, by the roode.

How maye the merchauntman

430

Be able to occupye than,

Excepte, when he comes heare,

He sell his ware to deare ?

He neades must have a lyveng,

Or elles, fye on hys wynneng !

This coyne by alteracion

Hathe brought this desolacyon,

Whiche is not yet all knowen

What myscheiffe it hathe sowen.

Thei saye : woo worthe that man,

440

That first that coyne began,

To put in any hedde

The mynde to suche a rede,

To come to suche a hiere

For covetous desyre !

I knowe not what it meanethe ;

But this thei saye and deamythe :

Væ illi per quem scandalum venit !

For this wyll axe greate payne,

Before it be well agayne,

450

Greate payne and sore

To make it as it was before.
 The comons thus do saye :
 Yf thei hadde yt, thei would paye.
Vox populi, vox Dei.
 O most noble kynge,
 Consydre well this thinge.

VII.

THIS matter is to trewe,
 That many man dothe rewe
 These sorowes doo ensue :
 For poore men thei doo crye,
 And saye it is awrye ;
 Thei saye thei can not be herde,
 But styll from daye defferde,
 When thei have any sute,
 Thei maye goo blowe their flute.
 This goithe the comon brute.
 The riche man wyll come in :
 For he is sure to wyne,
 For he can make his waye,
 With hande in hande to paye,
 Bothe to thicke and thynne ;
 Or els to knowe their pleasure,
 My lorde is not at leysure ;
 The poore man at the durre
 Standes lyke an Island curre,
 And dares not ons to sturre,
 Excepte he goo his waye,
 And come another daye ;
 And then the matter is made,

460

470

480

That the poore man with his spade
 Must no more his farme invade,
 But must vse some other trade :
 For yt is so agreed,
 That my ladye mesteres Mede
 Shall hym expulce with all spede,
 And our master the landlorde
 Shall have yt all at his accorde
 His house and farme agayne,
 To make therof his vttermost gayne : 490
 For his vantage wylbe more,
 With shepe and cattell it to store,
 And not to ploughe his grounde no more,
 Except the fermour wyll aryere
 The rent hyere by a hole yeare :
 Yet must he have a fyne too,
 The bargayne he may better knowe ;
 Which makes the marcket now so deare,
 That there be fewe that makes good chcare :
 For the fermour must sell his goose, 500
 As he may be able to paye for his house,
 Or els, for non payeng the rent,
 Avoyde at our Lady daye in Lent :
 Thus the poore man shalbe shent.
 And then he and his wyffe,
 With their children, all their lyffe
 Doth crye oute and ban
 Vpon this covetous man.
 I sweare by God omny potent,
 I feare me that this presedent 510
 Wyll make vs all for to be shent.

Trowe you, my lordes that be,
 That God dothe not see
 This riche mans charitie
Per speculum ænigmatæ?
 Yes, yes, you riche lordes,
 Yt is wrytten in Cristes recordes,
 That Dives laye in the fyere
 With Belsabub his sire,
 And Pauper he above satte
 In the seate of Habrahams lappe,
 And was taken from thys Troye,
 To lyve allwaye with God in ioie.
 The comons thus do saye :
 Yf thei had yt, thei wold paye.
Vox populi, vox Dei.
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thyng.

520

VIII.

THE prayse no les is worthe,
 Godes worde is well sett forthe ; 530
 Yt never was more preached,
 Nor never so playnlye taught ;
 Yt never was so hallowed,
 Nor never so lytle followed,
 Bothe of highe and lowe,
 As many a man dothe trowe :
 For this ys a playne perscripcion,
 We have banyshed superstycion ;
 But styll we kepe ambycion.

We have sent awaye all cloysterers ; 540

But styll we kepe extorcyoners.

We have taken theire landes for theire abuse ;

But we convert theym to a wourse vse.

Yf this tale be no lye,

My lordes, this goythe awrye.

Awrye, awrye ye goo,

With many thinges moo,

Quyte from the highe waye.

The comons thus do saye :

Yf thei hadd yt, thei wold paye. 550

Vox populi, vox Dei.

O most noble kyng,

Consydre well this thinge.

IX.

OFF all this sequell
The faute I can not tell :

Put you together, and spell,

My lordes of the counsell.

I feare all be not well,

Ambycion so dothe swell,

As gothe by reporte, 560

Amonge the greatest sorte.

A wonderfull sorte of selles,

That *vox populi* telles

Of those bottomlesse welles,

That are este, weast, and so furthe,

Bothe by southe, and also northe,

Withe riche, riche, and riche,

Withe riche, and to myche,
 The poore men to begyle,
 With sacke and packe to fyle, 570
 [With suche as we compownd
 For an offys ij thowsant pownde.
 Howe maye suche men do reght,
 Youre pawre men to requytt
 Owtt of there trowbell and payne,
 But thay most gett it agayne
 By craft or such coarsyon,
 By brybery and playne exstorsyon?]

With many ferrelys moo,
 That I could truly shewe: 580
 There never was suche myserye,
 Nor never so myche vserye.
 The comons so do saye:
 Yf we had ytt, we wold paye.
Vox populi, vox Dei.
 O most noble kynge,
 Consydre well this thyng.

X.

AND thus this ile of Brutes,
 Most plentyfull of frutes,
 Ys sodenlye decayede; 590
 Poore men allmost dismayde,
 Thei are so overlayd;
 I feare and am afrayde
 Of the stroke of God,
 Which ys a perelous rodde.

Praye, praye, praye,
 We never se that daye :
 For yf that daye do come,
 We shall dyssever and ronne,
 The father agaynst the sonne, 600
 And one agaynst another.
 By Godes blessed mother,
 Or thei begynne to hugger,
 For Godes sake looke aboute,
 And staye betymes this route,
 For feare thei doo come oute.
 I put you out of doubte,
 There ys no greate trust,
 Yf trothe shuld be discuste ;
 Therefore, my lordes, take heade 610
 That this gere do not brede
 At chesse to playe a mate :
 For then yt is to late.
 We may well prove a checke,
 But thei wyll have the neke.
 Yt is not to be wondered,
 For thei are not to be nombred.
 This the poore men saye :
 Yf thei hadde yt, thei wolde paye.
Vox populi, vox Dei. 620
 O most noble kyng,
 Consydre well this thinge.

XI.

YT is not one alone
 That this dothe gronte and grone,

And make this pytyous mone :
For yt is more then wonder
To heare the infynyte nombre
Of poore men that dothe shewe
By reason yt must be soo.
Thei wishe and do coniecter
That my lordes grace and protector,
That cheiffe is nowe erecter
And formost of the ryuge,
Vnder our noble kynge,
That he wold se redresse
Of this moste greate excesse :
For yt stondes on hym no lesse :
For he is calde doubteles
A man of greate prowesse,
And so dothe beare the fame,
And dothe desyre the same.
His mynde thei saye is good,
Yf all wold followe his moode.
Nowe for to sett the frame,
To kepe styll this good name,
He must delaye all excuses,
And ponnyshe these greate abuses
Of these fynes and newe vses,
That have so many muses ;
And first and pryncipallye
Suppressse this shamfull vsurye,
Comonlye called husbondrye :
For yf there be no remeadye,
In tyme, and that right shortlye,
Yt wyll breade to a pluresye,

630

640

650

Whiche is a greate innormytie
To all the kynges comynaltye :
For there is no smale nombre,
That this faute dothe incombred,
Yt is a wordly wondre.

660

The comons thus do saye :
Yf thei had yt, thei wolde paye.

Vox populi, vox Dei.

O most noble kyng,
Consydre well this thyng.

XII.

NOWE, at your graces leysour,
Yf you wyll see the seisor

Of all the cheffe treasure,
Heapyd without measure,
Of the substance of your realme,

670

As yt were in a dreame,
I wyll make an esteame,
In the handes of a fewe,
The trothe you to shoue,
Howe this matter dothe goo :

For I wyll not spare
The trothe to declare :

For trothe trulye ment
Was never yet shent,
Nor never shent shalbe.

680

Note this text of me,
Yt may a tyme be framed
For feare some shuld be blamed,

But yt wyll not be shamed ;
 Yt is of suche a streinghe.
 Yt wyll overcome at leinghe.
 Yff nowe I shall not fayne,
 The trothe to tell you playne
 Of all those that do holde
 The substance and the golde, 690
 And the treasure of this realme ;
 And, shortly to call,
 Allmost thei have all,
 Att least thei have the trade
 Of all that may be made.
 And fyrst to declare
 By a bryeffe, what thei are,
 To make shorte rehersall,
 As well spyrytuall as temporall ;
 The laweare and the landelorde, 700
 The greate reave and the recorde,
 The recorde I meane is he
 That hathe office or els ffee,
 To serve our noble kyng
 In his accomptes or recknyng
 Of his treasure surmonttyng,
 Lorde chauncellour and chauncellours,
 Masters of myntes and monyers,
 Secondaryes and surveyours,
 Auditors and receivours, 710
 Customers and comptrollers,
 Purvyours and prollers,
 Marchauntes of greate sailes,
 With the master of woodsales,

With grasyers and regraters,
 With Master Williams of shepe masters,
 And suche lyke comonwelthe wasters,
 That of erable groundes make pasters,
 [And payemasters suche as bythe
 With Trappes your golden smythe,] 720
 With iij or iiij greate clothiars,
 And the hole lybell of lawyars :
 Withe theise and theire trayne,
 To be bryeffe and playne,
 Of theire to to myche gayne,
 That thei take for theire payne.
 Yt is knowen by ceirten sterres
 That thei may mayntayne your graces warres
 By space of a hole yeare,
 Be yt good chepe or deare, 730
 Thoughe we shulde withstande
 Both Fraunce and Scotlande,
 And yet to leave ynough
 Of money, ware and stuffe,
 Both in cattell and corne,
 To more then thei were borne
 By patrymonye or bloode
 To enherytte so myche goode.
 By cause thei be so base,
 Thei wylbe neadye and sease ; 740
 For *quod natura dedit*
 From gentle blode them ledyth ;
 And to force a chorlishe best
Nemo attollere potest :
 Yet rather then thei wold goo before,

Thei wolde helpe your grace with somewhat more,
 For thei be they that have the store ;
 Those be they wyll warraunt ye,
 Though you toke never a peny
 Of your poore comynaltie. 750
 This is trewe vndoubtelye,
 I dare affyrme it certeynlye :
 For yf this world do holde,
 Of force you must be bolde
 To borowe theire fyne golde :
 For thei have all the store :
 For your comons have no more.
 Ye may it call to lyght :
 For yt is your awne right,
 Yf that your grace have neade : 760
 Beleve this as your Creade.
 The poore men so do saye :
 Yf thei had yt, thei wold paye
 With a better wyll then thei.
Vox populi, vox Dei.
 O most noble kyng,
 Consyder well this thyng.

XIII.

O WORTHIEST protectour,
 Be herin corrector ;
 And you, my lordes all,
 Let not your honor appall,
 But knocke betymes and call
 For theise greate vsurers all ; 770

Ye knowe the pryncypall.
 What neadith more rehersall?
 Yf you do not redresse
 By tyme this coveteousnes,
 My hed I hold and gage,
 There wylbe greate outrage;
 Suche rage as never was seene 780
 In any olde mans tyme.
 Also for this perplexyte
 Of these that are most welthye,
 Yt ware a deade of charyte
 To helpe theym of this pluresie.
 Yt comes by suche greate fyttres
 That it takes awaye theire wyttres,
 Bothe in theire treasure tellynge,
 Or els in byeng and sellynge.
 Yt thei of this weare eased, 790
 Your grace shuld be well pleased,
 And thei but lytle deseased
 Of this covetous dropsye,
 That brynges theym to thys pluresie,
 Bothe the pluresye and goute,
 Vncurable to be holpe [out],
 Excepte your grace for pytie
 Provyde this foresaid remeadye:
 As doctors holde opynyon,
 Both Ambros and Tertulian, 800
 Withe the Swepestake and the Mynyon,
 The Herte and the Swallowe,
 And all the rest that followe,
 Withe the Gallye and the Roo

That so swyffte do goo,
 Goo, and that apase,
 By the Henry Grace,
 The Herrye and the Edward,—
 God sende theym all well forward,
 Withe all the hole fleete;
 Whose counsell complete
 Saithe it is full mete,
 That greate heddes and dyscreate
 Shulde loke well to their feate.
 Amen, I saye, so be ytt.
 As all your comons praye
 For your long healthe allwaye.
 Yf thei hadde yt, thei wold paye
 [With a better wyll then thay].

810

Vox populi, vox Dei.

820

Thus dothe wrytte, and thus doth saye,
 With this psalme *Miserere mei*.
 O most noble kyng,
 Consyder well this thyng.

ffinis quothe Mr. Skelton,
 Poete Lawriate.



Doctour doubble ale.

DOCTOUR doubble ale. [This is the whole title]. No place, printer's name, or date, small 12mo. black letter, 8 leaves.

Doctour Double Ale, of which a (supposed) unique copy is preserved in the Bodleian library, is of uncertain authorship. On the title-page occur the initials R. B.; but these simply stand for the name of the former proprietor, Robert Burton, author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. The volume which contains *Doctour Double Ale* is a collection of twelve very curious tracts of a popular character.

This droll and whimsical effusion was included by Mr. Hartshorne in his *Ancient Metrical Tales*, 1829; but the text which, in Mr. Hartshorne's book, exhibited many corruptions and mistakes, has been carefully collated with the original, in order to ensure accuracy, which, in reproductions of this kind, is a feature of primary importance. Notes have now become, indeed, a very secondary matter, for the reader will scarcely meet with any phrase or allusion in the course of perusing this and other specimens of early English language and literature which is not illustrated and explained by Mr. Halliwell's capital "Dictionary of Archaisms," or by the enlarged edition of Nares' *Glossary*.

The poem belongs to the same class of composition as "Colyn Blowbols Testament," and seems to be intended as a description of some real character, who was living, perhaps, at or near the time when it was written. It is almost superfluous to point out that "Colyn Blowbols Testament" was in existence long anterior to "Doctour Doubble Ale," which is not

more ancient than the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. It has the appearance of having being privately distributed among the friends of the anonymous author who, even at a date when the Reformation had made considerable progress, would probably have found a good deal of difficulty in persuading a printer to put his name to a pamphlet reflecting so severely on clerical manners.

The writer of *Doctour Double Ale* was evidently a friend to the Reformation. The parson whom he satirises was just such a one as "Scogin's Scholar," or the laureated rector of Dis; but at the time when this production was composed, there was, of course, no lack of sitters for such a portrait. See Skelton's *Colyn Clout*, where he has the following passage:—

"Doctor Daupatus,
And bachelor *bacheloratus*,
Dronken as a mouse
At the alehouse,
Taketh his pyllyon and his cap
At the good ale tap."

In Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 161, *Doctour Double Ale* is misdescribed as a MS.

Doctor Double Ale is preserved, as beforesaid, among the books of Burton. The following pieces are found bound up together in the volume:—

1. Loues Garland, or Posies for rings, &c. London. Printed by N. O[kes] for John Spencer, and are to be sold at his shop on London Bridge. 1624. [Unknown to Lowndes]. Reprinted in "Literature of the 16th and 17th Centuries Illustrated," 1851.

2. A New Booke of New Conceits. By Thomas Johnson. London: Printed by E. A. for Edward Wright and Cuthbert Wright. 1630. [Unknown to Lowndes].

3. A Description of the King and Queen of the Fairies, black letter. London. Printed for Richard Harper, 1635. [Unknown to Lowndes].

4. Pancharis. The first Book. By Hugh Holland. Printed at London by V. S[ims] for Clement Knight, 1603.

5. A True tale of Robbin Hood, by Martine Parker. Black letter. Printed at London for T. Cotes, and are to be sold by F.

Grove dwelling upon Snowhill, neare the Saracens head. [1632].
The imprint in the present copy is cut off. [Unseen by Lowndes].

6. The Figure of foure. Printed for John Wright. 1636.

7. The Fryer and the Boy. Black letter, three wood-cuts.
London. Printed by E[dward] A[llde] dwellyng neere Christ
Church. 1617. 12 leaves. Ritson ("Pieces of Ancient Poetry,"
p. 31), was not aware of the existence of this 12mo. copy. It
has many variations from that in 4to.

8. Harry White his humour, written by M. P. Printed at
London, for Thomas Lambert, at the signe of the Hors-shoe, in
Smithfield. n. d.

9. Doctour Double Ale. No date nor printer's name. Type,
small pica.

10. Robin Conscience, or Conscionable Robin. Written in
English meter by M. P. London, F. Coles. 1635.

11. A Booke of merrie Riddles. London. Printed for Robert
Bird, 1638. This edition is unnoticed by bibliographers, and
the same remark applies to the eds. of 1600, 1672, 1673, and
1685, all in 12mo. and black letter. That there were many
other impressions, now lost, there cannot be a doubt. That of
1600 was first noticed by Mr. Collier in his *Bibliographical Cata-*
logue, 1865.

12. A Banquet of Ieastes. London, printed for Richard
Royston, 1630.



Doctour
doubble
ale.



ALTHOUGH I lacke intelligence,
And can not skylle of eloquence,
Yet wyll I do my diligence,
To say sumthing, or I go henc;
Wherin I may demonstrate,
The figure, gesture and estate,
Of one that is a curate.
That harde is, and endure,
And earnest in the cause
Of piuish popish lawes;
That are not worth two strawes,
Except it be with dawes.
That knoweth not good from euels,
Nor Gods word from the Deuels:
Nor wyll in no wise heare
The worde of God so cleare,¹

10

¹ *Cleare* here and elsewhere signifies *pure* or *undefiled*. It is not uncommon in this sense in old texts.

“In the ffyrst pagent, we thenke to play
How God dede make, thorowe his owyn myth
Hevyn so clere—”

Ludus Coventriæ, ed. 1841, p. 1.

And so in the Chester series of pageants, ed. Wright, i. 10, we have:—

Angelis.

“We thanke thee, Lorde, full soveraignlye,
That us hath formed soe cleane & cleare.”

But popishnes upreare,
 And make the pape¹ Gods peare.
 And so themselves they lade
 With bables that he made.
 And styll wyll holde [t]his trade.
 No man can them perswade,
 And yet I dare say,
 Ther is no day,
 But that they may
 Heare sincerely
 And right truly
 Gods worde to be taught,
 If they wolde haue sought ;
 But they set at nought
 Christes true doctrine,
 And themselves decline
 To mens ordinaunce,
 Which they enhaunce,
 And take in estimation
 Aboue Christes passion.

20

30

¹ *Pape* is of frequent occurrence in the metrical *Morte Arthure*, and elsewhere, for *Pope*.

“ We salle lett for no lede
 That lyffes in erthe,
 Ffore pape ne for potestate,
 Ne prynce so noble.”

Morte Arthure, 195.

“ Thaj purchest pithles pardonis fra the *Paip*.”

Poems by Alex. Scott, 1568 (ed. 1821, p. 7).

Query, when did the less correct form of the word—Pope—become general?

And so this folish nation
 Esteme their owne facion,
 And all dum ceremonies,
 Before the sanctimonies, 40
 Or Christes holy writ ;
 And thinke their owne wit
 To be far aboue it,
 That the scripture to them teachis,
 Or honest men preaches.
 They folowe perlowes lechis,¹
 And doctours dulpatis,²
 That falsely to them pratis,
 And bring them to the gates
 Of hell and vtter derkenes ; 50
 And all by stubborne starkeres,
 Putting their full trust
 In thinges that rot and rust,

¹ i. e. perilous leeches, incompetent physicians.

² "Ye say we must youe call
 Fathers seraphicall
 And angelicall,
 That be fantastical,
 Brute and bestiall,
 Yea, diabolicall,
 The babes of Beliall,
 The sacrificse of Ball,
 The dregges of all durte,
 Fast bounde and girte
 Vnder the devils skyrte ;
 For *pater* Priapus,
 And *frater* Polpatus,
 With *doctor* Dulpatus—"

Fourth Part of the Image of Ypocrysy.

And papisticall prouisions,
 Which are the deuels derisions.
 Now let us go about,
 To tell the tale out
 Of this good fellow stout,
 That for no man wyll dout,
 But kepe his olde condicions,
 For all the newe comyssyons,
 And use his supersticions,
 And also mens tradicyons,
 And syng for dead folkes soules,
 And reade hys beade rolles,
 And all such thinges wyll vse
 As honest men refuse.
 But take him for a cruse,
 And ye wyll tell me newes.
 For if he on[c]e begyn,
 He leaueth nought therein :
 He careth not a pyn,
 How much ther be wythin,
 So he the pot may wyn ;
 He wyll it make full thyn.
 And wher the drinke doth please,
 Ther wyll he take his ease,
 And drinke ther of his fyll,
 Tyll ruddy be his byll,¹

60

70

¹ i.e. his nose. This reminds us of Deloney with his ale-crammed nose, and of *Old Sir Simon the King*, with

“His ale-dropt hose, and his malmsey nose.”

In the second volume of the *British Bibliographer* is repub-

And fyll both cup and can. 80
 Who is [so] glad a man,
 As is our curate than ?
 I wolde ye knewe it, a curate,
 Not far without newgate,
 Of a parysh large ;
 The man hath mikle charge,
 And none within this border,
 That kepeth such order :
 Nor one a this syde Nauerne,¹
 Louyth better the ale tauerne. 90

lished "The World's Folly," in which occurs the following passage:—"A pot of strong ale, which was often at his nose, kept his face in so good a colour, and his braine at so kinde a heate as, forgetting part of his forepassed pride (in the good humour of grieving patience), made him, with a humming sigh, ilfavouredly singe the ballad of *Whilom I was* to the tune of *Tom Tinker*."

¹ I suppose that the writer intends *Navarre*, which was some times called *Naverre* and *Naverne* by old authors. So Minot:—

"The king of Beme had cares colde,
 That was full hardy and bolde,
 A stede to umstride :
 [He and] the *King als of Naverne*
 War faire ferd in the ferne
 Thaire heviddes for to hide."

Poems, ed. 1825, p. 16.

There was also Naverne on the Seine. The latter is thus referred to in the *lyfe of Robert the Deuyll*, ed. Thoms, p. 2:—"This duke [Ouberte] helde open house upon a Crystmasse daye, in a towne *whiche was called Naverne, upon the Seyne*."

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to point out that our early rhymers did not hesitate to sacrifice topographical propriety to the exigencies of metre. Thus, in the ballad of "Tye the Mare,

But if the drinke be small,¹
 He may not well withall :
 Tush, cast it on the wall,
 It fretteth out his gall.
 Then seke an other house ;
 This is not worth a louse.
 As dronken as a mouse,
 Mon syre gybet a vous,
 And ther wyll byb and bouse,
 Tyll heuy be his brouse.
 Good ale he doth so haunt,

100

tom-boy," printed by Ritson (*Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ii. 31-2), we have:—

"The mare is so mynyone,
 So smoth and so smikere,
 That, in myne apynion,
 Ther is nott a trykere
 From hence to *Avynion*."

¹ Ale appears to have been regarded as a favourite morning drink by our ancestors. In that very curious tract, *Wine, Beere, Ale, and Tobacco, contending for superiority*, 1630, there is a song, commencing:—

"*Wine*. I, Jouial Wine, exhilarate the heart.
Beere. March Beere is drinke for a king.
Ale. But Ale, bonny Ale, with spice and Tost
 In the morning's a dainty thing."

Aubrey says of the great Bacon (*Lives of Eminent Men*, ii. 221), that, "in his Lordship's prosperity, S^r Fulke Grevil, Lord Brook, was his great friend & acquaintance, but when he was in disgrace & want, he was so unworthy as to forbid his butler to let him have any more small beer, which he had often sent for, his stomach being nice, and the small beere of Grayes Inn not liking his pallet." A little further on Aubrey reports that "his Lordship would often drinke a good draught of strong

And drynke a due taunt,
 That ale wives make ther vaunt
 Of many a peny rounde,
 That sum of them hath founde.
 And sometyme mikle strife is,
 Among the ale wyfes, [y-wis ;]
 And sure I blame them not,
 For wrong it is, god wot,
 When this good dronken sot 110
 Helpeth not to empty the pot :

beer (March beer) to bedward, to lay his working fancy asleep : which would otherwise keepe him from sleeping great part of the night."

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the author makes Master Brook bring Falstaff a morning's draught of sack.

So in the ballad of "The Cruel Shrewe, or the Patient Man's Woe," the suffering husband is made to say :—

" Sometimes I go in the morning
 About my daily work,
 My wife she will be snorting
 And in her bed she'll lurk,
 Until the chimes do go at eight,
 Then she'll begin to wake,
 Her morning's draught well spiced straight
 To clear her eyes she'll take."

This performance was printed by "M. P. for Henry Gosson. at London Bridge, neere the gate (circa 1620)."

See also Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursitors*, 1565, repr. 1814, p. 22-3, and Pennant's *Tours in Wales*, ed. 1810, Appendix ix, where will be found "Sir John Wynne of Guedir's Instructions to his Chaplain, John Price, how to govern himself in his service [circa 1616]." The last paragraph of this document runs as follows :—"Avoyd the alehouse, to sytt and keepe drunkards company ther, being the greatest discredit your function can have."

For sumtime he wyll go
 To one, and to no mo,
 Then wyll the hole route
 Upon that one cry out,
 And say she doth them wronge,
 To kepe him all daye longe
 Ffrom commyng them amonge.
 Wherefore I geue counsell,
 To them that good drinke sell, 120
 To take in of the best,
 Or else they lese their gest;
 For he is redy and prest,
 Where good ale is to rest,
 And drinke, tyll he be drest.
 When he his boke shulde study,
 He sitteth there full ruddy,
 Tyll halfe the day be gone,
 Crying, fyll the pot, Jone,¹
 And wyll not be alone, 130
 But call sum other one
 At wyndowe, or at fenestre,
 That is an idell minestre,
 As he him selfe is.
 Ye know full well this.
 The kinde of carion crowes,
 Ye may be sure, growes

¹ *Jone* seems to have been a sort of generic term for an ale-wife. In *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco contending together for superiority*, 1630, we have:—

“*Beere*. Old Ale! oh! there ’tis growne
 to a prouerbe: Jones Ale is new.”

The more for carion stinking ;
And so do these in drinking.
This man, to sum mens thinking, 140
Doth stay hym muche vpon the kyng,
As in the due demaunding,
Of that he calleth an head peny,¹
And of the paskall halpeny ;
For the cloth of Corpus Christy
Four pens he claymith swiftly,
In which the sexton and he truly
Did tog by the eares earnestly,
Saying, he cannot the king well paye,
If all such driblars be take away. 150
Is not this a gentill tale
Of our Doctour Doubble Ale,
Whose countenaunce is neuer pale ?
Se wel good drinke he can vphale ;
A man of learning great,
For if his brayne he wolde beat,
He coulde within dayes fourtene
Make such a sermō as neuer was sene.
I wot not whether he sp[e]ake in drinke,
Or drinke in him ; how do ye thinke ? 160
I neuer herde him preach, God wot !
But it were in the good ale pot.
Also, he sayth, that fayne he wolde,
Come before the councell, if he coulde,
For to declare his learning,

¹ In former times every inhabitant of a parish was bound to pay a penny to the parson at Easter for the purchase of bread and wine.

And other things concerning
 Goodly counceles, that he could geue.
 Beyond all mesure, ye may me beleue,
 His learning is exceding ;
 Ye may know by his reading. 170
 Yet coulde a cobblers boy him tell
 That he red a wrong gospell ;¹
 Wherefore in dede he serued him well,
 He turned himselfe as round as a bell,
 And with loud voyce began to call,
 “ Is there no constable among you all,
 To take this knaue that doth me trouble ? ”
 With that all was on a hubble shubble :
 There was drawing and dragging ,
 There was lugging and lagging ; 180
 And snitching, and snatching,
 And ketching, and catching ;
 And so the pore ladde
 To the counter they had ;
 Some wolde he should be hanged,
 Or els he shulde he wranged ;
 Some sayd it were a good turne
 Such an heretyke to burne.
 Some sayde this, and some sayd that,
 And some did prate they wist not what ; 190
 Some did curse, and some did ban,
 For chafing of oure curate than.
 He was a worthy no lesse,

¹ The selection of erroneous texts by ignorant parsons forms a prominent feature in some of the early jest-books. See *Scogin's Jests*, ed. 1864, p. 75, *inter alia*.

For vexing with his pertnesse
 A gemman¹ going to Messe.
 Did it become a cobblers boy
 To shew a gemman such a toy?
 But if it were wel wayde,
 Ye shuld fynde, I am afrayde,
 That the boy were worthy, 200
 For his reading and sobrietie,
 And judgement in the veritie,
 Among honest folke to be
 A curate, rather then he.
 For this is knowen, for certentie,
 The boy doth loue no papistry.
 And our curate is called no doubt
 A papiste London thoroughout;
 And truth is it, they do not lye:
 It may be sene wyth halfe an eye. 210
 For if there come a preacher,
 Or any godly teacher,
 To speake agaynst his trūpery,
 To the ale house goth he by and by,
 And there he wyll so much drinke,
 Tyll of ale he doth so stinke,
 That whether he go before, or behynde,
 Ye shall hym smell without the winde:
 For when he goeth to it, he is no hafter²

¹ An early example of what is now a common vulgarism.

² A falterer, a person backward in performance. In the *Marriage of Wit and Science* (Shakesp. Soc. ed. p. 7), WYT says to INSTRUCCION:—

“Ye, by my fayth, except ye by ye after,
 Reson shall know yee are but an hafter.”

He driket̃h drōke for two dayes after, 220
Wyth fyll the cuppe, Jone :
For all this is gone :
Here is ale alone
I say for my drinking ;
Tush, let the pot be clinking,
And let vs mery make,
No thought will I take,
For though these fellowes crake,
I trust to see them slake,
And some of them to bake, 230
In smithfeld at a stake.
And in my parysh be some,
That if the tyme come,
I feare not wyll remember
(Beit August or September,
October or November,
Or Moneth of December,)
To fynde both wood and timber
To burne them euery member.
And goth to borde and bed 240
At the signe of the kinges head.
And let these heretikēs preach,
And teach what they can teach.
My parish, I know well,
Agaynst them will rebell,
If I but once them tell,
Or geue them any warning,
That they were of the new learning.
For with a worde or twayne,
I can them call agayne, 250

And yet, by the Messe,
 Forgetfull I was,
 Or els in a slumber :
 There is a shrewde number,
 That curstly do comber,
 And my pacience proue,
 And dayly me moue :
 For some of them styll
 Continew wyll

In this new way, 260
 Whatsocuer I saye.

It is not long ago,
 Syns it chaunsed so,
 That a buriall here was
 Without dirige or Masse ;
 But at the buriall
 They song a christmas carall.

By the masse, they wyll mar all,
 If they continew shall.
 Some sayd it was a godly hearing, 270
 And of their hartes a gay cheering ;

Some of them fell on weping
 In my church, I make no leasing ;
 They hard neuer the lyke thinge,
 Do ye thinke that I wyll consent
 To these heretikes entent,
 To haue any sacrament
 Ministred in English ?

By them I set not a rysh,
 So long as my name is Hary George, 280
 I wyll not do it, spight of their gorge.

Oh, Dankester, Dancastre,
None, betwene this and Lancaster,
Knoweth so much my minde,
As thou, my speciall frynde ;
It wolde do the much good
To wash thy handes in the bloude
Of them that hate the Messe.
Thou couetest no lesse ;
So much they vs oppresse
Pore priestes, doubtlesse ;
And yet what than ?
There is not a man,
That soner can
Perswade his parishons
From such condicions
Then I perse I.
For by and by
I can them convert
To take my parte,
Excepte a fewe,
That hacke and hew,
And agaynst me shew,
What they may do
To put me to
Some hynderaunce.
And yet may chaunce
The byshops visitour
Wyll shew me favour.
And therfore I
Care not a fly :
For ofte haue they

290

300

310

Sought by some way,
 To bring me to blame
 And open shame ;
 But I wyll beare them out,
 In spight of their snout,
 And will not ceasse
 To drinke a pot the lesse
 Of ale that is bygge : 320
 Nor passe not a fygge
 For all their malice.
 Away the mare, qō Walis ;¹
 I set not a whitinge
 By all their writing :
 For yet I deny nat
 The Masses priuat,
 Nor yet forsake
 That I of a cake
 My maker may make.”² 330
 But harke a lytle, harke,
 And a few wordes marke,
 Howe this caluish clarke
 For his purpose coulde warke.
 There is an honest man,
 That kept an olde woman
 Of almes in hyr bed
 Liyng dayly beddered.

¹ Compare the *Frere and the Boye*, line 50.

² A sneer at the doctrine of transubstantiation. In *New Custom*, 1573 (Dodsley's O. P. ed. 1825, i. 281), New Custom says, addressing Perverse Doctrine :—

“Th’ appostles never taught your transubstantiation
 Of bread into fleshe, or any suche fashion—”

Whiche man coulde not, I say,
Wyth popishnes away. 340
But fayne this woman olde
Wolde haue Messe, if she coulde ;
The which this priest was tolde.
He, hearing this, anone
As the goodman was gone
Abrode about his business,
Before the woman he sayd Messe,
And shoue his prety popishnes
Agaynst the goodmans wyll.
Werfore it is my skyll, 350
That he shulde him endight
For doing such dispight,
As by his popish wyle
His house with Masse defyle.
Thus may ye beholde,
This man is very bolde,
And in his learning olde
Intendeth for to syt.
I blame hym not a whyt :
For it wolde vexe hys wit, 360
And [go] cleane agaynst his earning,
To folow such learning,
As now a dayes is taught.
It wolde sone bryng to naught
His olde popish brayne :
For then he must agayne
Apply him to the schole,
And come away a fole.
For nothyng shulde he get ;

His brayne hath bene so het, 370

And wyth good ale so wet ;

Wherfore he may now set

In feldes and in medes,

And pray vpon his beades.

For yet he hath a payre

Of beades, that be right fayre,

Of corall, gete, or ambre,

At home within his chambre :

For in matins or Masse,

Primar and Portas, 380

And pottes and beades,

His lyfe he leades ;

But this I wota,

That if ye nota,

How this idiota

Doth folow the pota,

I holde you a grotta,

Ye wyll rede by rota,

That he may wete a cota

In cocke lorels¹ bota. 390

¹ The celebrated robber. A tract entitled *Cocke Lorels Bote* was printed by Wynkyn de Worde. It is in verse, and an imitation of Brandt's *Stultifera Navis*, of which there was an English translation in 1508. See Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 160-1. The term "Cock Lorell" was equivalent to a bold rogue: "lorell" signifying a rascal, or rogue. "Sey, lorelle knave, seist thou that thou art Emperoure?"—*Gesta Romanorum*, ed. Madden, p. 69. Gascoigne, in the "Adventures of Master F. I." printed in his *Posies*, 1575, 4to, employs the term *Cocklorels musicke* to signify a vulgar description of music, or poetry, unsuited for genteel or polite company. "Mistresse, (quod he), my woordes in deede are straunge, but yet my pas

Thus the durty doctour,
 The popes owne proctour,
 Wyll bragge and boost,
 With ale and a toost,
 And, lyke a rutter
 His latyn wyll vtter ;
 And turne and tosse him,
 Wyth tu non possum
 Loquere latinum ;
 This alum finum
 Is bonus then vinum.
 Ego volo quare
 Cum tu drinkare :
 Pro tuum caput,
 Quia apud
 Te propiciacio ;
 Tu non potes facio
 Tot quam ego,
 Quam librum tu lego,
 Caue de me,
 Apponere te.
 Juro, per deum,
 Hoc est lifum meum.
 Quia drinkum stalum
 Non facere malum
 Thus our dominus dodkin,

400

410

sion is muche straunger : and therupon this other day to contēt
 mine owne fantasie I deuised a Sonet, which although it bee a
 peece of Cocklorels musicke, and suche as I might be ashamed
 to publish in this company, yet bicause my truth in this an-
 swere may the better appear unto you, I pray you vouchsafe to
 receiue the same in writing."

Wyth it a vera bodkin,
 Doth leade his lyfe ;
 Whiche to the ale wife
 Is very profitable. 420
 It is pytie he is not able
 To mayntayne a table
 For beggars and tinkers,
 And all lusty drinkers,
 Or captayne or beddle,
 Wyth dronkardes to meddle.
 Ye cannot. I am sure,
 For keping of a cure
 Fynde such a one well,
 If ye shulde rake hell. 430
 And, therefore, nowe
 No more to you ;
 Sed perlegas ista,
 Si velis, Papista.
 Fare well and a dewe ;
 With a whirlary whewe,
 And a tirlary typse,
 Beware of the whyppe.

Finis.

Take this tyll more come.¹

¹ Wither winds up his tract, entitled "What Peace to the Wicked," 1646, 4to, with, "Take this, and consider of it, till more comes."

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